

NOVEMBER 35¢

SPORT

FIRST MAGAZINE FOR SPORTS
21ST YEAR OF PUBLICATION

**DONNY ANDERSON,
JIM GRABOWSKI:
THE PACKERS'
MILLION-DOLLAR
GAMBLE**

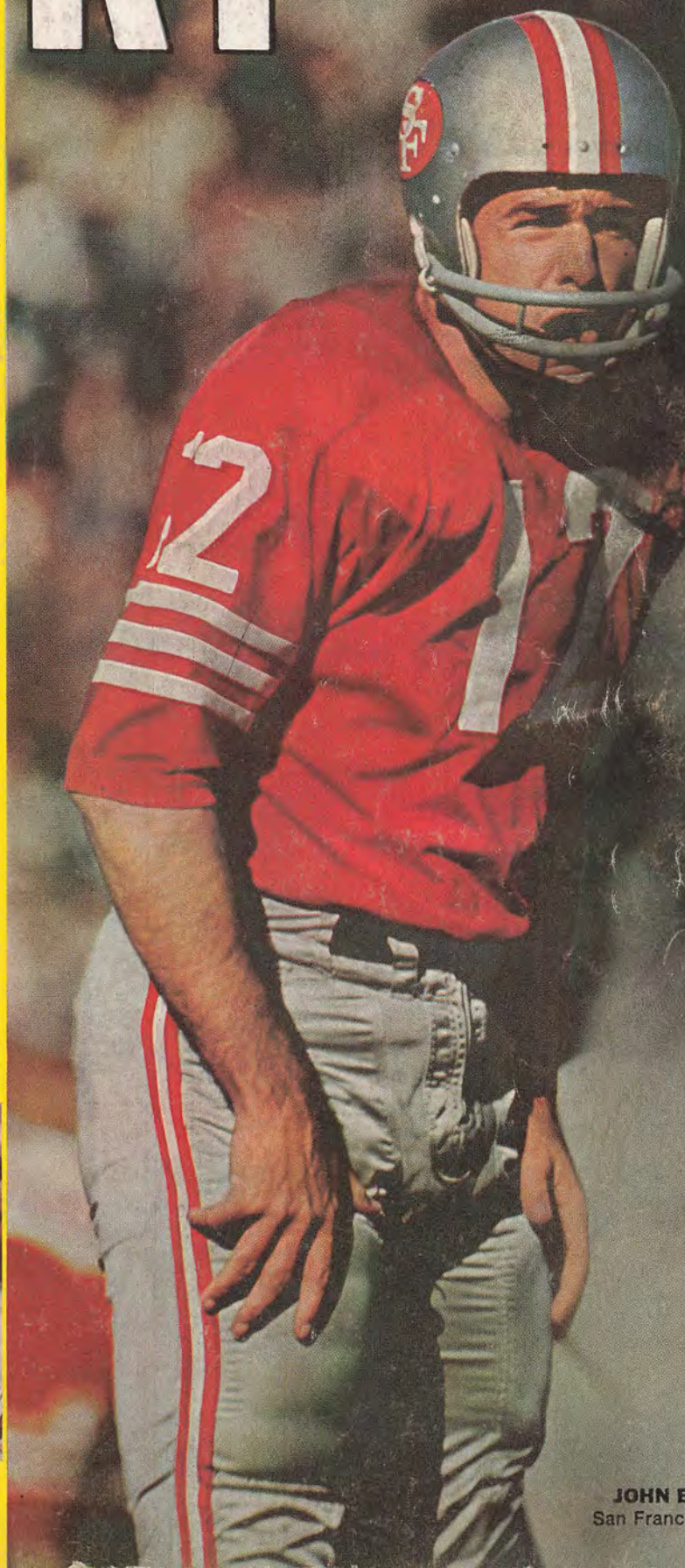


**Behind
The
Boog
Powell
Boom**

**INSIDE REPORT:
WHY GOOD PITCHERS
GO BAD**



**THE CHANGING
FORTUNES OF
JOHN BRODIE**



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San Francisco 49ers





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FIRST MAGAZINE FOR SPORTS

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SPORT

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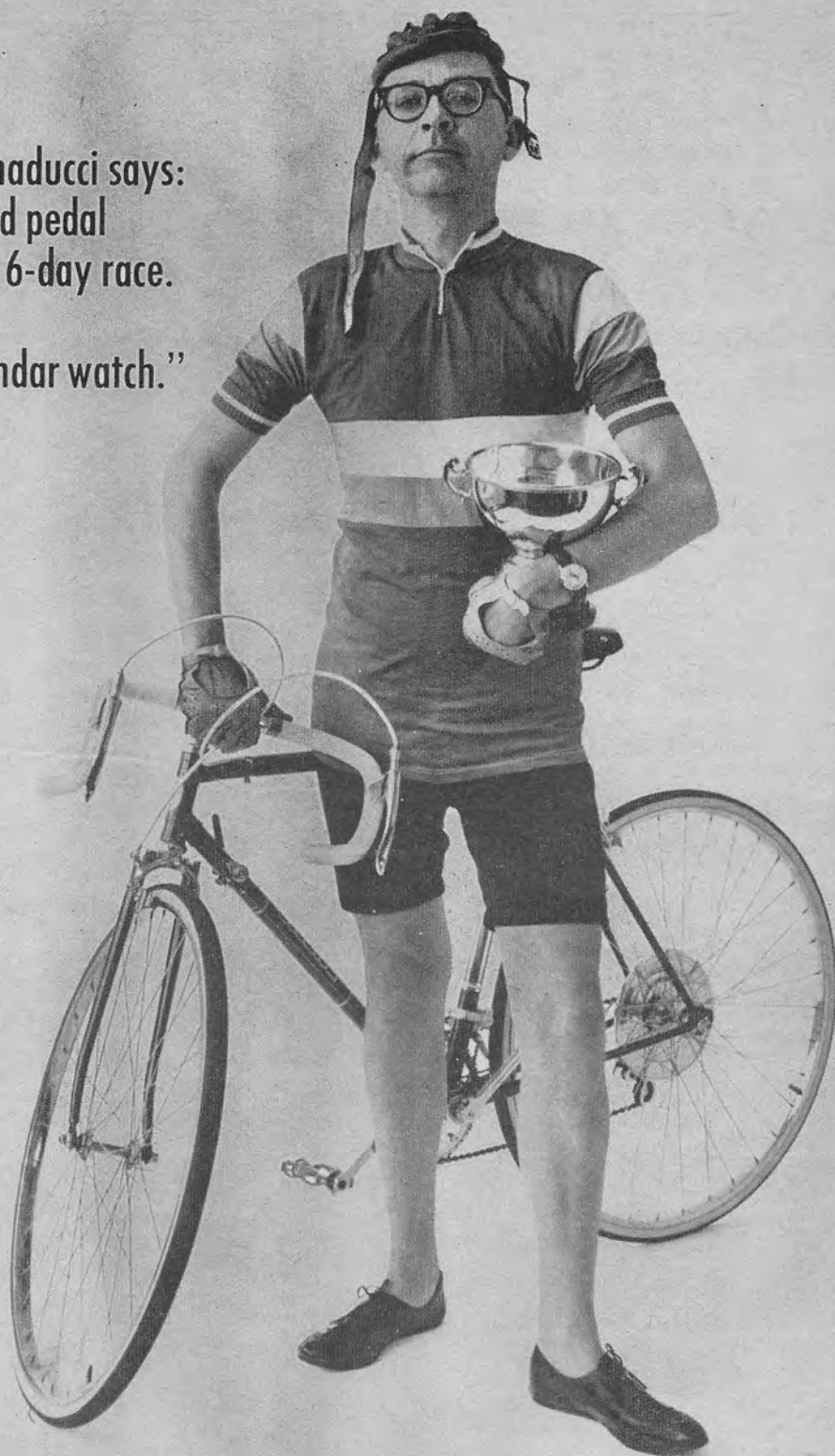
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COVER:

John Brodie, Bob Peterson
Boog Powell, Ozzie Sweet
Jimmy Brown, Malcolm Emmons

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 dium the Sunday the groundskeeper is
 painting the goalposts.

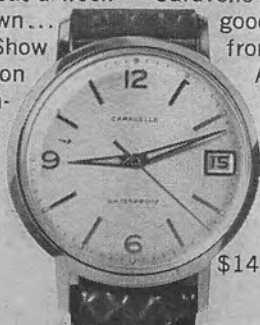
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NEXT MONTH IN SPORT



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CLEMENTE



JIM
THORPE



JIM
KAAT

Baseball's annual inter-league trading session takes on new significance this year since the famous trade that brought Frank Robinson—and a pennant—to Baltimore. Will trading between the National and American Leagues be speeded up? Which stars are likely to be traded? In next month's *SPORT* you won't want to miss our secret survey of players, managers and other baseball officials on: "The Inter-League Trades That Should Be Made."

Who is "The Toughest Guy in Pro Football"? We have the surprising answer in next month's *SPORT*. . . . Also in pro football, we present the *SPORT SPECIAL* on Gale Sayers of the Chicago Bears. . . . Plus profiles on Bobby Bell of the Kansas City Chiefs and Bill Brown, the Minnesota Vikings' tough fullback.

The National League, as usual, had a stirring pennant race in 1966. Next month we tell what it was like down the stretch for the key men—Roberto Clemente of the Pirates, Sandy Koufax of the Dodgers, Willie Mays of the Giants. . . . Also in baseball, we have stories on Jim Kaat, the American League's leading pitcher, and Joe Morgan, Houston's All-Star second-baseman.

"We Remember Jim Thorpe" is the title we give to revealing, inside stories on the world's greatest athlete by the men who knew him best. . . . Also next month we have a pro basketball feature on NBA star Gus Johnson, and an amusing hockey story on a gypsy goalie. . . . And in college football we feature Duffy Daugherty and his Michigan State All-Americans. . . . Much more, too, in December *SPORT*.



GALE SAYERS

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NOVEMBER 17**



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SPORT TALK

CONDITIONS AND COMMENTS

Minnesota Twins pitcher Dave Boswell, when asked if he was ambidextrous: "Yeah, I've always been a hard worker."

Hank Aaron, when asked how he liked his baseball hours: "They'd be fine if I was a night watchman."

Bill Russell, after adding Ronnie Watts and Art Heyman to the Boston pre-season roster: "It took a Negro to get two Jewish players on the Celtics. Now, if only I could find a good Irishman, I'd have an original Celtic at last."

Red Sox relief pitcher John Wyatt, on the joys of playing for manager Alvin Dark last year in Kansas City: "We used to call him Agent 007. Last summer he was traveling with us, but we never saw him. He never flew the same plane and he never stayed in the same hotel. We used to play a game in the bullpen with a broomstick. A pitcher would be warming up and we'd stand at the plate like a batter, just kidding. One night in Chavez we see Alvin in the upper deck looking down on us. Next day we get orders: No more horsing around with the broomstick. Agent 007 spotted us."

Penn State football coach Joe Paterno, when asked how a fellow named Lincoln Lippincott III ended up at University Park: "He was looking for Princeton and got lost."

The Phillies' Bill White, on why he avoids rules disputes: "I leave the details to the managers. When I started out I used to work a lot of crossword puzzles. It really infuriated Eddie Stanky. He'd holler, 'Get a rule book, read the rules.' I'd tell him, 'That's what they're paying you for.'"

Purdue quarterback Bob Griese, when asked how he felt about being a year late for the big pro bonuses: "You'll have to blame my mother for that."

Dallas Cowboy general manager Tex Schramm, on one memorable rookie of a few years ago: "We had drafted this giant from, I think, Pittsburgh or Penn State. Garbage Pail Murray, that was his name. When Garbage Pail came to camp he was the best physical specimen you can imagine. I think he lasted two weeks. The only thing he did well was eat with his hands."

PRIDE BEFORE THE WINDFALL

This past Labor Day, Detroit Lion head coach Harry Gilmer called fullback Nick Pietrosante into his office. "We're picking up a rookie back to run kickoffs," Gilmer told him. "We're putting you on waivers. You're a free agent. We tried to make two trades for you but they fell through."

Nick said "Thank you" and walked



After abruptly being cut by the Lions, Nick Pietrosante turned down huge offers from two AFL teams to sign with the Browns and "prove things in the NFL."

out. "What do you say when you can't think?" Pietrosante said a couple of weeks later. "What do you say when it's a shock?" It wasn't a true shock, because Nick knew all during training camp what was coming. He didn't want to admit it to himself, but all the signs were there. "It's a sixth sense," he says. "I've seen guys released, cut and traded. You know when a coach wants someone to make it. It's obvious from the scrimmages. It's the atmosphere. And it's obvious from the exhibition games. In our first three games I played a quarter."

The real shock for Pietrosante, a sensitive man, was that the Lions could sever him so chillingly. He had given seven years to the organization, becoming its leading ground-gainer of all time. He needed just 600 more yards to rank among the top ten ball-carriers in pro football history.

When the shock subsided, bitterness set in. Nick lashed out at Gilmer, saying he was tired of the team's disension and that he'd be glad to go

somewhere where the coach has control of his players. "In our exhibition game against the Colts," he said, "I didn't play at all. So I saw some real good arguments on the sidelines between players and coaches. All you had to do was sit in the stands and read lips to know what was going on."

Slowly, however, the bitterness ebbed. Of course, he still couldn't understand why the Lions made up their minds about him and then delayed a crucial 72 hours before telling him. Or why they waited another 48 hours to put him on waivers, when the usual time is 24 hours. All these delays, Nick felt, were calculated to keep him from hooking up with another team. "Look at the teams that made trades for backs the day before Labor Day," he says. "But after that, most teams are getting down to 40, and it's foolish to add another player and make more headaches." A couple of teams, though, definitely were interested in the 29-year-old Pietrosante—AFL teams. Buffalo and Denver—the last two teams to employ Cookie Gilchrist—missed having a good fullback around and offered Nick a lot of money. Nick was nearly overwhelmed by Denver's proposal and was on the phone with the club for three days. But the moment he was cleared through the NFL by the teams ahead of Cleveland, Browns owner Art Modell called and asked him to come down for a talk. Nick went, they talked and shortly reached a written agreement.

Pietrosante settled for much less than what Denver was willing to pay, because his pride means more to him than money. At first he'll tell you that Cleveland is a contender and that playing with the Browns enables him to retain his business and two-year-old home in Detroit. "But the real thing," he said the day after he signed with Cleveland, "is that I, well, have to eat crow, so to speak. I want to prove things in the NFL. I know I've got years left in football—three or four good ones, I think. I weighed in at 222 today, my lightest in three years."

What Pietrosante wants to prove, basically, is that he hasn't lost his speed, as some people say he has, and that last year's relatively poor season wasn't the beginning of the end. What he's not out to prove is that he can be Jimmy Brown's successor. "I was real nervous working out with the Browns for the first time," said Nick, "and my legs were like rubber, but it wasn't from thinking about Jimmy Brown. That's probably the least amount of pressure on me. They've got two backs—Ernie Green and Leroy Kelly—and if I can provide some experience, that's what I'm here for."

If Nick can do the job, the Browns

will be fortunate to have him in more ways than one. Pietrosante, a man of pride, is also a man of strong loyalties. Despite his treatment by the Lions, he says he's still a Detroit fan. "You think I'm not?" he said. "The day after they told me I was through I went down and paid for 12 season tickets."

HAPPY HUSTLER

Harold Hairston was clowning around as he shot baskets for the first time with his New York University freshman teammates. Right then and there he got a new nickname: Happy. This was seven years ago and, looking back, the nickname seemed a little premature. All during his NYU days, Harold took a backseat to Barry Kramer and this didn't make Harold Happy at all.

Harold wasn't Happy when he was a No. 4 NBA draft choice, either. He thought he should have been a first-round choice. "I sort of knew the value of my ability," he says. "I went out to the LA Classic my senior year and I had heard an awful lot about Bill Buntin of Michigan. Got 38 points against him. I averaged 24-25 points that year, and that's playing with Kramer."

The Cincinnati Royals brought Hairston along slowly his first year, but by mid-season last year he was on the verge of becoming Happy at last. He had suddenly developed into an extraordinary sixth man and the team's fourth-best scorer. What's more, Happy found he loved his new role. "I come in fresh when the other team is tired and there's no way I can't get my 20 points if I get the ball," he says. "Man, you can become an instant hero every time. Know who's the most popular player with the Cincinnati fans? Me, that's who."

With the fans maybe, but not with the management. This summer Happy asked for a 100 percent raise on his \$12,500 salary, figuring the Royals would compromise with 75-80 percent. But when we talked to Happy a couple of days before he was to leave his New York apartment for training camp, he thought he'd be lucky to get 50 percent. "Pepper Wilson (the general manager) wrote me letters, mentioning personality traits and how I had sounded off in the papers about their having to pay me or trade me," said Happy. "I told him that if personalities were going to enter into a contract, what was he going to do about the players who make more than I do? Some of them don't have the sweetest personalities in the world, either."

"But this is silly stuff and here's the real situation. At Cincinnati they're holding all the players down to pay Jerry (Lucas) and Oscar (Robertson). It's stupid, because what do you accomplish? You'll have two players satisfied and seven or eight players unsatisfied."

Happy's strong independence extends to other areas, including his relations with the Royals' two superstars. "Socially, I think you should keep it business-like," he said. "That's the only way you can demand respect from them. Once you get to be their

buddy, then you've got to be the yes-man. I don't fit that role at all. I've never been that way."

Based on his salary negotiations, it isn't surprising that when Happy goes his own way off the court it's usually in the direction of money. This past off-season he was a greeter and promoter for the swinging Downtown discotheque in Manhattan's Greenwich Village. He hopes shortly to buy a part-interest. And he's unlike many Negro athletes who make it big and sit back and wait for the endorsements that never come. He's going after the endorsements before he's made it really big. Of course, he's not altogether a stranger in the business. Remember that athlete's foot commercial featuring the lower extremities of the Royals? Happy is the second pair of feet from the left.

"As my name rings a bell in more peoples' ears, the better the situation will be," said Happy. "But the time to start investigating some of these agencies is right now. The prejudices and discriminations that people say exist may or may not be true, but there's only one way to find out. Jantzen has Timmy Brown now, so maybe Timmy inquired about it or something. I certainly can wear the same sweater. I think I'm presentable enough—what the hell."

Hairston's name isn't overly familiar to the general public, but he's constantly amazed at how many people recognize his face. Typical was the woman who stopped him in the street for his autograph. He signed the paper "Happy Hairston" and returned

it. "Who's that?" she said. "That's me," said Happy. "You mean you're not Bill Cosby?" she said. Exit the lady, the autograph fluttering toward the gutter.

Happy is so convincing a Bill Cosby look-alike that when he and one particular friend are together, the friend is often mistaken for Cosby's television partner, Robert Culp. "I can't understand that part of it," said Happy. "I think he looks more like Sidney Chaplin."

IRREPRESSIBLE FRANK HOWARD

Despite Tommy Nugent's departure as Maryland football coach, this season looked like a delightful one on the Frank Howard warfront. After some legendary feuds with Nugent, Clemson coach Howard seemed to have leveled his sights on South Carolina's newly appointed coach, Paul Dietzel. Howard warmed up early by calling Dietzel not Pepsodent Paul but "Colgate Paul" ("because he got beat by Colgate last year") and wondering if Dietzel were worth all the money he was being paid.

However, in early September the name-calling gave way to an explosion. Clemson's athletic council cast the single "No" vote that deprived South Carolina, Duke and North Carolina of a chance for the Atlantic Coast Conference title. All three schools had scheduled less than the minimum number of ACC games and though they were willing to count certain outside games designated by the Conference itself, (→ TO PAGE 100)

Martin Blumenthal



Circumstances had not always permitted Harold Hairston to live up to his Happy nickname during basketball season. But the off-season is something else.

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2629. Also: Time Is On My Side, It's All Over Now, 7 more



2615. Also: There She Goes, I'll Really Need Is You, etc.



2672. "The best musical of the season."—CBS News



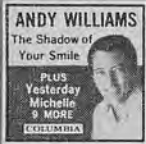
2435. Also: Since I Fell For You, Spartacus, etc.



2340. Also: Angie, Kathy's Song, I Am a Rock, etc.



2404. Also: Never Too Late, The Pawnbroker, Smile, etc.



2480. Also: Try To Remember, A Taste Of Honey, etc.



2426. Also: Like a Rolling Stone, Girl From Ipanema, etc.



2603. Ave Maria, O' Man River, A Taste Of Honey, etc.



2502. Plus: A Well Respected Man, You Baby, Daydream, etc.



2461. Also: I Walk The Line, Second Hand Rose, etc.



2510. Blowing In The Wind, Teach Me Tonight, Hold Me, etc.



2506. This Two-Record Set Counts As One Selection



2527. Also: Now About Me, Tell Him I Said Hello, etc.

"Plenty of great albums for everybody - all you need is the tree!"



2683. Includes: Little Drummer Boy, 12 Days of Christmas, etc.



1957. Joy To The World, Ave Maria, First Noel, 11 more



1986. Silver Bells, December Day, The Christmas Song, etc.



1989. Carol of the Bells, Patapan, Away in a Manger, 13 more



2667. Also: I Woke Up From Dreaming, If You Believe, etc.



2612. Plus: Michelle, Let's Hang On, Honolulu, etc.



2684. Also: Banana, Walk Right In, Duet, etc.



2639. "The best musical score of '65."—Am. Record Guide



2598. Plus: I Got You, Just a Little Bit, I Hope, etc.



1013. Also: Twelfth of Never, No Love, Come to Me, etc.



2675. "Most talked about film of the year."—Variety



2774. Plus: I'm So Proud, Good Lovin', Say I Am, etc.



1033. A show that's perfectly wonderful!—Ed Sullivan



1327. Also: Sticks and Stones, One Mint Julep, etc.



1977-1978. Two-Record Set (Counts As Two Selections). The fabulous "live" performance, his first in 12 years!



216. Long Ago, Make Someone Happy, Who Can I Turn To, etc.



2686. Also: Crying, I'm Hurtin', Mama, Blue Angel, etc.



218. More hilarious reminiscences by this great comedian



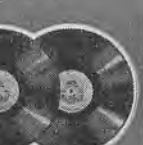
2674. Also: Just a Little Bit, Trickle Dickie, 8 more



2350. Also: Charming Vienna, A Walk In Bavaria, etc.



2697-2698. Two-Record Set (Counts As Two Selections). Also: I Want You, Just Like A Woman, Memphis Blues Again, 10 more



2344. Also: Wait and See, He Was a Friend of Mine, etc.



2286. A real bargain. Two records count as one selection.



2406. "Exciting, sensuous romanticism."—N.Y. Times



2488. Also: Silver Bells, Silent Night, Holy Night, etc.



2674. Plus: People, Land of Make Believe, Get Aid Of Him, etc.



2486. Plus: Winter Wonderland, Silver Bells, etc.



2527. Also: Washington Square, Dominique, 8 more



2474. Also: The Duke, Camptown Races, Trolley Song, etc.



1903. Also: In the Chapel in the Moonlight, etc.



2392. "A bright swinging score."—Variety



2673. Also: Say You, One Kiss For Old Times Sake, etc.



2562. Plus: When The Saints Go Marching In, Bye 'N Bye, etc.



1037. "The most adventurous musical ever made."—Life



2674. Plus: People, Land of Make Believe, Get Aid Of Him, etc.



2527. Also: Washington Square, Dominique, 8 more



2688. Also: Green Grass, Ginza Lights, Escape, 5 more



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2

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SELECTION

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3

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AND ALL FUTURE SELECTIONS IN (check one box)

☐ Regular High-Fidelity

☐ Stereo

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☐ Country & Western

☐ Jazz

☐ Broadway & Hollywood

☐ Teen Hits

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BRIGHTEN UP YOUR HOLIDAY SEASON with these yuletide favorites and year-round best sellers by America's greatest recording stars. Each one will make an ideal gift for anyone on your Christmas list . . . or an exciting addition to your own collection. By joining now, you can have ANY NINE of the hit albums shown on these pages — ALL NINE FREE! What's more we'll also give you a handsome record rack FREE!

TO RECEIVE YOUR 9 FREE RECORDS — simply write in the numbers of the nine records you wish to receive FREE on the post-paid card provided. Then choose another record as your first selection for which you will be billed only \$3.79 (regular high-fidelity) or \$4.79 (stereo). In short, you will actually receive ten records for the price of one!

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HOW THE CLUB OPERATES: Each month you will receive your free copy of the Club's entertaining music magazine, with over 300 different records to choose from . . . a wide selection to suit every musical taste. You may accept any of the records offered — from any field of music! The records you want are mailed and billed to you at the regular Club price of \$3.79 (Classical \$4.79; occasional Original Cast recordings and special albums somewhat higher), plus a small mailing and handling charge. Stereo records are \$1.00 more.

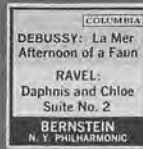
Your only membership obligation is to purchase a record a month during the coming nine months. Thereafter, you have no further obligation to buy any records from the Club, and you may discontinue your membership at any time. If you choose to continue, you need buy only four records a year to remain a member in good standing.

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NOTE: Stereo records must be played only on a stereo record player. * Records marked with a star (*) have been electronically rechanneled for stereo.

More than 1,500,000 families now belong to the world's largest record club

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2647. "A richly colored performance." — St. L. Post-Disp.



2715. Also: Cloudy Cry, Big Little Woman, 12 in all



2605. "Some of his funniest material." — Billboard



2276. Also: Kansas City Star, In The Summertime, etc.



2603. Also: King Of The Road, Days Of Wine And Roses, etc.



2601. Also: Let It Be Me, Call Me, Time, Sand, etc.



2595. Also: Do You Wanna Dance, Spanish Harlem, etc.



2397. Plus: Shimmy Shimmy Ko-Ko Bop, Our Song, etc.



2347. "He plays like an 'angel'." — Wash. Sunday Star



2400. Also: Red Sails In The Sunset, It's Magic, etc.



1530. Greater than ever... winner of 5 Academy Awards



2623. Also: These Boots Are Made For Walking, 9 more



2662. Also: We Can Work It Out, Dance With Me, 8 more



1098. "Fierce impact and momentum." — N.Y. World-Telegram



2600. Plus: See How They Run, I Got A Man, Deserter, etc.



2505. Lara's Theme, What's New Pussycat, 12 in all



2030. Also: Danny Boy, The Wall, You Wild Colorado, etc.



1785. Also: Stardust, Battle Hymn of The Republic, etc.



2661. Also: Slow Walk, Jabbo, Hooks, Fat Bag, 5 more



2225. Also: Jane, Jane: The Rising of The Moon, etc.



1635. Also: Tell Me Why, Blue Velvet, Mr. Lonely, etc.



2410. Also: As I Love You, Dreaming The Blues, etc.



2416. Plus: Green, Green; We'll Sing In The Sunshine, etc.



2716. Also: Barefootin', Louie, Louie; Woolly Bully, etc.



2327. Also: Ciribiribin, Sugar Blues, O Mein Papa, etc.



2680-2681-2682. Four-Record Set (Counts As Three Selections). The 80 biggest hits of the decade, by the stars who made them.



2253. "Well done and full of good solid laughs." — S.F. Chron.



2266. Also: Who Can I Turn To, Long Ago, Sunrise, Sunset, etc.



2651. "One of the greatest pianists alive." — N. Y. Times



2679. Also: God Bless America, This Land, etc.



2686. Michelle, I'm Coming Home, Cindy, A Taste Of Honey, etc.



2395. Fearless, exciting interpretation of Batman!



2411. Also: Blue Flame, Apple Honey, Caldenia, etc.



2485. Also: Walkin' My Baby Back Home, Unforgettable, etc.



2535. Also: A Taste Of Honey, Yesterday, Dulcinea, 12 in all



2673. Also: Little By Little, La Bamba, 12 great songs in all



When a crack electronics expert is needed fast, you're the guy they call.

Sometimes you feel like a country doctor with sixteen cases of measles in town.

But working on emergencies is nothing new to you.

You're the expert and emergencies are your job.

You're the one guy in the company that can practically field-strip a computer and put

it back together again. Circuits are so pressed into your brain you can almost hear a short one. They make the TV's you repaired back in high school look like crystal sets.

If it wasn't for the electronic training you got in the Army, you'd still be a tube tester. But the Army opportunity came along and you took it.

A full-dress, eight-hours-a-day, five-days-a-week school that taught you a skill you'll build a career on.

A solid career that can mean sound security all your life.

There's nothing like being an expert. That's what you can be in today's action

Army

ASK THE EXPERTS



Ernie Harwell, who's aired big-league baseball for 18 years, does the Tiger ballgames for station WJR in Detroit

What professional football player holds the record for the longest punt from the line of scrimmage?

—Tad Rosen, Bakersfield, California

The record is 94 yards, held by Wilbur (Fats) Henry of the Canton Bulldogs against Akron in 1923.

What was the highest paid attendance ever recorded at a world heavyweight title fight?

—Ed Gromek, Brooklyn, New York

On September 23, 1926, 120,757 people paid to see the Tunney-Dempsey world heavyweight championship fight at Sesquicentennial Stadium in Philadelphia.



Curt Gowdy covers AFL games and major-league baseball for the NBC television network, and does local shows for Boston's WHDH

Has any major-league baseball team gone through an entire World Series without committing an error?

—Frances Lacey, Detroit, Michigan

The New York Yankees won the 1937 series in five games and did it without making an error.

Which college football team has the most wins in post-season bowl games?

—James Donovan, Atlanta, Georgia

The Trojans of the University of Southern California have won 11 bowl games in 14 appearances.



Marv Albert does daily sports reports plus shows before and after each Mets' ballgame on WHN/radio/1050 in New York

Who holds the modern major-league record for the most innings pitched in a single season?

—Dick Wright, Dallas, Texas

In 1908, Ed Walsh pitched 464 innings for the Chicago White Sox.

What was the biggest slaughter recorded in the National Basketball Association?

—Martin Bergen, Bethesda, Maryland

On Christmas Day, 1960, the Syracuse Nationals defeated the New York Knickerbockers, 162-100. The 62-point margin is an NBA record.

This is a regular feature. Send questions to Ask The Experts, Sport, 205 E. 42nd St., New York, N.Y. 10017 Selected ones will be used.



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Army

SP 11/66

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LETTERS TO SPORT



THE ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

Congratulations on your anniversary issue, truly the greatest issue ever. It pleased me so much that I intend to subscribe.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Joe Renzetti

The 20th anniversary issue was the greatest!
Fitchburg, Mass.

Francis A. Quirk

Your 20th anniversary special was a complete failure. I had thought it would cover 20 years of sports and not be used as a crying towel for the Negro. I used to admire Jackie Robinson until I read the "Sound-Off" article.

Kingsville, Tex.

Ross Carmichael

A WRITER OBJECTS

I have been reading your 20th anniversary issue and I am irate. I call your attention to the Jackie Robinson-Bill Russell interview, Russell speaking: "When the IBC was running boxing, all columnists and writers were on the payroll."

Russell is guilty of employing the same type of generalization that, when used in reference to the Negro race, so greatly and so rightly angers him. When the IBC was formed I was a sports columnist in New York, and thereafter, throughout its tenure, I wrote many boxing articles for national magazines. Russell is accusing me of accepting bribe money, even as he accuses Red Smith, Arthur Daley, Jimmy Cannon, Jesse Abramson and many other honest and objective reporters. By printing, without challenge, his ignorant, irresponsible and erroneous statement you connote that you subscribe to it. That you do, I hate to believe.

As an interviewer and writer I recognize the problem presented by the format of the Robinson-Russell interview. However, when Russell finished the statement, the interviewer should have asked: "Do you mean all columnists and writers, and do you know this to be a fact?" I realize this might have been awkward and, even when in print, a divergence from the general theme of the interview, but a lie—all lies—should be challenged, and always, regardless of the difficulties.

New York, N.Y.

W.C. Heinz

We certainly do not subscribe to the statement of Bill Russell about the IBC, nor do we necessarily subscribe to other statements made by Russell and Robinson in that "Sound Off," nor to all of the views made by all of the sports figures who have participated in our Sound Off series since its introduction in 1962.

If you're under 25 your skin needs this dial to protect it.



If you're under 25, your skin probably hasn't been chewed up and turned crusty by shaving.

If you use this new shaving invention, the REMINGTON® 200 *Selectro* shaver it doesn't ever have to.

Here's why.

The shaver has a dial with six positions. Position 1 is just for the tender skin of the neck—the skin most shaving devices cut, scratch, redden and irritate.

The REMINGTON 200 *Selectro* shaver won't do that because its exclusive guard combs lift up the hairs (even the thin, curly hairs of your neck) and slick them off—close.

By lifting the whiskers, the guard combs also help prevent the ingrown hairs that can cause skin blemishes.

Positions 2, 3 and 4 on the dial are for the rest of your face.

When you turn the dial, the cutters raise up and adjust to your beard. Don't worry if you've got a tough beard—or if your beard isn't so tough. There's an adjustment for it, either way. It will give you a close, clean shave whether you're just touching

up your lip or shaving your whole face for the first time in three days.

And because the REMINGTON *Selectro* shaver has a bigger shaving surface, you don't rub and scrub your skin raw red, to get a close shave.

Position number 5 is for sideburns. Turn the dial and up comes the biggest pop-up trimmer ever. Does a straight, even, neat job on sideburns. And it's good for back-of-the-neck jobs, too, between trips to the barber.

Position 6 is for cleaning. The easiest electric shaver cleaning ever.

Just click the dial; the side panels flip open and, with a *pffft* from you, it's clean. That's all there is to it.

Now, about the price. The good news is that it actually costs less than the ordinary shavers that don't do nearly as much for a man under 25.

REMINGTON 200
BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT
SPERRY RAND CORPORATION

Selectro Shaver



The boy with the pHisoHex skin

pHisoHex: an "in" word. For years, pHisoHex was an "in" word among doctors only. Surgeons introduced it into the medical profession when they started using antibacterial pHisoHex to "scrub up" before operations. But pHisoHex was found to be so effective in producing a superclean skin that regular use soon spread to all areas of medicine, including the prevention and care of skin problems.

pHisoHex is not a soap, but a professional, effective, antibacterial skin cleanser. It removes dirt and pore-clogging grease. In addition, pHisoHex combats the germs responsible for infecting acne blemishes; and it will keep on controlling these germs even *between* washings because of an invisible germ fighter that remains on the skin. (No other soaps or cleansers, please; they might remove the protective film.)

Washing with pHisoHex 3 or 4 times every day will help clear troubled skin—and will help keep it clear. For complexion care, physicians recommend pHisoHex *more often* than any other medicated skin cleanser.

If you don't try it, it can't work. If you can't say it, you can't buy it. The "in" word is pHisoHex. That's FY'so-hex! At your drugstore in 5 oz. and 1 pt. squeeze bottles.

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Send for them today.

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(1069Ca)

LETTERS

A BOXING FAN OBJECTS

It kills me to see all these old-timers saying boxing is dead! Just because W.C. Heinz has soft spot for Rocky Graziano is no reason to bury the sport.

Horseheads, N.Y.

Bill McHugh

CASEY

Your choice of Casey Stengel as "Man of the 20 Years" and Arnold Hano's article were *treemendous*.

Bruce Brass

BASEBALL'S TOP PERFORMER

The choice of Willie Mays as "Baseball's Top Performer of the 20 Years" overlooks Mickey Mantle completely. It's Mickey Mantle's type of spirit and courage that make the world of sport what it is, no matter what 20 years you look at.

Hicksville, N.Y.

Steve Davis

Had Mickey Mantle not slipped in a drainage ditch early in his career he would have easily attained the reputation as a fielder and base-runner equal to that of Willie Mays. These two categories seem to separate him from Mays in the minds of some people. I feel the courage of Mantle is unique. It must not be forgotten but it seems that you already have.

Bloomington, Indiana Greg Dawson

IS GOLF A SPORT?

I am truly surprised that SPORT printed the obviously irresponsible statements by Ed Linn in his "A Personal Look at the 20 Years." I am sure, however, that the likes of Sam Snead, Arnold Palmer, Ben Hogan and Jack Nicklaus will be gratified to learn that they are not athletes. And, oh yes, will Mr. Linn please inform Bobby Jones, Walter Hagen and Gene Sarazen that golf is purely a Goodson-Todman TV invention, lest they be wondering what they were doing all those years prior to it?

Bossier City, La.

Bill Stevens

I would like to see Ed Linn hit a golf ball 300 yards or more.

Greensburg, Pa.

John Yakubisen

A RETRACTION

An article printed in your 20th anniversary edition entitled "The Heart of Mike McCoy" was brought to my attention. This article concerns a group of basketball players who graduated from high school in 1958 and later went on to college. In the text of the article was the statement: "... Pomerantz and Hightower never finished college." This statement is not true. Sandy Pomerantz is an attorney practicing law in St. Louis, Missouri, and is an associate in my law firm. He graduated from Washington University Law School, and after graduating, did work on his Masters in tax law at New York University. Incidentally, while attending Washington University, he participated in basketball and was selected to the Small College All-American team in 1963. I believe a retraction should be made.

St. Louis, Mo.

H. Jackson Daniel

"The Heart of Mike McCoy" was written originally in our March 1963 issue and reprinted as one of our special 20th Anniversary features. We are delighted to hear of Mr. Pomerantz' progress since then and appreciate your bringing it to our attention.



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INSIDE HOCKEY

By MAURICE RICHARD

A NEW NHL SEASON is upon us and with it the traditional guessing as to who will finish first and who will make the playoffs in 1966-67.

Most experts seem to figure that New York and Boston will be much stronger this year and that consequently the race to the championship might produce some upsets. While I look forward to a better all-round season in the NHL, I still believe that next April the standings will be the same as they were last April.

The Montreal Canadiens and the Chicago Black Hawks will, once more, fight it out for first place and the Prince of Wales trophy that goes to the victor. No other teams have the potential to really compete with them. And going down the wire it's my impression that the Canadiens will again overhaul the Black Hawks mainly because of their depth. The Toronto Maple Leafs and the Detroit Red Wings should again finish third and fourth, respectively, while the Bruins and the Rangers will battle it out for the fifth spot.

I sincerely would like to see Boston and New York finally make it to the Stanley Cup series—nothing could be better for hockey and the National League—but I find it impossible to predict such a surprise. For the marvelous hockey fans of those cities . . . let's hope that I am wrong. For sure, they deserve better than what has been given them these last years!

* * *

Bernard Geoffrion is definitely a fine acquisition by the New York Rangers. But to what extent will the Boomer be able to help his new club? Although he comes out of a two-year retirement, Geoffrion should easily make good in his comeback bid. Bernard is only 35 years old and has plenty of good hockey left in him. And most important of all, his thunderbolt shot has not lost any of its sting. With any kind of luck "Boom Boom" should score close to 30 goals this season . . . and that would be a big boost for the Rangers' offense.

But that won't solve the Rangers' problem or weakness on defense. In my opinion, coach Emile Francis is short on good defensive players, especially at the blue line. It is nice to score a heap of goals . . . but it doesn't pay if the opposition gets more.

At any rate, Bernard Geoffrion should be a great attraction in New York, and all around the circuit as well.

* * *

Three players should easily pass the 250-goal mark this season: George Armstrong and Henri Richard, 243 goals apiece, and Dean Prentice 242. On the other hand, Norm Ullman with 268 goals and Frank Mahovlich with 259 could reach the 300 plateau.

* * *

I don't want anyone to misunderstand the following comments on the NHL because my game is hockey. As far as I'm concerned there is not a better sport in the world or a more exciting one. But the fact is that the one big professional league in the world—the National Hockey League—often looks very small (bush league) when you compare it to major-league baseball or football. What I'm referring to specifically are last nominations of players to Hockey's Hall of Fame—when a carload of players were given one of the greatest honors in sport.

I know that I am not in a favorable position to discuss such a thing and I want it known that there is nothing personal in what I have to say. It just seems to me that to be selected to a Hall of Fame, in any sport, is a special honor reserved for special people. When a whole load of players are taken in at once, it dilutes the honor and diminishes the Hall of Fame itself.

Pro baseball and football are aware of this and are very selective in taking players into their Hall of Fame. Hockey has not been as selective and if the NHL continues this policy, the Hall of Fame will mean very little in a few years. And it would be a shame.

* * *

All is not bad in the NHL—far from it. For instance, there is no better pension plan for players, in any sport, than in pro hockey. And did you know that the money collected from all those fines in one season goes to helping ex-NHL players (or their families) who are in financial need?

Maurice Richard

How to enter the Stri-dex "Exciting Years" Sweepstakes.

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Sweepstakes Rules: Nothing to buy. Just send us our name and yours.

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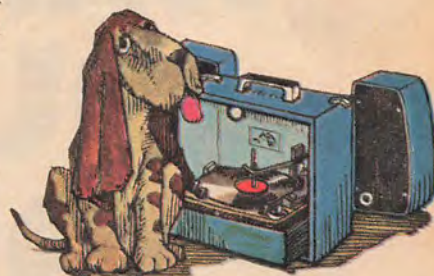
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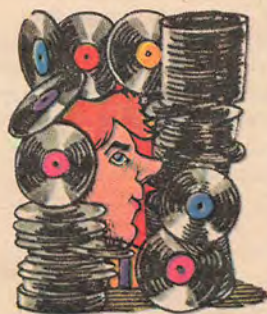
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WHAT JIMMY BROWN WANTS OUT OF LIFE

By **RAY ROBINSON**

Color by Darryl Norenberg

■ *Pro football's super-back now aims to make a name in another entertainment medium and to help improve the station of fellow Negroes. The one thing that could thwart him is his own bitterness*

AFTER accumulating 12,312 yards, 126 touchdowns and 11 NFL records in nine years of professional football, James Nathaniel Brown said last July he'd had enough. He was going to devote his time to other things. Of course, it became very hard to find anyone who believed him, but then it is very hard to find many who really know Jimmy Brown.

The skepticism was provoked by the background to Brown's retirement. He had planned to play this season, which he'd said would be his last. However, the shooting schedule for the new film he was acting in, *The Dirty Dozen*, was set back by bad weather in London and as a result Jim announced he would have to report late to the Cleveland Browns. The Browns announced he would be fined daily for lateness, which was about all they could have done or face the possibility next season of having 40 players declare they were reporting late because of other business commitments. So Brown retired from a job that paid him an estimated \$75,000 per year. This was about all he could've done, too. But wait, the cynics pointed out, till the Browns lost two or three of their early games: then the greatest runner in the game's history would be asked to return, and he would.

Brown was asked about this last August in London. "I said I quit, baby," Jim said. "Once you make up your mind, you don't go back." Then he added facetiously: "I quit because of guys like Gale Sayers. Bulls like that are just too much."

Why did he really quit and what are Jim Brown's goals now? At his retirement press conference he said he was going to pursue an acting career "and take part in the struggle going on in my country," by working with an organization called the National Negro Industrial and Economic Union (NNIEU).



WHAT JIMMY BROWN WANTS OUT OF LIFE

continued



Brown, relaxing during a break in filming *The Dirty Dozen*, above, has been called "a wild actor—he's not afraid of himself," by the movie's star, Lee Marvin. "He could become a very popular actor, especially among Negroes."

"It's my brain-child," Brown said. "We hope to provide financing for colored businessmen who find it difficult to obtain financing through normal channels. The real basis of the Negro's problem is economics. We think we can get Negroes to help themselves. We aim to install pride in the 22,000,000 American Negroes who, I am sorry to say, do not possess enough of it, and our entire program is of the self-help type."

Brown announced his retirement first to his friend Hal Lebovitz, the fine sports editor of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, saying, "I want to make this clear: My greatest hope when accepting the assignment in *The Dirty Dozen* was that it would be finished in time to play the additional year that Art Modell (owner of the Browns) expected from me. It just didn't work out that way. But I have other ambitions, things I would like to do that mean a lot to me. Negro participation in the American economy is very important to me."

Jim feels NNIEU will be a factor in aiding that participation. He has enlisted the active support of many Negro athletes for the organization, including John Wooten of the Browns, Bobby Mitchell and Jim Shorter of the Redskins, Brady Keys of the Steelers and Celtics' player-coach Bill Russell.

His turn to a movie career was a deliberate move on Jim's part. He seems to feel that as an actor he can increase his own personal influence and prestige, and this in turn will benefit NNIEU. He is confident he can make a good living in the movie industry and has a contract with Paramount for a third film, with an option for two others.

Jim played a featured role in a 1964 film, *Rio Conchos*, but he had an even better role in *The Dirty Dozen*. He portrayed Robert Jefferson, a college-educated soldier condemned to death for murdering a white racist who had brutally assaulted him. It was evident that Brown strongly identified with the role when this writer visited the set in August. "There's real character development in it," he said, "and you can understand why this man Jefferson does what he does."

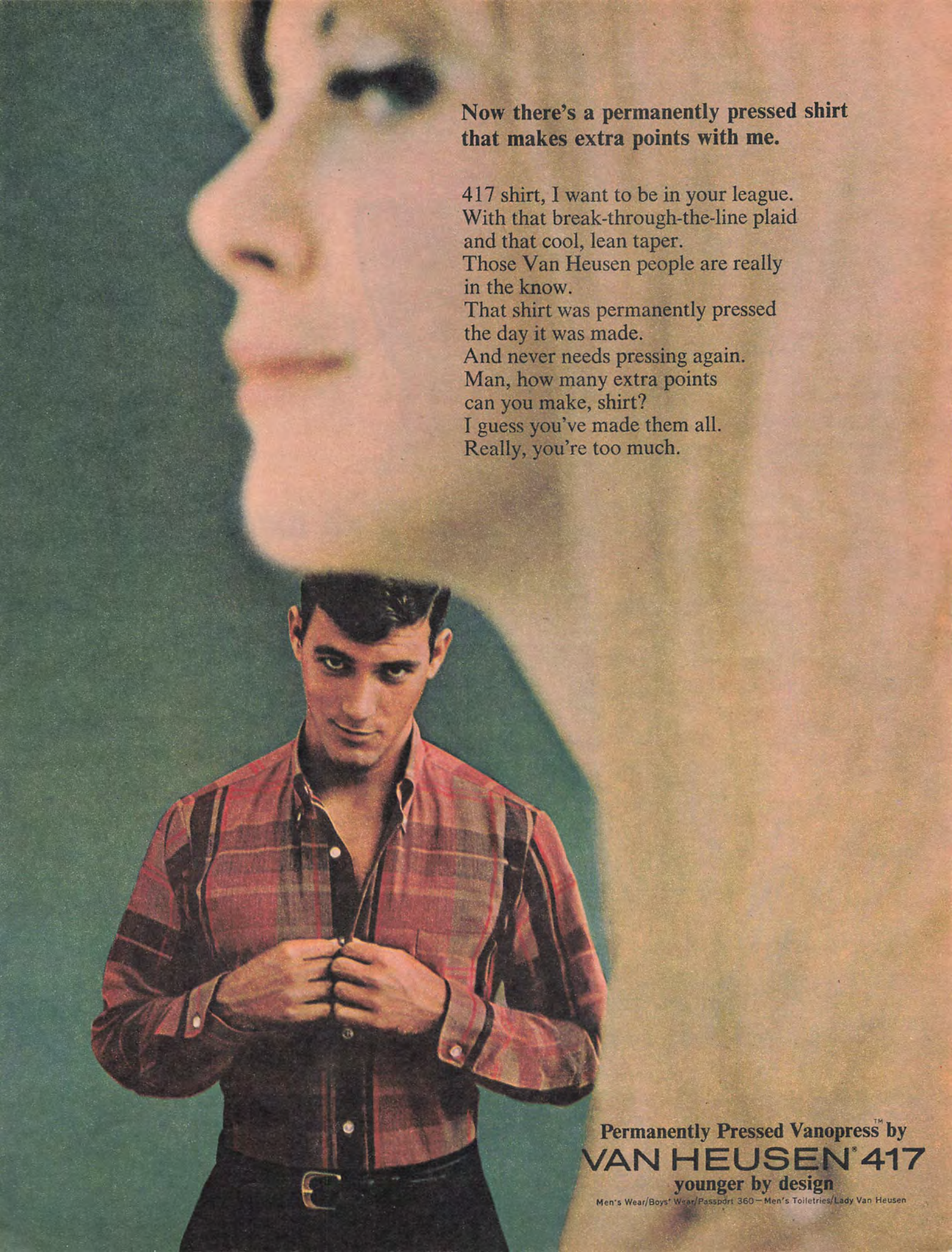
To director Robert Aldrich, Brown is an actor with definite promise. "He's not here just to pick up a salary check (rumored to be \$40,000); he's working his butt off," said Aldrich, a 46-year-old former University of Virginia football player. Aldrich, standing amidst a jungle of motion picture equipment in the large, drafty *Dirty Dozen* studio, went on to say, "Jimmy will need good, understanding direction. Maybe he won't be the greatest actor of all time—but he could turn out to be a good, honest actor. I think his honesty really comes across, especially in this role. There's room in movies for a performer like Brown. There isn't a Negro actor around quite like him. Sidney Poitier and Harry Belafonte aren't his style. Neither is Ossie Davis. I don't honestly know whether he wants to fill that void. But it's there for him to fill."

There had been rumors (and some say they were simply part of the film's publicity campaign) that Brown wasn't getting along with certain members of the large cast, which included Lee Marvin, Richard Jaeckel, Robert Webber, Ernest Borgnine, Telly Savalas, John Cassavetes, Robert Ryan, Ralph Meeker and Charles Bronson. Aldrich denied this, saying, "Jim's a listener and a watcher. He seems to respect these men and they respect him. They try to help him, too, which is one way of knowing that they're getting along."

Another way of knowing that they're getting along is that during the long, wearisome months of shooting around the wet British weather, Brown helped entertain his new teammates by getting them first-rate tickets for two boxing shows. Cassius Clay fought Henry Cooper and later Brian London in the vicinity. Each time Jimmy, a friend of Muhammad Ali's, was delighted to play host to most of the "dirty dozen."

"So far Jimmy's part hasn't demanded too much of him in acting terms," said Aldrich. "He's been able very satisfactorily to cut his emotions off one day and pick them up the next."

Lee Marvin, who played a hard-boiled Army major in (—> TO PAGE 97)

A man in a red and black plaid shirt is looking up at a woman's profile, which is shown in a soft, out-of-focus background. The man is in the foreground, looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. He is wearing a dark belt with a large buckle. The woman's face is in the upper left, looking down towards the man.

Now there's a permanently pressed shirt
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417 shirt, I want to be in your league.
With that break-through-the-line plaid
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Here's a comprehensive inside report
on a problem that has baffled
the best baseball minds
for many years

Why Good Pitchers Go Bad

By Dave Anderson

HE HAS a big year, sometimes several big years. He is regarded as a very good pitcher, a winner. Then, suddenly, there are line drives all about him, baseballs he has thrown are caroming off or rising over outfield fences . . . and he is no longer a very good pitcher. He is a loser. His name may be Don Drysdale or Whitey Ford or Sammy Ellis or Mudcat Grant or Dean Chance or Robin Roberts or Bill Monbouquette or Ray Sadecki or Jim Bouton or that of some other pitcher who has won 20 games in a season. But now he is suddenly a loser.

Why?

"A pitcher is not a machine," says Early Wynn, the Cleveland Indians' pitching coach and the last man to win 300 games in the majors. "You can't oil him and make him go. He's not a car. There's no manual that shows you how to overhaul him. Every good pitcher who's not winning has an individual problem and you have to treat it that way."

The problem might be as obvious as a sore arm, or it may be as imperceptible as a slight change in his motion, or it might be purely mental . . . or it might be something which only the pitcher himself truly understands.

Take Don Drysdale. A big year is routine for him. He had won more games, 164, than any other current major-league pitcher under age 30 and had a career earned-run average of 2.96 when he became the highest salaried righthander in baseball history last March 30. That, Don says now, was the trouble—the date he signed his contract (not the salary figure on it). He and Sandy Koufax had defied the Dodgers in a spectacular two-man holdout. Drysdale got what he wanted (an estimated \$110,000 contract), but he got it less than two weeks (→ TO PAGE 81)

A 22-game winner in '65, Sammy Ellis, No. 32, had his troubles in '66.



DONNY
ANDERSON,
JIM
GRABOWSKI:
THE PACKERS' MILLION-DOLLAR GAMBLE

Never before had two such high-priced rookies joined so powerful a team simultaneously. The question was: Could they win acceptance? The answer, friends, may be written in the record books

By DAVE WOLF

UNLIKE SOME professional football training camps, there is no hazing at St. Norbert College, the summer home of the Green Bay Packers. The only indignity to which newcomers (including coaches) are subjected is the nightly "singing" of a popular song during the dinner hour.

On a warm evening early last August, an air of expectation hovered over the Packers' dining room.

"What have we got tonight?" coach Vince Lombardi called to master of ceremonies Max McGee. "I hear we have some new talent."

"Let's have some Number Ones!" came a shout.

"OK, Grabowski," said McGee.

Thoroughly uncomfortable, Jim Grabowski—All-America fullback, number one draft choice, Co-Player-of-the-Year and \$350,000 bonus rookie—stood gingerly on the chair beside the coaches' table.

"Jim Grabowski, University of Illinois," he announced.

"Hurray!" cried Ray Nitschke, a fellow Illini. The rest of the room was silent.

Grabowski began to sing:

"Do, a deer, a female deer;
Re, a drop of golden sun;
Mi, a name I call myself. . . ."

"Oh no!" came the laughter, and good-natured boos punctuated his monotone. "I hope he runs better than he sings." But the veterans applauded warmly when Grabowski, greatly relieved, returned to his seat.

"Now for some real talent," said McGee. "Let's hear it, Anderson!"

Donny Anderson—All-America halfback from Texas Tech, number one draft choice, Co-Player-of-the-Year and \$650,000 bonus rookie—appeared relaxed even though he wasn't as he walked slowly to the "stage" chair. He pushed the flaxen bangs from his forehead, stared down at the paper in his hand and sang:

"You can't roller skate in a buffalo herd,
You can't roller skate in a buffalo herd,
But you can be happy if you've a mind to. . . ."

Although Grabowski, No. 33, and Anderson have almost opposite personalities, they are very close friends.

Color by Ozzie Sweet

**"Why string along with small-bore compacts?
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'67 Dodge Dart

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CHRYSLER
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ANDERSON
GRABOWSKI
continued

His voice was soft and not especially melodic, but his Southwestern accent carried him through. The Packers clapped their approval and a smile even softened Lombardi's rigid features as Anderson finished.

It was a minor incident, part of the life of any rookie. But Donny Anderson and Jim Grabowski were not "any" rookies—they were the Packers' \$1,000,000 gamble. That was what Green Bay had paid for the right to find out if these two youngsters could play professional football, and there had been some doubt that such a pleasant reception awaited them at St. Norbert.

The situation was unprecedented. Never had two such publicized collegians joined so powerful a team simultaneously. How would the Packers, winners of three NFL championships in the past five years, react to the high-priced rookies? Would there be dissension among veterans who felt themselves underpaid? The answers might determine whether Green Bay would still be "Tittletown" in January, 1967.

But the answers were not immediately forthcoming. When the Packers' camp opened, Anderson and Grabowski were in Evanston, Illinois, where the College All-Stars were preparing for their game with the champion Packers. These were relaxed days for Jim and Donny, only a prelude to the challenge which awaited them.

"We get along real good," Anderson, a tall, blond, handsome bachelor, said in the All-Stars' lockerroom after practice. "But I get on Jim because I think he has the wrong idea about women. Here we are havin' all this money and he's goin' to get married! We should be takin' advantage of it a little. Still, Jim and I hit it off fine."

There had been little reason to expect this, for Anderson and Grabowski are as different as their backgrounds. But almost at once, the Polish butcher's son from Chicago and the country boy from Stinnett, Texas (population 2695), had become close friends.

"We first met at the Hula Bowl in Hawaii," Grabowski, a dark, thick armed, mature young man, said, "and it was love at first sight. I went around with Donny and Tommy Nobis for a couple of nights and by the time I got back home I was talking so much like a Texan that nobody could understand what I was saying."

The summer of their professional baptism began in Atlanta at the Coaches' All-American Game. It was a sojourn that would be fondly remembered during the weeks of pressure and frustration that followed. "There was no curfew down there," Donny says. "We had a real good

time."

Anderson even managed to squeeze in a few moments of football. He caught six passes, one for a touchdown, and ran effectively as his West squad routed Grabowski's East team, 24-7. Hampered by poor blocking, Jim gained only 19 yards, although he bulled over for the East's only score and impressed the coaches with his power.

But it was Anderson who left them raving. "He does everything well," said a Big Ten coach who saw Donny for the first time. "He punts, receives, runs and passes. His greatest gift is an amazing ability to move straight at a man and then shift gears and swivel around him just as the man lunges. Nothing like him has come down the pike in many, many years."

Grabowski nodded toward Anderson as they walked from the locker room. "Donny talks a lot about having a good time," Jim said with a wink, "but actually he's just a red-blooded American boy. Well, maybe a little more red-blooded than most." Grabowski was only half kidding. The fact is Anderson cultivates the image of a Hornung-type playboy in front of reporters. But he is often quiet and withdrawn by nature.

When they had settled into the front seat of Grabowski's black, air-conditioned new car (one of the few luxuries he has allowed himself), Jim began to comb his sometimes unruly hair. "Now you look real beautiful," Anderson said in mock disgust. "Not that it matters—since you're gettin' married."

As the car moved toward the Orrington Hotel, where the team was quartered, Anderson patted the up- (→ TO PAGE 85)

Vernon J. Biever



Donny, at right, and Jim were relieved at the reception Packer veterans gave them in camp.



IT WAS A SUMMER of lively debates. The National League had a pennant race and the American League had a Most-Valuable-Player race. And wherever you went, baseball people were arguing the great ideological question of our times:

Frank or Brooks?

Don't underestimate the intensity of the debate. Fans shouted about it, columnists wrote about it, ballplayers chatted about it. In the National League, when they weren't trying to figure who would win the pennant, they were settling the Brooks-Frank thing.

Once in a while, when the Frank people were spraying their throats and the Brooks people were consulting their record books, a small voice would mention the name of John (Boog) Powell, the massive Oriole first-baseman who was conducting his own quiet assault on the American League. Sure enough, the two camps agreed, Boog Powell has made a difference in the Orioles.

But Boog Powell doesn't fit into the mold of the classic Most-Valuable-Player. He's too quiet and not colorful enough. Frank and Brooks play ball with a flair; the only thing exciting about Boog Powell are his statistics.

The last time we looked (late August, it was) Boog Powell was fourth in the league in batting average at .297, second in home runs with 32 and first in runs-batted-in with 97. He had six more RBI than Frank, 13 more than Brooks, but wherever the Orioles went, the Brooks-Frank debate raged, with Boog receiving honorable mentions.

As we were saying, over in the National League they pay close attention to the Brooks-Frank thing. Wiry Harvey Haddix, the pitching coach of the New York Mets, was sitting around in August discussing it.

"I know them all," Harvey said. "I played with Frank in Cincinnati and he's a tremendous guy. I played with Brooks in Baltimore and he's tremendous, too. They're both outgoing, real leaders.

"Now the Booger—he's shy. You don't hear too much from him. I imagine he's not the most colorful guy to interview, either. But he's some ballplayer, I know that. And he's getting better all the time. He's only 24 now." (He turned 25 on August 17.)

Haddix felt that the 20 reporters who would vote for the Most-Valuable-Player would have to consider Powell along with his two teammates. "This season isn't over yet," Haddix said. But there weren't too many others who thought Boog had a chance. Birdie Tebbetts, just before he resigned as manager of the Indians, came pretty close. Birdie mused that Frank had always been this good for the Reds, that Brooks had always been this good for the Orioles, but that Powell had given them the unexpected lift.

Hank Bauer, the manager of the Orioles, tried not to get too specific about the Most-Valuable-Player business. But Bauer did make this point about Powell: "Booger didn't do nothin' for five weeks. He was batting .180 for us. Then he carried the club for the next five weeks. Did a helluva job."

And in those five weeks—from late May to early July—the Orioles soared high above the rest of the American League.

This might have moved Boog into serious consideration for MVP. But Frank and Brooks didn't exactly slump while Powell was on his rampage. And the suspicion existed that Boog finally loosened up because the pitchers were working so hard on the other two.

"Oh, it's taken some of the pressure off me," Powell said. "There's no doubt about that. I see pitches now I never used to see. If I'm batting second and Brooks and Frank and Curt (Blefary) behind me, they've got to pitch to me."

"Yeah, it's helped Boog," Hank Bauer admitted. "But shoot. It's helped them all. They push each other. One guy hits a homer, the other guy wants to."

"As soon as I heard we got Frank Robinson, I knew it would help me," Powell says. "For a couple of years, it seemed that me and Brooks were about the only long-ball threats we had."

And all those years, Brooks Robinson was the leader of the Orioles and Boog Powell was a promising young giant, and this year Frank Robinson became the gentleman caller. All three of them have had fine years and if it is Boog Powell's fate to be regarded as the third man in a three-man wrecking crew, he is more than willing to accept his place. One reason is because, since he is so big, big things have always been expected of him.

Boog was on the verge of momentous things in 1963. He hit 25

BEHIND THE BOOG POWELL BOOM

While the Robinsons
battled for the MVP award,
Big Boog was quietly
conducting his own
assault on the
American League

By **GEORGE VECSEY**

Color by Ozzie Sweet

homers and drove in 82 runs and was considered the Oriole slugger of the future.

In 1964 at the All-Star break he had 23 homers and the Orioles had a three-game lead. The Orioles were just starting to hear the footsteps of the Yankees on August 20, when Boog ran into one of the few things that could hurt him—a wall. He broke his right wrist making a catch up in Boston and missed 15 games. The Orioles won only seven of them: “He tried like hell when he got back,” Harvey Haddix recalls. “But he just couldn’t swing the stick.”

The Orioles fell out of first place and the Yankees came on to win the pennant. But Boog got a nice raise for his .290 average and his 99 RBI and especially for his 39 homers . . . and the Orioles figured if he could hit 39 more homers in 1965. . . . That’s the pressure Boog Powell has played under. People expect him to hit home runs. It is a burden.

“The skinny guys like Aaron and Banks surprise you somehow when they hit a homer,” says Dick Hall of the Orioles. “Nobody is surprised when Boog hits one.”

Surprise. Boog hit exactly 17 home runs in 1965.

Talk about burdens. Boog himself was one of the biggest in 1965. He got so big, in fact, that his manager tried chipping away at him, pound by pound. Bauer got the idea that Powell was overweight and ordered him to lose ten pounds in ten days or pay \$10 a pound. This was no easy task for the big fellow. He was carrying 241 pounds on his six-foot-three frame. Boog gave it his best shot and was down to 232½ by the time Bauer got him on a scale. Bauer was a sport about the thing. He gave Boog a bargain rate of 1½ pounds for \$10.

Boog’s weight was down and his average was down and he wasn’t helping Brooks Robinson’s average, either. One night Boog got to first base and watched Brooks hit a line drive to right field. Boog didn’t know if it would be caught so he waited near first for further developments. Rightfielder Rocky Colavito compounded Boog’s confusion by tapping his glove a few times. Then the ball bounced ten feet in front of Colavito and Boog took off for second. But Colavito’s throw beat Boog—and Brooks lost a single.

“Tell you what, Brooks,” Powell said. “You can have two points off my batting average. The way I’m going, it doesn’t matter any more.” Brooks finished at .297. Boog finished at .248—most of it in the last six weeks of the season.

Just to complicate things, Boog’s fielding seemed to get worse instead of better in 1965. He lumbered out to left field early in the year and acquired a set of shin splints (“in that brickyard in Los Angeles”) and the whole season was bad.

“It’s a funny thing,” Boog said, “but I was confident all year. Every time I went up to the plate I was confident. I knew I could hit. I’m just not a worrier, I guess.”

The Oriole front office may have wished that Boog would worry a little more. But he is such a nice, peaceful guy who tries hard. What were they going to do, chew him out? About all they could do was take a little trim in his salary and that didn’t bother him, either.

“I deserved it,” Boog said. “Maybe if they’d cut me a lot, I would have been

Hitting ahead of the Robinsons, at right, and Curt Blefary, left, helped Boog in '66.





After Powell's 11 RBI in an August doubleheader, Frank Robinson said, "It was the greatest day I've ever seen."

mad. But they'd always been good to me. I deserved what I got."

Club vice-president Harry Dalton told Boog: "We can't win it without you." And Powell was informed that he was now a full-time first-baseman, which suited him fine.

Boog was still thinking about Dalton's words this past May. There he was, hitting .180 and remembering what Dalton had told him. "I didn't feel like a .180 hitter," he recalls.

He was hitting exactly 68 points below his weight at the time.

The Orioles were $2\frac{1}{2}$ games behind the Indians.

And the fans, most of them mad to begin with because the football season was so slow in coming, began to get on Boog Powell for the first time.

"They had always been great to me," Powell says. "But now they were coming to the park every day and

I'd never get a hit." He was in the middle of a 1-for-33 slump. The fans put their crabcakes on the next seat, cupped their hands and howled, "Booooooooooo."

Boog Powell, blond-haired and fair-skinned with a blush of red creeping up his freckled neck, waited for somebody, anybody, to form a nice, hard "G" in the back of his throat. But nobody did.

Boos have never forced Hank Bauer into doing anything, except maybe clench his face, but Henry also knows when to rest a man. Boog Powell rested whenever a lefthander was pitching.

"I wasn't benched," Powell says. "I was platooned."

Boog did not stand idly by, waiting for his horoscope to change. He asked advice of everyone. That was the trouble. Every baseball player has advice about curing slumps but the advice is not always the same.

Frank Robinson had never seen Boog play before this season. So he was a few weeks (→ TO PAGE 79)



Cool Quarterback with a Hot Future

*Steve Spurrier doesn't
mind at all that his face isn't known on the Florida
campus. It is very well known to
pro football scouts*

By Neil Amdur

THE SITUATION IN Room 130, Section H, Sledd Hall is always the same. Bill Carr tries to translate Spanish between answering the phone for his roommate. You see, Carr's roommate is never home. So Carr has a little game he plays with visitors looking for his roommate.

"Steve Spurrier?" he recites. "Why yes, I room with Steve Spurrier. He was here only the other day to say hello. He is a good roommate. I never see him."

Bill Carr has been centering footballs to quarterback Steve Spurrier for three years at the University of Florida and everything about their routine is perfect. They never have had a bad snap. They never have missed a signal, either—even on the rare nights when the two are home and someone comes looking for Spurrier's autograph.

Steve, who studies by the door, answers the knock and sets up the intruder, saying, "Spurrier's in the other room."

"I get to be All-America for a night," Carr says, grinning. "Steve just sits in the other room and breaks up."

Carr is a 6-4, 235-pounder with dark hair and Spurrier is a 6-1, 195-pounder with blond hair. Yet even though most Florida students don't recognize Spurrier on campus, they know his name very well. Almost as well as professional scouts, who consider Spurrier the best college quarterback prospect since Joe Namath.

"He's got everything you want in a quarterback," says Joe Thomas, personnel director of the Miami Dolphins, "size, poise and confidence. If everything goes right for him, he should be No. 1 or 2 in the draft."

Pro scouts lingered around Gainesville last spring despite the fact that Spurrier stood on the sidelines with a sprained ankle and practiced make-believe golf shots. Golf is the game Spurrier plays when he wants to shed the image of Saturday Hero. His mornings are devoted to classes, mostly in his physical edu-

cation major, though he took a course in Broadcasting last spring.

"I did this tape on Otis Boggs (Florida's play-by-play announcer) for Broadcasting," Steve says. "You know, something like: 'There's Spurrier, rolling out. He's going to run . . . no, he's going to pass . . . no, wait—he's running!'" Spurrier laughs every time he throws his East Tennessee accent into the account.

But classwork does not excite Spurrier. He is a C student who, according to Gator publicist Norm Carlson, "would make a B if he had to." Once, Spurrier made an A in a physical education course during a summer trimester and Carlson put out a publicity release that began: "Highlighted by Steve Spurrier's perfect 4.0 average . . ." Actually Spurrier admits through a smile that the professor favored football players. "That's probably why he's no longer here," Steve says.

Carlson finds Spurrier time-consuming because Florida has never had an athlete in such demand. This was especially true right after Florida's Sugar Bowl game last year. Millions of television fans, who turned on the game at halftime with Missouri leading, 20-0, saw Spurrier set five Sugar Bowl records in bringing the Gators within two points of Missouri. He completed 27 of 45 passes for 352 yards and won the game's outstanding player award.

That game convinced scouts that Spurrier is the pro's kind of quarterback: the tactician who retains his cool under all conditions and battles back.

"Steve's unbelievable that way," says Bill Carr. "We're down, 20-0, to Missouri and he's talking like we're winning. He'll come back to the huddle and talk to his receivers, check their patterns to see if they were open and never give the impression we're losing. I think he has so much confidence in himself and his ability that it carries over to the rest of the guys. And really, that's what makes a good quarterback—when he can instill confidence in a team."

Spurrier shocked Missouri with three fourth-quarter touchdown passes in eight minutes. The last one capped an 81-yard drive in which Spurrier calmly switched from his closely covered primary receivers to his No. 3 receiver, tight end Barry Brown, for three completions.

"That's the amazing thing about Spurrier," says Charles Casey, a '65 All-America and Steve's favorite receiver. "He knew Missouri would be double-covering me outside and playing loose for the bomb. So he kept asking Barry if he was open. He hit Barry short until they tightened up."

Then Spurrier hit Casey with a 21-yard touchdown pass. If Florida had converted only one of its three two-point conversions, the Sugar Bowl would have had its first tie in 30 games.

Spurrier emerged from it very much a hero, but he cares little about recognition. He shook up Florida fans last year when he told a Miami *Herald* sports-writer he "wasn't excited" about making the Football Writers' Association All-America team. "I didn't realize people would get so upset over what I said," Steve says. "All I meant was that you're not really an All-America unless you make all the teams. I guess sometimes it's better to nod your head and be sweet about it."

Sweetness is the way the Rev. J. Graham Spurrier would like it. Spurrier's father, a Presbyterian min-

ister, moved from Johnson City, Tennessee, to High Springs, Florida, to watch his son play football.

"Steve has talent and ability that bring him before the public eye," Rev. Spurrier says. "I've told him he's not to usurp that talent and take it for his own honors. Certainly he is coming upon a stage of life when money and the will of God will determine his future. Steve's been fortunate over the years that he's had good pass receivers and few injuries."

For the first time since early in high school, Spurrier is throwing to unfamiliar names and numbers this year. Gone are Casey, Brown and tailback Jack Harper. Many people fear the departure of three fine receivers could cost Steve money in the pro draft, but the recent NFL-AFL merger will of course hurt him more financially.

Until peace came to the pros, Spurrier felt he would be worth "\$500,000 as a starter." Many scouts saw him as pro football's first "million-dollar baby." Florida coach Ray Graves was so concerned that he issued warnings to pro scouts about premature tampering with his quarterback. But that was before the merger.

Steve himself says, "I don't know how much the merger cost me. I really don't even want to think about it."

"I'd get sick just thinking about it," Casey said before reporting to the Atlanta Falcons. "Steve probably lost twice as much as I signed for."

Red Anderson, Gator middle guard, says, "Everybody says Steve's become an orphan instead of a million-dollar baby. I don't think any orphan will be as happy walking in and out of a bank as Steve will be."

Spurrier does not feel like an orphan in the dollar scramble. "I've still got to produce," he says. "And there's plenty of money to go around in the pros. Maybe there won't be as much pressure on me now to sign with one league or the other, but I figure I'm still going to do all right."

To a degree, Spurrier's personality resembles that of the Jets' Joe Namath. Both are supremely confident, on and off the field, are perfection- (→ TO PAGE 98)



THE MAN WHO COMPLEMENTS OSCAR



Martin Blumenthal

Royal coach Jack McMahon says of Smith, No. 10: "His big asset to us is his outside shooting—taking the pressure off Oscar."

Strange as it seems, Adrian Smith is delighted to play in the Big O's shadow. It took him seven years to become a Royal regular and he's happy just to be out there

By JIM SCHOTTELKOTTE

IN PRO baseball and football, the standout performer in any particularly highlighted game—whether it be World Series, All-Star or championship game—very often can be found among the less-heralded players on a team. But in any professional basketball game, which is heavily dominated by great individuals, a superstar almost invariably emerges as the outstanding player.

Which is why last season's National Basketball Association All-Star game was so unusual. The most-valuable-player in this game was not Wilt Chamberlain, Bill Russell, Oscar Robertson, Jerry West or Jerry Lucas. It was Adrian (Odie) Smith, whom many NBA critics felt shouldn't even have been on the team. They complained that Dick Barnett of the Knicks deserved the guard spot Odie filled and they may have been right. But critics were far from right when they said Smith shouldn't be on the same floor with all those superstars.

Odie got a chance to show how wrong they were when the game got out of hand early. He came in, started scoring and kept scoring. The East won, 137-94, Odie finished with a game-high 24 points and was named MVP, an honor the five-year Royal veteran obviously deserved.

Making Odie's feat all the more delightful was the fact that he is a small man—6-2—in a big-man's game. He proved a guy without great physical equipment can still get ahead through dedication, hard work and desire. More than any other factors, these have shaped Adrian Smith. Through his whole athletic career, he has sur-

vived rejections and turned them into triumphs. As Odie himself puts it: "Anything I've ever achieved I've done on my own."

Along the way, he's had to fight a battle for self-confidence. He is intense, high strung, a worrier. "I guess I've been that way all my life," he says. "My mother used to say that all the time. She said I invented things to worry about. Everything I go at I want to do a good job. That's the way I feel about it."

This is only one side of Adrian Smith. There are others. He is the perpetual farm boy who went to school in Farmington, Kentucky, (population 200) and peppers his conversations with "gee whiz" and "my gosh." The Smith family homestead is on a gravel road in nearby Golo, Kentucky, which makes the story even better, because Golo constitutes about 40 people ("Thirty-nine since I left," says Odie, grinning).

Odie's friends suspect he secretly enjoys the role of "country boy." There is, for instance, pride in his voice when he tells how he and his brothers cultivated a tobacco patch to purchase their first basketball and how they wore it slick dribbling it and shooting it at a homemade hoop. Or how his dad, Oury, has farmed, driven a school bus and hauled milk from nearby farms to the Pet Milk Co. plant in Mayfield, Kentucky, for 39 years to provide for the Smiths' four boys and two girls.

And there's that nickname, Odie. He got that from an uncle who called him and one of his brothers "Odie" and "Pap" after a couple of 'Grand Ol' Opry' characters. Adrian hated it and the result was predictable. The name stuck.

There's also another Adrian Smith: The dapper dresser who's fond of Alpaca sweaters; the owner of two cars—a Thunderbird and the powerful seven-litre Ford convertible he won at the All-Star game; the family man who dotes on his pretty wife Paula and his infant son Adrian Tyler and lives comfortably in a modern, expensively furnished apartment in Cincinnati's Pleasant Ridge suburb; and the budding businessman who is a management trainee with the First National Bank of Cincinnati.

Friends think marriage to Paula, a former Mayfield, Kentucky, beauty queen, has matured Odie considerably. One of his teammates from the 1960 U.S. Olympic team says he was a "wild man" in Rome, liking parties and his beer. Now, says the same friend, "he's quiet, kind of religious and stays pretty much to himself." This past summer Odie was on the committee to select a new pastor for the First Baptist Church of College Hill in Cincinnati.

Things appear to have fallen into place for Odie, but, as he says, everything he's achieved has been done on his own. At Farmington, he was a high scorer but so small (5-10, 135 pounds) he never figured to be a college player. Smitty had to go to Mississippi Junior College in Booneville, Mississippi, to prove he could play for Adolph Rupp at Kentucky. He more than proved it and was a member of Rupp's "Fiddlin' Five," the team which upset Elgin Baylor and Seattle in the 1958 NCAA finals.

Odie's fast glories didn't matter to the Cincinnati Royals and they cut him before the '58 NBA season started. For the next three years Smith played amateur ball, making the '59 U.S. Pan-American team and the brilliant '60 U.S. Olympic team, and finally starring with Akron Goodyear in the National Industrial Basketball League in '60-61. Then it was the Royals' turn to come to Odie.

Smith's first three seasons with the Royals, in which he served mainly as a reserve for Oscar Robertson and Arlen Bockhorn, were undistinguished. Smith's best

average was 9.3 points per game in 1963-64 while beset by injuries.

Then, early in the 1964-65 season Bockhorn suffered a career-ending injury and the second guard's job was Smith's.

"I've always felt he was a real good complement to Oscar," says Royal coach Jack McMahon. "His big asset to us is his outside shooting ability—taking the pressure off Oscar. It's very dangerous for that other guard to double team Oscar if Smitty is hitting. And he's real good defensively. He slips the picks good and is always fighting over the top. He may not stop them all the time, but they know they've been played."

Smitty's favorite defensive ploy is to get in front of the dribbler and force him into an offensive foul. "He forces sometimes three or four offensive turnovers a game that way," says McMahon. "He's also very good at breaking up two-on-one and three-on-one fast breaks. He knows his job is to stay back while Oscar tries to penetrate."

There are, to be sure, some disadvantages in playing the backcourt with Oscar Robertson. Oscar, with McMahon's approval, controls the ball, the play and the tempo of each game. If the matchups are not too unreasonable, Smith must guard the opponent's high-scoring guard, thereby freeing Oscar for offense. That means Smith is usually paired with the Wests, Greens and Ohls.

But Smitty says the advantages of playing with Oscar far outweigh the disadvantages. "My gosh," says Smitty, "he's one of the greatest I've ever seen. And it's great to be in the same backcourt with him."

Operating with Oscar full time in 1964-65, Smith averaged 15.1 points, hit 46 percent from the field, 83 percent from the free-throw line and played almost twice as much as he had in any of three previous seasons.

Smith's confidence was boosted most during an exhibition tour last year. Oscar was a celebrated holdout, leaving Smith not only with the usual responsibilities of scorer and defender but playmaker and team leader as well. With Smith and Jerry Lucas bearing the major burden, the Royals won nearly half their exhibition games.

Odie continued to be ignited during the regular season and averaged 18.4 points for the year. And for the first time in his NBA career, he was being regarded as an All-Star team candidate.

"Gee, that sure would be nice," said Odie before he was selected. Then he went out and scored 31 against San Francisco and 34 against the Celtics. That helped win him a crucial vote—Red Auerbach's. Odie was one of three selections by the East coaches after sportswriters and broadcasters had picked the first eight.

Odie was so certain he'd play a minor role in the All-Star game that he ate his pre-game meal an hour and a half later than usual. When he did get in, he recalls, "I was scared to death. I went up the floor once or twice and it seemed like I couldn't get my breath."

Soon, though, Odie couldn't be stopped. He made long passes from all over the court, stole balls, drove for layups and had 12 points by halftime. He finished with almost as many points (24) as minutes played (27). He made nine of 18 from the field, six of six from the free-throw line, had eight rebounds, three assists and earned a standing ovation from 13,653 local fans. The crowd didn't really have to influence the voting for MVP. The award was easily his. For once, at least, Odie Smith was not simply the man who complements Oscar. He was a man who Oscar—and everyone else—could compliment.



IN A WORLD THAT CHANGES too fast, it is a comfort to know there is at least one solid, immutable object still with us. Leo Durocher.

Leo Durocher talking is still a jet plane passing overhead. His laugh remains a sonic boom and his snarl the trumpeting of a frightened elephant. If he's angry the cymbals still clash, the bass drum thunders. Leo Durocher is as he's always been, a one-man noise factory.

He has not lost his conversational touch. He remains baseball's Dylan Thomas of obscenity. It is an August evening and Leo Durocher, manager of the thoroughly last-place Chicago Cubs, is conversing. "Waltz," Leo Durocher says. "Waltz, you son of a waltzing mother." Of course he doesn't mean anything by it. "I don't have to talk to you. Write what you waltzing well want. I know the stuff you waltzing guys want. I'm waltzing way ahead of you. You guys just want to rip me. Well go ahead and rip. I don't give a waltz. I'm getting to the age where I don't give a waltz about any of that obscenity. So you write whatever you want. But I'm not saying a waltzing thing."

Beautiful. It was a classically dirty Leo Durocher harangue. Anything less would have been a sign of disintegration. It would have been like Leo Durocher wearing a toupee. Churlishness is part of his bit, like Dean Martin's drinking and Edgar Bergen's dummy. "What kind of question is that?" he roars at reporters who strike too close to home. "If this was a kindergarten you'd go to the back of the room. Waltz. You better go there anyway."

Leo was always like that. Like years ago when he knew Willie Mays was going to be drafted

Leo Durocher Is 60 Years Old...

...and even a man with "the mind of a 28-year-old swinger" couldn't shake the effects. Colds lingered a little longer and it was milk after the game. Worst of all, the Cub manager was running the risk of being called mellow

By Leonard Shecter

off his Giant ballclub. Anytime somebody asked him about Mays' draft status he'd pick a fight. "What kind of waltzing story is that to write?" Then maybe he'd go out and have a few drinks with his friend Frank Sinatra.

It's Friday night in New York and the Cubs have just beaten the Mets, something they have found very hard to do. Leo Durocher is pleased. A Chicago reporter comes into the little office where Leo and his coaches dress. He is in a hurry. Without preliminary he asks, "How come you didn't pinch-hit for him?"

It's a good question. Ken Holtzman, 20-year-old lefthander had been pitching. It had been the eighth inning, the score 4-4 and the Cubs had runners on first and third with one out. The kid hadn't pitched badly. The Cubs had gotten a lot more hits than he had given up, but hadn't scored enough. Still, it was a perfect place to pinch-hit. Durocher let the kid hit and the result was a 7-4 win, with the kid finishing up with two strong shutout innings. But why didn't he pinch-hit for him?

"Are you asking or telling?" Durocher roars. He likes to put people on the defensive. It's part of his charm.

"Asking," the man says, meekly.

"If you're asking," Durocher says, "I'll tell you. I wanted to. But he talked me out of it."

"What did he say?" the man says, innocently.

Durocher explodes and his voice reverberates like the 7th Avenue Express rumbling into

Leo Durocher Is 60 Years Old...

continued

Times Square. "You want me to write you a book? He talked me out of it. That's a pretty good line. Isn't it enough?"

The man goes away, feeling as though he had just stolen a quarter out of the poor box. Durocher knows how to hurt a guy. But what was the explosion really all about?

Several things. First, it was just Leo Durocher. It's the way he gets the upper hand in life. Yelling. Also, he was in New York where he is expected to be entertaining. What's more fun than humiliating a newspaperman? Besides, he had gotten caught in a little lie and when Durocher is lying he bangs the table and shouts very loud.

It wasn't much of a lie. Just that the kid pitcher never had said a word to him. In the dugout the conversation had gone like this:

Durocher to Leroy Thomas, the pinch-hitter: "Leroy, get a bat."

Holtzman comes into the dugout and throws his warmup jacket. He glares into his shoes.

Durocher: "Wait a minute. Hey, you upset? You want to win or lose this one for yourself? You want to pitch? Beautiful. OK, g'wan. Go ahead. Get up there and hit."

The little point here is that the kid had been silent, as helpless as somebody who tries to trade insults with Durocher. "He talked me out of it," Durocher had said and he didn't want to take it back.

And one more thing. This was Leo Durocher the gambler, making a decision against the book. It's the kind of move he loves to make. If he's ever playing roulette when red comes up 14 times in a row he'll be a rich man. So that hadn't changed either, and it was sweet.

Nor had there been any reform in the matter of hangers-on. George Raft wasn't around, but one night it was this dentist who was in the clubhouse and on the bench, trotting behind Durocher like a puppy. It's against league rules, but who was complaining? Durocher liked the fellow. He was on the telephone getting him six tickets to the game. "This is Leo Durocher," he said, like he was saying, "This is Frank Sinatra," or "This is God." When he got into the dugout there was a stadium cop with a note from this little blonde in the box near the dugout. Durocher smiled and went out to talk to her. The next day a guy who runs

a country club and his son were in the clubhouse and Leo Durocher said to a man from a magazine: "And with you hanging around all the time I can't even talk to my friends. You're eavesdropping, that's what you're doing." Leo Durocher doesn't obey rules, he makes them. If he didn't roar he wouldn't be the Lion.

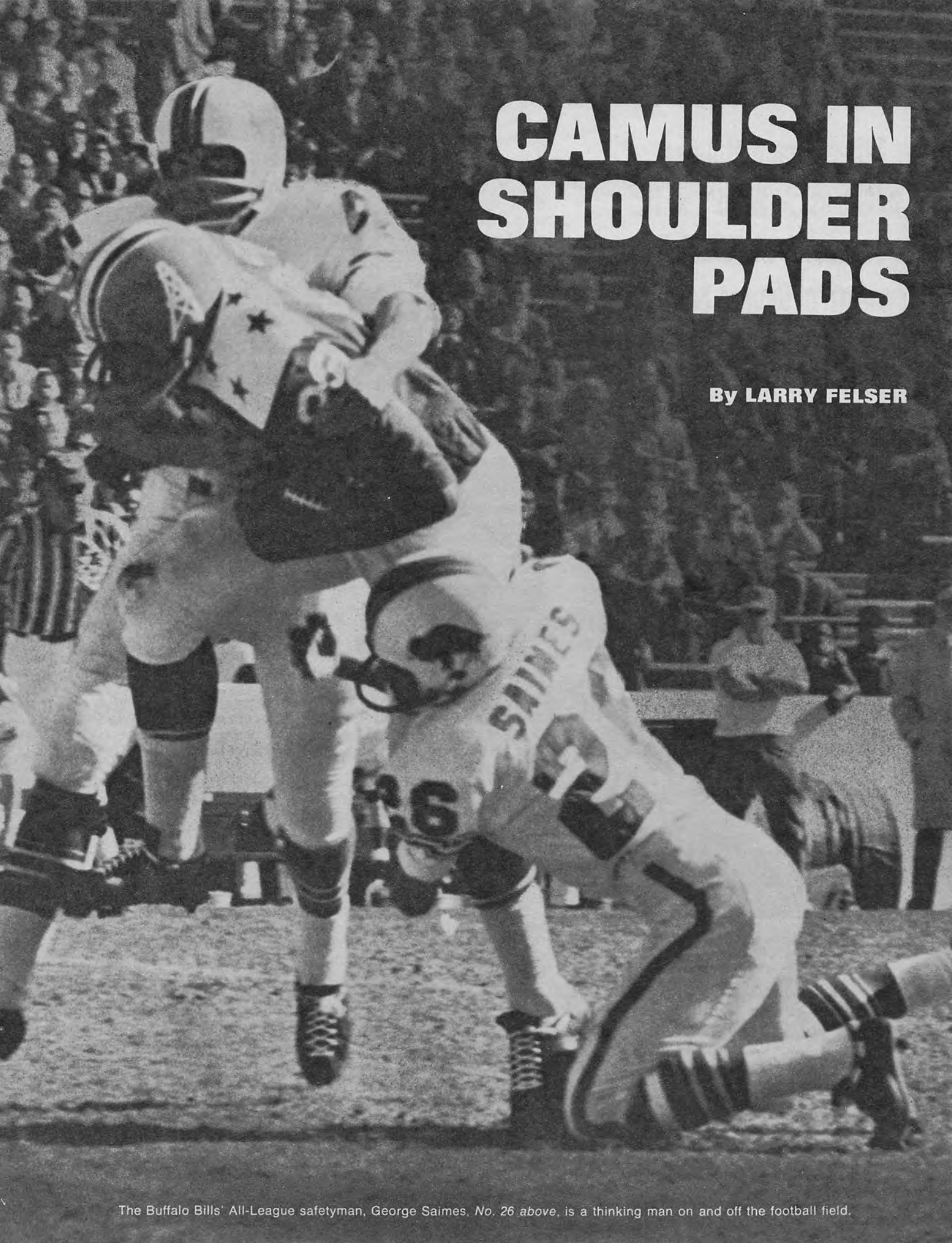
And being the Lion is something. It's like money in the bank, only better. How many managers get paid for appearing on television to act like they're arguing with an umpire in order to sell automobile transmissions? And that isn't all. Like here comes Frank Scott, the bustling little players' agent. He talks fast. "This milk company wants you, Leo," he says. "You know how they make containers with pouring spouts? Well, now they got one with a zipper. It's called Zip the Lip. And they want you to do a commercial. I told them it had to be a very big advance against residuals. They said okay. Hey, you must be doing great with Aamco. I see you on television all the time."

"Yeah, it's all right," Durocher says. He looks pleased. And rich.

And yet, and yet . . . there is something missing. It's like coming back to a dearly loved place—a house you used to live in, a friendly old saloon—and finding things apparently the same and yet altogether changed. The rooms are the same, but the pictures are different. It's the same bartender, but the faces all around him are strange, cold and unfriendly. That (—> TO PAGE 76)



Tailoring his temperament to fit both his age and his raw ballclub, Leo in '66 often was more docile than in the past. But he still had plenty of hot words for his favorite foes from the past—the umpires of the National League.

A black and white photograph of a football game. In the foreground, a player in a Buffalo Bills uniform (number 26, George Saines) is being tackled by another player. The Bills player is in a crouched, ready position, while the other player is lunging towards him. The background shows a crowd of spectators in a stadium.

CAMUS IN SHOULDER PADS

By **LARRY FELSER**

The Buffalo Bills' All-League safetyman, George Saines, No. 26 above, is a thinking man on and off the football field.

Where many athletes might ask, "What's in it for me?", the crucial concern of George Saimes is "Who am I?"



Saimes, at left, in a discussion with teammate Butch Byrd, usually enlivens Buffalo plane trips by debating with quarterback Jack Kemp. "All I try to do," says George, "is get to the core questions and try to analyze them." Saimes is a liberal, Kemp a conservative.

PETE BEATHARD'S senses had just been jarringly and unexpectedly rearranged. The young quarterback trudged back to the Kansas City Chiefs' bench in a state of bewilderment. "What the hell was that?" he asked of no one in particular.

A fat cop on the sideline said, "It was a safety blitz."

It was a classic safety blitz, as executed by George Saimes, the thinking man's safety, the special-effects director of the Buffalo Bills' secondary and possibly the best defensive back in the American Football League.

Beathard's mistake had been a small one, turning his head away from Saimes as he called signals. That's all George needs. At the snap Saimes flitted through the line like a neurotic hummingbird, coming in untouched on Beathard's blind side. As the quarterback cocked his arm, Saimes hit him with 195 pounds of full-throttled fury.

The ball bounced lonesomely for a second. Then Saimes, leaping off Beathard, scooped it up and carried it into the end zone, turning what had been a defensive game into a 23-7 Buffalo victory.

Beathard shouldn't have been so crestfallen about failing to solve just one of the many maneuvers of George Saimes. The rest of the AFL quarterbacks, most pass-receivers and even some of George's own teammates have been attempting to figure him out for several seasons.

There is Saimes the football puzzle.

"I call what I figure is absolutely the right pass pattern," says Joe Namath, the New York Jets' fine young quarterback. "Then I let go of the ball . . . and Saimes ends up waiting right in the path of the ball—just where you expect he'll never be."

And there is Saimes the social puzzle.

"George," assesses trainer Eddie Abromoski, who massages psyches as well as tendons for the Bills, "well, he's . . . different."

Saimes is indeed different. His book shelves house Camus and Sartre and Daniel Bell. Sociology and abstract political thought are his fascinations. Where many pro athletes might ask, "Where am I going?" and "What's in it for me?", the crucial concern of Saimes is "Who am I?"

Saimes has tramped through Europe, making tape recordings of European adolescents to apply to a course he was taking at Michigan State. He's pioneered the use of an educational computer at a special school for "low achievement" children at which he taught in North Carolina. And he regularly plays Clarence Darrow to Jack Kemp's William Jennings Bryan on the Bills' long-running "Political Debates On A Boring Road Trip."

All of which has caused Saimes to be called "The Existentialist Pass Defender" and "Camus In Shoulder Pads."

This pains him.

"Look," George protests. "Say I'm in a discussion. I refer to Marx in that discussion. Right away they say I'm offbeat, a kook. Sure, I took existentialism in college, but that doesn't make me an existentialist."

When the Saimes legend was first taking hold, a story got around that George had shocked a Buffalo businessman by telling him that "the capitalistic system is a faulty one, which is more or less doomed to failure."

"I remember the discussion," George says, grinning. "I didn't say that. You've heard the expression 'The American Dream'?—the idea that just about anyone can rise to the top. Well, I told this guy The American Dream was a myth . . . not exactly a myth, but that it just wasn't as true as it used to be."

One of the reasons that George is so frequently misunderstood is that he looks like he *should* be discussing some sort of political upheaval at midnight in a smoky cafe off the Boulevard Montparnasse. His dark and craggy good looks resemble those of the late actor, John Garfield. He favors tinted eyeglasses of the sort affected by French intellectuals. And when he first came to the Bills he wore high French boots and an over-the-ears hair style.

Characteristics like these usually are an impediment in player-coach relationships, but Saimes' first defensive backfield coach with Buffalo was Joe Collier, the AFL champions' new head coach. Collier frequently is accused of looking like everyone's favorite biology teacher himself, so appearances meant little in his relationship with Saimes.

"All I knew," said Joe, "is that I had an ideal weakside safety."

Not everyone agreed with that theory back in the fall of 1962

when the scouting reports on Saimes were reviewed before the pro drafts. His reputation had been made as a runner at Michigan State, where he was an All-America fullback.

However, George had played as the "rover" in the Spartans' defense, a position with tremendous responsibility. And Spartan coach Duffy Daugherty had maintained right along that "Saimes is the perfect all-around football player."

"But everybody had a different idea about where he would play in the pros," remembers Weeb Ewbank, now head coach of the AFL New York Jets, but then boss of the NFL Baltimore Colts. "We knew he was a good one, though."

The NFL Los Angeles Rams drafted Saimes fifth and the AFL Chiefs picked him sixth. There was a catch, though. Saimes didn't want to play for either team. He wanted to stay closer to Michigan State, where he planned to take graduate work, and to his Canton, Ohio, home.

In that same draft the Bills made the Spartans' All-America center, Dave Behrman, their No. 1 choice. Shortly after signing him, owner Ralph C. Wilson Jr. attended Behrman's wedding in Dowagiac, Michigan. One of the other guests present was Saimes.

"We were chatting during the reception when he casually mentioned that he would like to play in Buffalo," says Wilson. "I couldn't get in touch with Lamar Hunt (the Chiefs' owner) fast enough."

Hunt gave Buffalo rights to Saimes in exchange for the Bills' sixth-round draft choice in the '63 selections. It was one of the most pleasant transactions Wilson ever made.

"Once we signed him," says Collier, "we considered his lack of size (5-foot-10 and 195 pounds) and the absence of really outstanding speed. We eliminated all other positions and came up with free safety."

The weakside or free safety position requires the most sensitive qualities of a navigator, choreographer and big-game hunter. When the opposition has a particularly dangerous pass catcher, the free safety is usually the key man in double coverage. If the enemy quarterback is susceptible to the blitz, he'll usually get to know the free safety two or three times a game. Combating the running game, he gets nearly as much action as the middle linebacker. He is, in fact, the last man in the world behind the linebackers and must be able to fend off a blocker and take on a big back one-on-one in the open field.

"Saimes does it all," says Collier. "He has the intelligence, instinct and toughness. He doesn't get hurt. He's the best tackler we have. I've said he doesn't have great speed, but he covers amazing ground because he's one of the quickest human beings I've ever seen."

Last season, when the Bills shocked San Diego, 23-0, in the AFL championship game, Buffalo's defensive secondary surrounded Lance Alworth with an intricate double coverage setup which they haven't explained to this day. Saimes was largely responsible for disguising the defense and making it work so well.

"Wherever the ball is," says Buffalo linebacker John Tracey, "you'll find George."

The Bills use the safety blitz infrequently, no more than three times a game. But while playing at Denver last year a flaw was detected in the Broncos' pass protection. Saimes was sent to attack quarterback Mickey Slaughter nine times. The blitz was successful all nine times.

Although the AFL has a reputation for a high-scoring brand of football, the Bills' two championships are due largely to a superior defensive unit. Buffalo did not allow a touchdown by rushing for 17 straight games over a two-season period stretching to mid-

way through last season.

"I attribute that to two things," says Collier. "Our great pursuit and the tackling of Saimes. In the last two seasons George has made over 160 tackles and missed only six. That is amazing."

That is amazing. But Saimes, who used to work with the Michigan State linemen to polish his blocking and tackling techniques, has a simple formula for effective tackling.

"I try to keep the proper distance from the ball-carrier," he explains. "The idea is not to overshoot or undershoot him. And when you have him, just wrap those arms around him and don't let go."

"I remember backpedaling about 25 yards with Alworth in one game, getting him to commit himself before I did. He finally broke for the sidelines and I had him. A mistake a lot of guys make is to come up to meet him to prevent him getting that extra yard. If you miss, it can be a lot of extra yards."

Prying such football talk out of Saimes is a chore. He prefers the give and take of loftier subjects.

On a typical plane ride to a road game, when the flight gets sufficiently tedious, Saimes pads down the aisle in search of Kemp, his intellectual sparring partner.

Arguing with Kemp, the grey-flannel quarterback, is like arguing with the campaign literature of the Conservative Party, but Saimes gamely wades in.

"Foggy . . . confused . . . ivory tower," says Kemp in describing Saimes, the political theorist.

"When you argue with Kemp," counters George, "there is so much . . . mish mash."

Their debates can provide real entertainment. Kemp's style is bombastic, out-of-the-seat and onto-the-soapbox. Saimes' style is the academic stammer . . . long pauses . . . tortured searching for the right phrase.

"All I try to do," says Saimes, "is get to the core questions and try to analyze them. I'm used to doing that with my background of political thought. I just try to question whatever he's saying."

As a high-school student in Canton, Saimes seldom probed beyond the next week's football or basketball game. But at Michigan State his thirst for learning was developed, thanks mostly to his roommate, Mike Freed, whom Saimes terms a brilliant student, and a sociology professor named David Gottlieb.

George considers those two men, along with football coach Duffy Daugherty ("He showed me football can be enjoyed . . . he's always had consideration for me . . . he was so thankful for anything you did for him."), among the greatest influences on his life.

Professor Gottlieb, in particular, helped the young son of a Greek-born Canton shoe repairman discover what learning is. Saimes asked him to draw up a reading list one summer. George started through it, branched off and is still going.

Saimes' friendship with Professor Gottlieb resulted in the unusual experiment with children at the "low achievement" school in North Carolina. Gottlieb, working with the office of Economic Opportunity in Washington two years ago, helped Saimes and his wife Betsy get teaching positions at the school which was connected with the Learning Institute of North Carolina.

Toward the end of the spring term, both Saimes and his eighth-grade students were getting bored with the standard curriculum. It was then that George got the idea that he had the perfect group to test the school's newest teaching aid—a computer called the Edex. The subject was pro football.

"Up to that time, no one had programmed anything on the Edex," explained Saimes. "So I tried to use everything I could in the experiment . . . acetates, color slides of offensive and (→ TO PAGE 94)

SPORT'S GREATEST TEAMS

THE PRAYING COLONELS

Tiny Centre College hasn't played big-time football in decades, but back in '21 it shocked Harvard in "the biggest upset of the half-century"

By JOHN DEVANEY

"From various sources come warnings to look out for Centre on Saturday. But we do not look for anything resembling a victory for the Kentucky Colonels. . . . Harvard is preparing for Princeton two weeks from now, and making the Centre game next Saturday more or less an incidental affair . . ."

—N.Y. World, October 28, 1921

DAVIDS OF CENTRE TRIUMPH OVER THE HARVARD GOLIATH

Kentucky Mountain College With Its 225 Students Wins, 6-0, Outplaying Cambridge Team. Bo McMillin Hero in Sensational Dash. Outruns the Harvard Line, Then Outwits Two Tacklers by His Brilliant Dodging.

—N.Y. World, October 30, 1921

THEY CAME FROM THE dusty plains of Texas and out of the green hills of Kentucky, lean and hard country boys with long drawls and a silent determination to bring fame to a little mountain school. Their coach was a mixture of carnival barker and laundromat, who would stay up until after midnight before a game, washing uniforms and dreaming up zany plays his quarterback ignored. The quarterback was a cocky, bushy-haired gambler named "Bo" who would bet his mother's last dollar on how many touchdowns he would score. They were the Praying Colonels from Centre College, and in the cool dusk of an October afternoon in 1921, their yellow jerseys caked with grime and blood, they handed Harvard its first defeat in five years. The Associated Press would later call the upset "the greatest of the half-century."

It took football to make people aware of Centre

College's existence, but the school had prospered quietly for nearly a hundred years. A distinguished Presbyterian college in Danville, Kentucky, it never had more than 300 students. Yet its alumni included two Vice-Presidents of the United States, a Supreme Court Justice, eight U.S. Senators, ten governors and 20 college presidents.

Around 1916 some alumni had decided that Centre should be a football power. They hired Robert "Chief" Myers (Centre '07), who had coached a Fort Worth high school team then considered the best in Texas history. Myers had a florid, big-man-in-Rotary personality, and at Fort Worth he had dazzled his young charges with stories of the glory that was Centre's. "When you become a Centre man," he told them once, "you confer a sort of knighthood upon yourself, and become in a sense a man apart from the rest."

That was promise enough for any Texas boy.

In the summer of 1916, five of Myers' Fort Worth players jounced north to Danville on a dusty day coach, carrying cardboard suitcases and dreams of glory. Among the five were a big end, Bill James; a skinny 165-pound center named Red Weaver, whose hair was coal black and who could dropkick field goals with precision; and a stocky 5-10, 175-pound quarterback whose full name was Alvin Nugent McMillin, but whom everybody called Bo.

Bo could do everything: run, pass, tackle and kick. Running, he liked to draw the defensive flow in one direction and then reverse his path. Passing, he amazed eastern writers by tossing the era's bloated football like a baseball—sharp contrast to most eastern backs who threw as though they were tossing a hot pancake.

McMillin loved to gamble. At the time, that sort of thing was only mildly frowned upon and he bet heavily on his own team and on himself. Before the 1919 game with Indiana, he bet an Indiana rooter that one Centre player would outscore the entire Indiana team.

"Which player?" demanded the fan.

"Me," said Bo.

That afternoon Bo scored five touchdowns as Centre won, 47-0.

Like many gamblers, Bo was deeply superstitious. One night before a game, he dreamed he saw dice being rolled against the wall of a high building. He dressed and then went out looking for a high building. When he found one, he rolled his ever-present pocket companions—a pair

of dice—against the wall.

"Ah had to," he explained later in his soft Texas drawl. "If Ah hadn't done what Ah saw in the dream, we'd have lost the game."

In 1918 he attended the Kentucky Derby with some wealthy Centre alumni. Exterminator, a 30-1 shot, plodded to victory on a muddy track.

"Ah got him!" yelled Bo. "Ah got the winner!"

"How in hell did you ever pick that horse?" said one of his hosts.

"Good horse sense," said Bo, winking. Indeed. Figuring that any horse had a chance on the sloppy track, he had put \$2 on each of the nine entries. He collected \$59 on his \$18 investment.

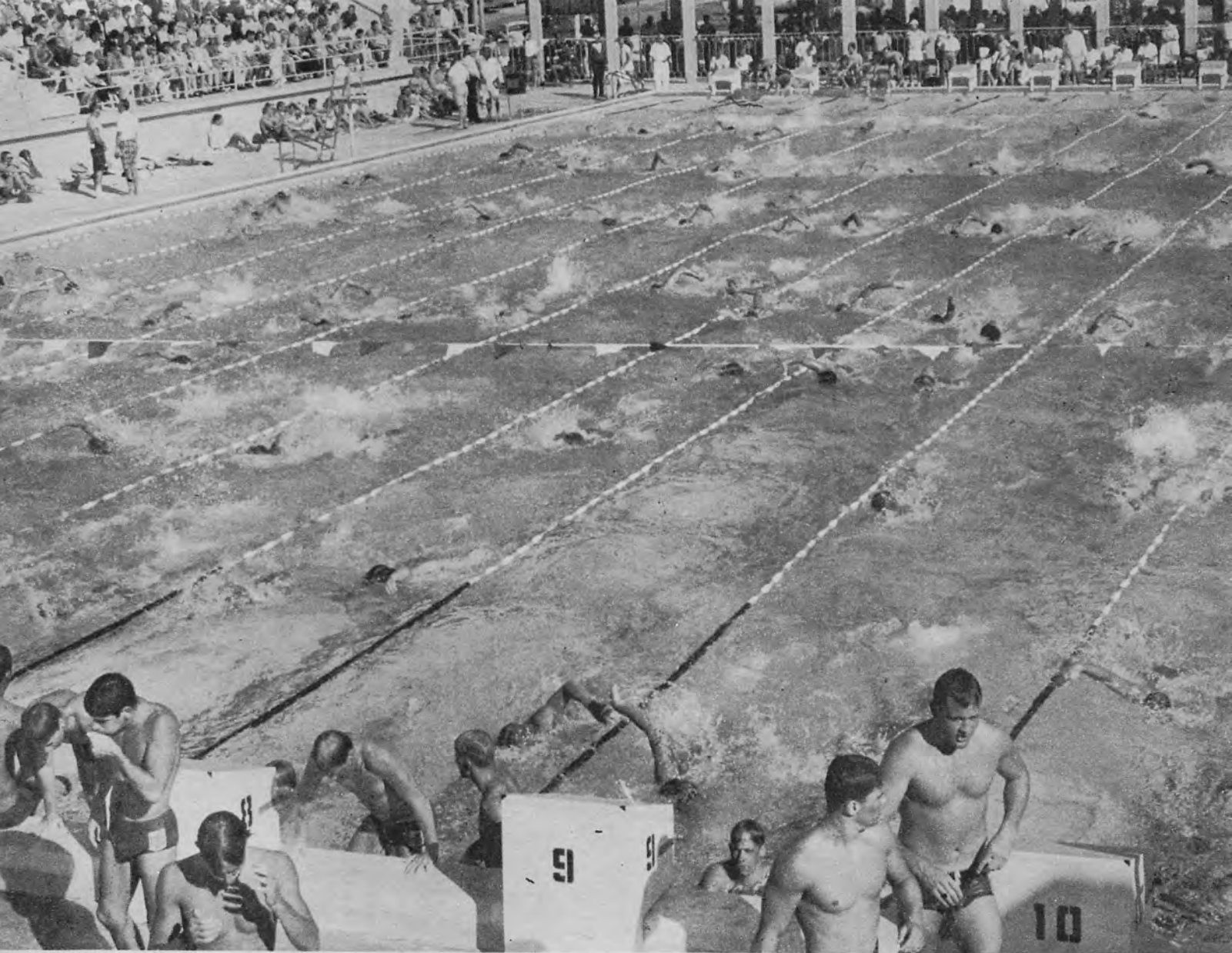
Bo had as good a time on the football field as he had at the racetrack. When Centre played Harvard he was amused at the way the Harvard quarterback called signals. They were taught to accent the second digit of each number. The quarterback would yell, "Twenty-*three*! Forty-*six*!" and on "three" and "six" his voice would be a shrill squeak. After hearing this several times, McMillin called time out.

"What do you want?" one of the officials asked him. "Jes' want to say," said Bo, "that if that little old boy keeps on doin' that, I'm gonna kiss him."

Once Bo and his fellow Texans had arrived at Centre, Chief Myers began scouting for some Kentucky players. In a letter, he described the kind (→ TO PAGE 73)



CENTRE TEAM OF 1920 THAT PLAYED GALLANTLY BUT IN VAIN AGAINST HARVARD
Except for center Red Weaver, coach Uncle Charlie Moran's club returned intact the following year to avenge the Harvard defeat.



Buster Crabbe and Johnny Weissmuller, both of whom graduated from Olympic fame to Tarzan movies, got into the swim of things. That's Crabbe, *below*, leaving his handprint for posterity at the Hall of Fame. Weissmuller, *in sunglasses at left*, winner of five gold medals in two Olympics (1924 and 1928), asked Don Scholander about the four gold medals he won in the '64 Olympics in Tokyo.





A MEMORABLE SPLASH PARTY

EVEN Hollywood, which gave you Esther Williams, Gidget and Fort Lauderdale, couldn't have created a more memorable splash party. The best swimmers of this century—including two Tarzans, the sheriff of Honolulu and the first man to put stripes on the bottom of pools—were in Fort Lauderdale last December to dedicate the new \$1,000,000 Swimming Hall of Fame. There was something to suit all tastes: competition for swimmers and divers; a collection of memorabilia for swim enthusiasts; and a heated pool, *at left*, for those who just wanted to take a dip. The purpose of the Hall of Fame is to honor and preserve the great moments in swimming and other water-propulsion sports.

PHOTOS BY ALBERT SCHOENFIELD



Ted Williams enjoyed the races.



British diving champion Brian Phelps thrilled the spectators with this reverse one-and-a-half somersault.



Although swimming competition, *above*, was the high point of the dedication ceremonies, there was plenty of time for relaxation and reminiscing. Duke Kahanamoku, *with Crabbe below*, won an Olympic gold medal in 1912, is today the sheriff of Honolulu. Ada Kok, *in glasses*, and Klenie Bimolt, Olympic swimmers from the Netherlands, toured the grounds. Miss Kok was voted the meet's outstanding female swimmer.



A MEMORABLE SPLASH PARTY

continued



Some of the finest swimmers in the last decade have been Australian, and no international aquatic event would be complete without representatives from Down Under. Murray Rose, in sweatshirt at right, was the youngest triple gold medalist in Olympic history in the 1956 Games in Melbourne. At the age of 17, he won the 400-meter and 1500-meter races and was a member of the winning relay team. But today Australia depends on the likes of Kevin Berry, below, who won a gold medal in the 200-meter butterfly event in the '64 Olympics in Tokyo. At the meet in Fort Lauderdale, however, Berry finished second to Argentina's Louis Nicolao in a nip-and-tuck race, despite a strong finish that almost caught the South American.



Coach Dave Robertson talked swimming with Rose.



The greatest names in swimming are gathered in this photo: (from left to right) Katherine Rawls, Rose, Weissmuller, Jamison Handy, Kahana-moku, Schollander and Crabbe. Miss Rawls dominated woman's swimming in the '30s. Handy, called The Grand Old Man of Swimming, invented the stripes on pool bottoms that enable swimmers to stay in lanes.





AN ALL-AMERICA WHO'S NEVER SATISFIED

*Loyd Phillips was not happy
about his '65 performance. After all,
Arkansas did lose one game*

By SAM BLAIR

BY THE TIME the first snow drifts across the Ozarks late this autumn, Loyd Phillips figures to be college football's most honored lineman. But around the athletic dorm at the University of Arkansas they'll still call him "Catfish."

"The guys gave me that nickname when I was a freshman," Phillips explains, "and it stuck. You know, catfish—all mouth and no brains."

Although Phillips may not be remembered for any great scholastic contributions at Arkansas, his athletic achievements are something else again. On a football field, the big defensive tackle is a Catfish that just can't be hooked.

As a senior at Longview High School in the pine-studded East Texas oil fields, the muscular, pink-cheeked Phillips played on a mediocre (5-5) team with tremendous success. He was named to the Super All-State team, which in football-crazy Texas is comparable to making five-star general. Yet home-state Southwest Conference schools like Texas and SMU never seriously considered him in the battle for blue-chip recruits. Loyd's scholastic background was something less than brilliant and this eliminated him at certain schools. So Arkansas, where entrance requirements aren't so rigorous, quickly embraced him and there began a love affair which has carried the Razorbacks to unprecedented heights.

Phillips has struggled through courses in the

School of Education as if they were triple-team blocking, but on Saturdays he's been Phi Beta Kappa.

During his first three seasons at Fayetteville, Phillips played in only one losing game. His freshman team won all five. As a sophomore, he immediately became a starter, cemented a once-erratic defense and the Razorbacks went Hog-wild with an 11-0 record, including a 10-7 Cotton Bowl comeback against Nebraska. Phillips and pals put 10-0 on the board again last fall, then had the streak snapped in the Cotton Bowl when Louisiana State upset them 14-7.

The LSU Tigers won because they wisely poured their power into the weak side of the Arkansas defense, away from that menacing No. 70. Still, Phillips managed to find a lot of the action—he always does. He pushed blockers aside like grocery buggies, pursued and made 17 tackles, a fitting climax for a junior year in which he made nearly every All-America team.

Nevertheless, Loyd recalls that season with candid disgust. "I don't believe anyone was in shape to play that Cotton Bowl game," he says. "We had a lot of fun during December, then went out and blew our winning streak."

"As for me, I still didn't feel like an All-America last year. There were times when I knew I just didn't play like an All-America should."

Ironically, Phillips still is humiliated at the recollection of his performance against Texas, a nationally televised 27-24 thriller that may have been the greatest college football game of our time.

"I made a lot of tackles against Texas," he explains, "but some of them were 15 yards downfield. Tommy Nobis (Texas' All-America linebacker who was also used most effectively at guard in crucial games) played a lot of offense that day and he really knocked me around. Lots of people came around after we won, slapped my back and told me how great I was. It made me sick. I know when I've played a good game and when I've played lousy. I don't want people telling me I played great when I didn't."

Now, with Nobis graduated to the Atlanta Falcons, Phillips is destined for more back-slapping than ever. Despite the occasional disgust the 6-2½, 235-pounder feels toward himself, Loyd, says Arkansas coach Frank Broyles, will earn everything he receives.

"Before we even look at a game film," Broyles testifies, "we know that Loyd will have 14-17 tackles, if we're playing a running team; and he will have rushed the passer as well as a tackle can, if it's a passing team. He will have helped all over the field. He pursues better and in a worse humor than any player I've ever known. If the ballcarrier isn't down, and he hasn't helped, he'll still be trying until the man is across the goal line."

Broyles pauses to catch his breath and swells with more pride in his furious redheaded tackle. "Phillips should win the Outland Trophy this year as the best guard or tackle in the country. We know all about him; then the pro scouts come here telling us about him."

And what do the pros say? Gil Brandt, chief of the Dallas Cowboys' far-flung scouting system, answers the question with enthusiasm. He unlocks his attache case and slips out an unmarked notebook which appears so secret that you feel you should have an 00 prefix on your Social Security number before reading it.

"Look," says Brandt, thumbing to a page headed Defensive Linemen and pointing to the first name, "that's how good Loyd Phillips is. His strength and quickness are tremendous."

However, Brandt feels that in pro ball Phillips won't be big enough to play tackle. "If there's a position where Phillips might really make it big as a pro,"

Brandt explains, "it's middle linebacker. I believe he's going to be like Sam Huff, who also was a tackle in college. He's a little short to be a great pro lineman and also he probably won't be heavy enough. But if Phillips can get back in the hook zone and cover on passes, he could be a fine middle linebacker."

That's super, as far as Phillips is concerned. He has never forgotten the joy of backing the line in high school.

"I led the team in interceptions my senior year," he notes proudly. "Picked off five, but it didn't help much. One night, against Irving, I ran almost 50 yards with one before they got me on their 20. Four plays later we were still on the 20."

The memory of such frustration has fed Phillips' deep appreciation of Arkansas' terrific record in his time. The teams Broyles assembled have furnished perfect showcases for lusty Loyd's skills. Not only has he repaid the Razorbacks with wonderful work in the autumn; he also has become a near-legend with his performance in the off-season training programs.

Broyles calls his huskies together for wrestling nearly every afternoon in late winter and early spring. Phillips never has lost a match.

"Some big freshman almost had me last spring," he says, "but I finally pinned him. Boy, I would have been the campus joke if I had lost."

Just as important to Phillips is rope-climbing, a pastime he traces back to his childhood in Longview. Perhaps this best symbolizes his approach to defensive football: starting at the bottom and pulling himself to the top.

In fact, it may have been a rope dangling from the ceiling of Barnhill Fieldhouse which really swung him toward Arkansas when he visited there as a thick-wristed schoolboy.

"Phillips grabbed that rope," Broyles laughingly recalls, "and climbed it until the hemp gave out. Then he kept going right up the chain to the roof."

Phillips himself says, "I was acting silly, but it was the kind of challenge that really gets me. Really, I don't think Hercules could do that—go all the way to the roof. But climbing those ropes is what gave me my strength. I started when I was in junior high and never let up. I like it. If I should ever coach, I'd stress that. You strain from the stomach up; you gain strength in your neck, shoulders, back, stomach and chest."

This strength is the key reason behind Phillips' ability to break blocks and smother ball-carriers. But Loyd says, "Anybody ought to be able to find that ball and go to it. Double-team blocking is no excuse, either."

With such great physical equipment and enthusiasm for his mission each Saturday, Phillips has to be one of the first choices in this winter's pro draft. He's hoping he winds up with the Dallas Cowboys, although "Lee Roy Jordan may be too good to give me much chance at middle linebacker."

Phillips is less concerned about the smaller contracts which rookies can command since the NFL-AFL merger. "Shoot, all my life all I've wanted to do is play football," he explains. "I'd play for \$5000 a year if that's all they'll pay me."

"If I didn't make it, I'd try coaching. Probably junior high, where it's simple and you have lots of fun working with kids. And if there wasn't a place for me in football, I might try a career in the service. Maybe with the Green Berets, I'd like to travel . . . see the world."

That journey will have to wait awhile, however. Phillips still has plenty of trips to make into enemy backfields. Chances are he'll usually arrive first and, as Broyles notes, in a terrible humor.



Pittsburgh's Centerfielder

Matty Alou and Manny Mota, very close friends, shared a grand experience in 1966—center field. They also helped keep the Pirates in the pennant race

By Roy McHugh

ON AN OPEN date for the Pittsburgh Pirates last season, general manager Joe L. Brown sent two of his outfielders, Manuel Mota and Mateo Alou, to an eye doctor. All serious students of flakiness, who found in the 1966 Pirates enough subject matter to keep them enthralled from March to October, regarded Brown's timing as superb. Mota, batting .342 at the time, and Alou, batting .329, were the two leading hitters on the team and the second and third leading hitters in the National League.

Actually, there was an excellent reason—possibly even two excellent reasons—for their visit to the eye doctor. Mota, indeed, had signaled his distress from the outfield. "Any time I was out there, I had to be doing like this," he said later, vigorously rubbing his right eye. "There used to be something in my eye."

Alou, demonstrating as Mota had done, rubbed both his right eye and his left eye. "Itch," Alou said. "I had allergy."

Reassuringly, the examination indicated that Mota and Alou could see just as well as in the years when they were hitting .260 or thereabouts. It would not be necessary, the doctor reported, for either to start wearing glasses. All they had to do was sit out the next game, their vision still blurred by the eyedrops the doctor had given them.

The Pirates won that particular game, 9-1, which only goes to show how irrelevant one game can be. Without Mota and Alou, they might not have been in the pennant race.

Alou, left, played against righthanded pitchers, while Mota,

SPORT

Native Dominicans, small and dark-skinned, room-mates and constant companions, Mota and Alou were a tandem. They alternated in center field, Mota playing against lefthanded pitchers, Alou against righthanded pitchers, and they kept up their hitting all year. One of the two, sometimes both, for manager Harry Walker was a maker of moves, always seemed to be waiting to score when the Pirates who drove in the runs came to bat. In the field they were fast and sure-handed.

Mota and Alou have known one another since 1956, when they played for their country in the world junior championships. They signed at the same time with the San Francisco Giants, started in professional baseball together at Michigan City, Indiana, and made it to San Francisco a year apart.

"Manny and Matty," one Pirate says, "are closer than 99 and 100."

Joe Brown got them the way the Dutch got Manhattan. Unwanted by the Giants, Mota was the property of the Houston Astros (then the Colt .45s) in 1963. Houston coveted a Pirate outfielder named Howie Goss and Brown turned him over for Mota plus "a substantial sum"—\$50,000, a substantial rumor has it. The \$50,000 may have been hush money. Goss now makes his livelihood selling automobiles in Fort Myers, Florida, where the Pirates train. In the Alou trade last winter, Brown gave San Francisco a non-winning lefthanded pitcher, Joe Gibbon, and a combination catcher-utility infielder, Ossie Virgil. Although the Giants had agreed to throw in a minor-leaguer, Brown allowed them to substitute cash.

Whether the sum was "substantial," he never has said. Unwilling, perhaps, to spoil a good thing, Brown would rather not dwell on these trades. "They worked out all right, let's put it that way," he suggests. A result no one could miss was the fact that in a day when .300 hitters are vanishing Americans, if not vanishing Latin-Americans, Walker had more .300 hitters than he could use in one outfield. Two of them were Mota and Alou. For a good part of the season, Mota's average was the highest in the National League, yet it seldom appeared in those tables of small type captioned "Top Ten" that the newspapers carry. His problem was arithmetic: not enough times at bat. Righthanded pitchers outnumber lefties, so Alou played center field more than Mota. Walker would leave Mota in, as a rule, when the other team changed from a lefthanded pitcher to a righthander, but Mota's times-at-bat remained short of the minimum requirement.

The theory behind the platoon system is that left-right, played against lefthanders. Both hit spectacularly.



Pittsburgh's Centerfielder

continued

handed hitters, even good ones, are congenitally unable to hit lefthanded pitchers. Righthanded hitters, though not excused from hitting righthanded pitchers, are supposed to hit lefthanded pitchers better. Thus an outstanding lefthanded hitter may find himself platooned with a fair-to-middling righthanded hitter. Toward the end of July, Walker started platooning Willie Stargell, his leftfielder, with Bob Bailey, who had lost the third-base job to Jose Pagan. Stargell, at the time, led the Pirates in home runs and runs-batted-in, but lefthanded pitchers were making him look bad.

In center field, the Pirates opened the season with what appeared to be a fair-to-middling lefthanded hitter, Alou, and a fair-to-middling righthanded hitter, Mota. Both went to Florida last spring with lifetime major-league averages under .270. Walker gave Alou a chance to show he could hit lefthanded pitching in the exhibition games, using him against Pete Richert of the Washington Senators and Steve Hamilton of the New York Yankees. After five times at bat the experiment ended. Alou had not been able to get the ball out of the infield. Against righthanded pitchers, he hit the ball literally everywhere.

Otherwise, he might have been out of work, for Mota made no distinction between righthanders and lefthanders. Early in the season, when Walker thought Roberto Clemente needed a rest, Mota played four games against both kinds of pitching and was good for ten hits in 16 at-bats. Later, on a night the Pirates won a game from Los Angeles and by doing so took first place, Mota hit successive run-scoring triples off lefthander Claude Osteen and righthander Bob Miller. Later still, with Alou unavailable because of a minor injury, Mota beat the Cincinnati Reds on a ninth-inning home run off righthander Sammy Ellis. "I can only walk up to the plate and do my best," he would say.

Mota speaks in that vein habitually. He has a mouth that turns down at the corners, suggesting chronic disgruntlement, but in truth he is cheerful to a fault. Alou is cheerful, too, and he shows it by smiling a lot. In appearance, he is somewhat Oriental, with eyebrows that approach the bridge of his nose at an angle of 45 degrees.

The Pirates' Latin-Americans were not active participants in the clubhouse high jinks that gave the team its distinctive coloration. To Latin-American eyes, the craziness of the Black Maxers, a Pirate in-group devoted to wearing World War I aviator's helmets and other strange headgear and whose name was a parody of *The Blue Max*, a Hollywood movie about the World War I German air force, seemed faintly amusing but alien. In front of adjoining lockers, Alou, Mota and a third San Francisco expatriate, the Puerto Rican Pagan, would ignore the Black Maxers and chatter away happily in Spanish.

Latin-American solidarity crosses club boundaries in the major leagues and it survived a slight strain that was inadvertently created by Mota last summer. There are still two Dominicans with the Giants—Jay Alou, Matty's brother, and Juan Marichal, a pitcher who wins between 20 and 30 games every year. In San Francisco one night the Pirates' Dominicans and the Giants' Dominicans arrived at Candlestick Park in Jay Alou's car. Marichal was the last to get out, and Mota slammed the door on his pitching hand.

"Watch out!" Mota said, but too late.

"And what did Marichal say?" he was asked.

"Oh, he didn't say nothing, because I didn't do it on purpose," answered Mota. "I feel sorry about it. He miss a turn."

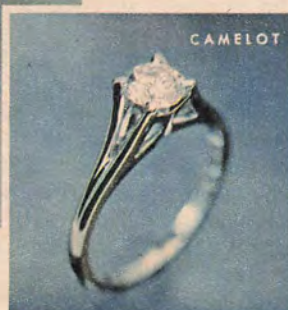
As a matter of fact, he missed two turns, and by the time he was pitching again the Pirates had passed the Giants in the standings.

"If you were going to get him," said Clemente to Mota, "why didn't you get him harder?"

Clemente, a Puerto Rican, is the Pirates' senior Latin-American and the finest all-round baseball player ever to come out of the (→ TO PAGE 93)



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THE OBSCURE ADVENTURES OF "CAPTAIN WHO?"



With Baltimore, Alex, No. 25, played halfback, fullback, tight end, flanker and split end. Then he asked to be sent to the new Atlanta Falcons—to find out if, at age 29, he could finally be a regular in professional football.

In seven years as the Colts' most versatile substitute, Alex Hawkins faced all challenges on and off the field. Now he takes on a new challenge

By MYRON COPE

ALTHOUGH his typical football performance is a perfect blend of kamikaze recklessness and seasoned intelligence, and notwithstanding the fact that off the field he is a better-than-average architect of good times, the great majority of football fans have never heard of Chilton Alexander Hawkins. In rosters he is called Alex. In his circle of friends he is called Alec or Whitey or, most often, Hawk. He also has been called "Captain Who?", a reminder of the anonymity he has managed to retain after more than seven years in the National Football League. Yet while Hawkins has spent far more time on the bench than off it, his dauntless contributions—carried out with life-or-death fervor—once moved Minnesota Viking coach Norm Van Brocklin to remark, "Every team should have a Hawkins."

Alex Hawkins is a congenial, yellow-haired Southerner of 29, blunt about the way he manages his life. "The only things that scare me are boredom and old age," he says. "I believe in workin' hard and playin' hard." Among the things that bore him are athletes who have no flair. "There's no question in my mind that baseball is in a gradual decline," he says, "because nowadays you don't ever see a fella sliding into second base and breaking his cigar."

The Hawk's nose is straight and his jaw pointed. Not apt to be recognized as an NFL veteran, he stands 6-feet-1 and weighs between 188 and 191 pounds, depending upon what he ate at his last meal. He was born in Welch, a West Virginia coal mining town, and grew up in South Charleston, West Virginia. He went to the University of South Carolina, was later bounced off the Green Bay Packers by coach Vince Lombardi, found a home with the Baltimore Colts for seven years, and finally, at his own request, was sold to the hapless Atlanta Falcons this year with the idea that in the twilight of his career he might become a regular.

PHOTOS BY MALCOLM EMMONS



A regular what? In an age of specialists, "Captain Who?" had played as a substitute at five positions—halfback, fullback, flanker, tight end and split end. He once played three of them in one day against San Francisco. He once played Human Fly in San Francisco, too, descending from a fifth-story hotel window after curfew, but that is neither here nor there. The point to be made from a career so undistinguished is that Alex Hawkins is a specific type without which few football clubs win championships. With the Colts he not only could execute a clutch play when called off the bench cold but he was a wellspring of good humor that prevented the Colts, traditionally a loose band, from taking their mission too seriously.

One day after practice the Hawk sat in a restaurant booth opposite a very large teammate whom the Colts recently had acquired from another club. On a sudden impulse the Hawk informed the man that he was not very bright. The new Colt, who for the sake of kindness will be called Sam Rough here, leaned across the table, cocked his fist, and growled, "Do you know who you're talking to? I'll punch you out for that."

"Well," replied the Hawk, "I think I ought to warn you, in case nobody's already told you . . ."

"Told me what?"

"Hasn't anyone told you yet? You swear no one did?"

"Told me *what*?"

"Sam, I'm part owner of the Colts."

"Don't give me that crap," snapped Sam, his fist still clenched.

"You ever see me do any work in practice?" the Hawk demanded. Sam reflected on the question. The fact was that if all the Colts were healthy and there was no likelihood that the coaches would have to press the Hawk into service on the coming Sunday, he was apt to be told to stand aside where he would be in nobody's way.

"No," answered Sam, unclenching his fist, "I can't recall that you've done much work in practice."

"Sure, and how the hell you figure they made a captain of me?" persisted Hawkins, whom head coach Don Shula generously had named captain of the garbage squads—the kicking and kick-return teams. "Why, you can't even tell me what position I play."

"Aw . . ." Sam Rough was unconvinced, but he was growing less and less anxious to belt the Hawk. Now the Hawk pushed his chin across the table and barked:

"Go ahead. Take your best shot. But you'll have a plane ticket by tomorrow morning. You don't think I'm a player-owner, how the hell you think you got a job here?"

Invoking owner Carroll Rosenbloom's name, the Hawk went on, "Rosy called me and said, 'Shall we try that guy?' And I said, 'It's up to me?' Rosy said, 'Yes, I'll leave it in your lap, you want to try him?' I told Rosy: 'Well, let's give him one last chance to stay in the league.' So hit me or don't sit there calling me a liar."

Sam Rough did not believe the Hawk's tale, of course, but on the other hand, he did not disbelieve it strongly enough to throw a punch. He left the restaurant sullen. Within the week the Hawk set to work plotting. He related the restaurant scene to defensive end Gino Marchetti and Colt business manager Bert Bell Jr., providing them with instructions. Soon the two men began to drop casual remarks within earshot of Sam Rough. "Looks like Alex is gonna have a good ballclub this year."

Only a few days had passed when the Hawk heard Sam say, "Let me buy you a beer, Hawk." The beers were on Sam the rest of the season.

The hoax, of course, was too flimsy to last. The following year, during a team party that was held not long before the Colts broke training camp, tongues grew loose and Sam learned he'd been had by the Hawk. Sam went after him. The Hawk and his roommate, Billy Lothridge, already had returned to the dormitory, as had a number of others, who had capped the evening by waging a spirited water battle in the dorm. When Sam got there he tried the Hawk's door but found it locked, so he banged with his fist.

"Who is it?" asked the Hawk.

Sam identified himself with a roar.

"What do you want?"

"I want in."

"What for?"

"I want to strangle you."

"Now, Sam, I don't believe I'll let you in if you're (—→ TO PAGE 89)

ALEX HAWKINS

continued



"The only things that scare me are boredom and old age," says the Hawk, above. "I believe in workin' hard and playin' hard."

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“Crozier Made 34 Saves Tonight— 42 Of Them Great Ones”

... is what they say about Roger in Detroit's Olympia Stadium. They could say it just about anywhere else in the NHL, too. He's the best young goaltender in the league

By Joe Falls

IT'S ALWAYS the same, on the radio and even on the picture tube. “Ohhhhh,” the broadcaster broadcasts, “Crozier makes a great save! Another great save! Another one!”

The broadcaster may be monotonous but he's right. Roger Crozier, the man in the nets for the Detroit Red Wings, does make great saves—one after another. You see, he happens to be the best young goaltender in the National Hockey League, maybe the best of all. Or he will be the best as soon as Glenn Hall of the Chicago Black Hawks decides he can't tolerate the wrenching stomach pains and the bitter vomiting before every game and hangs up his skates.

Roger Crozier doesn't look like a goalie, great or otherwise. The truth is, he looks like an owl. He's got those round, deep-set eyes, with heavy eyelids, a beaked nose, and it wouldn't be at all surprising if you would say to him, “How are you, Roger?” and he would reply: “Hoot!”

He's a funny kid, Roger. They say you've got to be a little odd to play goalie in the National Hockey League. Roger is a little odd. For one thing, he doesn't wear a mask. He tried it once after taking a puck in the cheek in his first big-league game. He was out two weeks—they said it would be six months—and while he was in the hospital, Red Wing coach Sid Abel had them

make a plaster cast of Crozier's face so a mask could be made for him. Crozier tried it once, in practice, and threw the thing away. "No good," he mumbled. "Too many blind spots."

So he faces the flying rubber bare-faced and what makes him a little odd, as goaltenders go, is that he never blames anyone else when the puck goes past him. It could be because he never says much of anything, but still, you might think that once—just once—he might say that somebody didn't pick up Hull when he came in from the left side.

Not Roger.

It's not his way. He's a quiet little guy who sits in the corner just inside the door of the Red Wing dressing room and smiles at the world. If it takes a special person to be a goalie, Crozier is a special person.

He's just 24 years old, yet he's been troubled by ulcers since he was 17. Crozier is nervous and fidgety but it really doesn't show until he goes out onto the ice and begins twitching his neck like a nervous duck.

Inside, he's as tight as the tape he rolls around his sticks. Most nights he can't eat before a game. Some nights he can't eat afterwards. None of this shows, except for the twitching on the ice.

Otherwise Crozier appears to be the most relaxed fellow in the building, almost bored by what is going on. This is one of the things that makes him a great young goaltender—his ability to keep his wits when the going is toughest. They've got a saying up in the press box at Olympia Stadium: "Crozier made 34 saves tonight—42 of them great ones."

He has accomplished much in a very short time. The Red Wings got him as a "throw in" in a deal involving Howie Young. The Red Wings traded Young to the Black Hawks for defenseman Ron Ingram in the summer of '63 and Abel talked the Hawks into including Crozier. Terry Sawchuk was getting on in years and Abel wanted a little insurance. What he got was—and the words are his—"the steal of the century."

Crozier was sent to Pittsburgh, a Detroit farm team, where he played just over half a season, enough to qualify as rookie-of-the-year in the American Hockey League. For this he got a check for \$300. A Canadian boy from simple surroundings, Crozier thought this \$300 bonus was some shakes—why, a guy could buy a vacuum cleaner for his wife and have enough left over to get two car payments ahead.

He didn't realize how much money he could make in the big leagues. In his first season with the Red Wings (1964-65), little Roger all but swept the boards. He was named rookie-of-the-year in the NHL, was a first-team All-Star selection and was a major reason why the Red Wings won their first league title in eight years. Counting the cash he got from the playoffs, he went back to his home in Bracebridge, Ontario, with more than \$10,000 in bonus money.

The nice thing is, it hasn't changed him. He still sits there in the corner of the dressing room, smiling at everyone and everything, seemingly without a care in the world.

But it's frustrating to get him to say anything in an interview. For instance, a writer said to Crozier last spring: "You've played an awful lot this season. You getting tired?"

"Nope," Roger said.

"Well, it's been a long year. Do you ever find yourself sitting at home and saying, 'Gee, I wish I didn't have to go to the game tonight?'"

"Sometimes."

"How about the defense? With Doug Barkley out,

I get the feeling the guys have let down a little—that they've got this trauma about losing Doug. I think this has put a lot of pressure on you. Do you feel that way?"

"Nope."

"But can't you tell that Barkley is out—that they're riding in on you and blasting away from such close range?"

"Maybe a little."

"Maybe a little?"

"Yeah, maybe a little."

"You mean you can feel the pressure around the net."

"Yeah, I can feel the pressure around the net."

Because he is so small—a mere 5-8 and 150 pounds—and because he is such a quiet little fellow, the Red Wings almost think of Crozier as their mascot instead of their meal ticket. They kid him quite a bit, knowing that no matter what they say to him they will never get more than an amused smile in return.

If anything, the Red Wings are a little spoiled by Crozier. They can needle him without retort and they can leave him alone on the ice, knowing he can hold off entire teams almost by himself. With the Red Wings' defense crippled last season, it got so that Crozier's great saves became routine. They virtually became part of the game plan. The Red Wings came to expect great saves from Crozier.

He usually responded.

The surprise is that he played at all.

He was paralyzed by severe stomach pains just before training camp started. Everyone thought it was his ulcers flaring up. But the doctors couldn't be sure. They put Roger through test after test but could find nothing organically wrong—nothing that would show up in X-rays.

But the pains persisted, and small, thin Roger Crozier was placed on a diet. He could have no fats, nothing greasy. No butter, no salad dressing, no ice cream. Not even soup and a sandwich for lunch. What really hurt was that he could have no beer. Roger likes a bottle or two after a game.

After he shut out Toronto 3-0 early in the season, he went home and sat at the kitchen table with his wife and had ten glasses of water.

"It was a big celebration," Crozier reported, grinning.

It was discovered later that he had pancreatitis—an inflammation of the pancreas—and wouldn't you know it, this is a disorder usually found in large, overweight people.

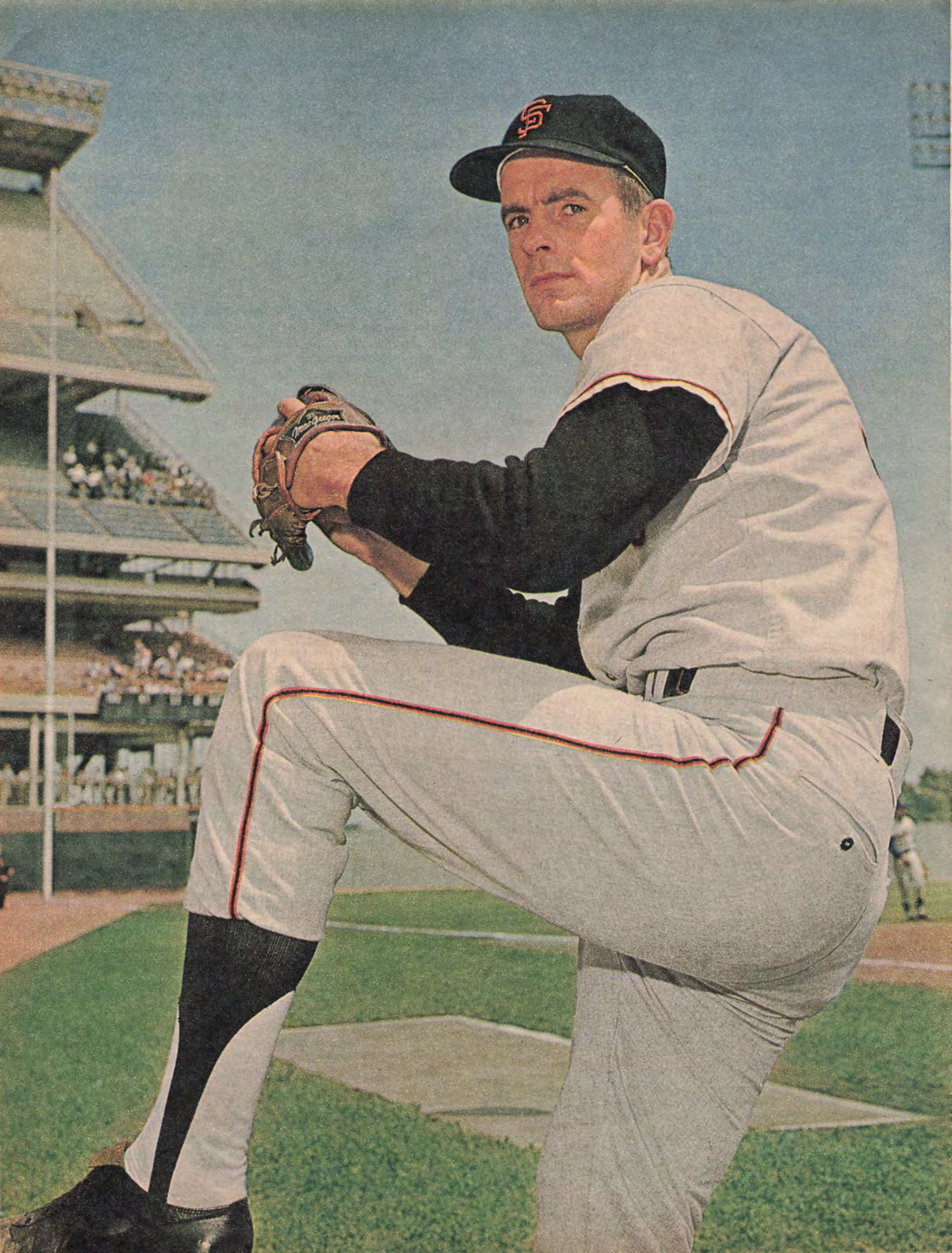
Last winter Crozier had another fine season, not as good as his rookie year, but then, the players in front of him weren't as good as in his rookie year. Still, he helped lead the fourth-place Wings into the finals of the Stanley Cup playoffs, and although the Red Wings lost to the Montreal Canadiens, Roger was voted the outstanding player in the playoffs.

In fact, the Canadiens were miffed that a player on the losing team should get the \$1000 award and the Ford Mustang that went with it.

Abel wasn't surprised at Crozier getting the award. "How in the world could they take it away from him?" said Sid. "He stopped the Black Hawks in the semi-finals and he stood the Canadiens on their ears on their own pond. He stopped Hull on breakaways, he stopped Beliveau on breakaways. You can't do more than Roger did for us."

Crozier was overwhelmed by the honor.

He said, "It's nice."



HOW GAYLORD LEARNED TO PITCH

First, the younger of the Perry brothers found out you don't break opponents' bats. He also discovered some of the other virtues: Hard work, confidence and, rumor has it, a terrific wet one

By PHIL PEPE

Color by Martin Blumenthal

IT WAS A HOT AND humid August night in New York and two sportswriters were standing outside a hotel talking to Gaylord Perry, the San Francisco Giant pitcher. A taxi pulled up and out popped Warren Giles, president of the National League. Giles exchanged greetings with the writers and then addressed the tall, slender Perry.

"And here's the young man who saved the All-Star Game for us," Giles said.

Perry smiled. He had, indeed, been the winning pitcher in the All-Star game in St. Louis on July 12, 1966, and it pleased him that the league president should remember him that way. It also pleased him that Giles, purposely or otherwise, failed to recall another, less glorious July 12.

As Gaylord tells it, he was pitching in Houston on July 12, 1964, locked up in a 1-1 tie with two out in the bottom of the ninth, a runner on second and Nellie Fox at bat.

"Fox hit one of those grounders that bounces 12 times before it gets through the infield and I'm beat, 2-1," Perry recalls. "Tom Haller was so mad, he kicked the bat and it landed right in front of our dugout. I slammed it against the side of the dugout and broke it in two. Then I handed the top half to the batboy and said, 'Here, give this to Fox.'"

Houston's president, Judge Roy Hofheinz, said he was horrified at Perry's action. He said either the broken bat would be paid for or he would sue Perry, Horace Stoneham, the Giants, the city of San Francisco, even Alcatraz, if necessary for the \$2.98 bat. Giles pacified Hofheinz with a promise to make the Giants pay the \$2.98 and dispatched a telegram to Alvin Dark, then manager of the Giants.

"Tell Perry to stop breaking bats," the wire said. (—→ TO PAGE 95)



THE CHANGING FORTUNES OF JOHN BRODIE

"My values are different now," John says, and indeed they are since he has become a top quarterback—and the richest football player in history

By ARNOLD HANO

Color by Bob Peterson



The world's richest quarterback thickened his coffee with cream as he sat in the cafeteria at St. Mary's College, 20 miles east of Oakland, where the San Francisco 49ers put in their preseason training. As he ate—sparingly, because the world's richest quarterback had arrived two weeks late with paunch to match—small boys crowded up to his table for his autograph. One boy made several trips, until the world's richest quarterback said, "Now you can trade three of mine for one George Mira."

It was a good joke, but not likely. George Mira, stand-in for the world's richest quarterback, sat nearby, but nobody was asking for his autograph.

After lunch the WRQ, who is also the highest-paid athlete in America's history, walked slowly back to the men's residence hall at St. Mary's College, where he would spend the next two hours flat on his back before the afternoon practice session. On the way to the hall, another boy approached him, pencil and paper in hand. But first the boy had to be sure.

"Are you," he asked, "the quarterback?"

"I am one of them," the world's richest quarterback said easily, and then he signed his name. John Brodie.

Some people agree. At the training camp of the San Diego Chargers just a few days earlier, the name John Brodie came up. Charger coach Sid Gillman looked up sharply, his face granite hard. "I just wish," he said, in a voice filled with venom, "the 49ers would tell John Brodie to jump in the Bay. He's just an average—maybe a little better than average—quarterback. That's all he is."

"Perhaps," a football player said, "Sid Gillman is bitter because part of John Brodie's salary is coming out of his club's pocket."

So this, today, is John Brodie. You cannot talk about him as just one of the quarterbacks, even if you agree with Sid Gillman, who probably hasn't seen Brodie play

more than five or six games in the past six years. The name of the position—somebody cracked—will have to change. It's not quarterback any more. It's dollar-back.

John Brodie is not particularly happy with this shift of emphasis in his life. He would rather talk about the playbook than the bankbook. He would rather talk about the way a quarterback sets up a one-on-one situation, whereby his best receiver is pitted against a weaker cornerback, than the way he set two leagues against each other, helped effect their merger, and still made them pay. He would rather talk about what goes on in a huddle on the playing field, than what goes on in a contractual huddle, especially one so exotic as his, which began in San Francisco, moved to Houston, switched to Honolulu, and was nailed down by a phone call to Chicago. He would rather people congratulated him for his superb on-field adventures of 1965, when he led all NFL passers in passes thrown, passes completed, passing efficiency, passing yardage and touchdown passes. But he is realist enough to know they want to talk about his off-field adventures of 1966, when he was offered \$750,000 to play three years for the Houston Oilers, saw the offer withdrawn, and ended up with more money than that.

He will not comment on the exact details of the contract, but he also says, "I will not deny any of the stories now prevalent."

The story prevalent—and undoubtedly correct in its general outlines, if not in all specifics—is that John Brodie will earn \$75,000 a season for each of the next three years, then \$75,000 a year in each of the seven years after his retirement as a player. That's \$750,000. Add to that other monies he will earn by playing after 1968 and Brodie's income as a professional football player goes over \$1,000,000. There is also—so the story goes—a legal fee of \$75,000 for Brodie's lawyers, principally John Elliott Cook, a 65-year-old Bay area attorney who had never before involved himself in athletics, but who had football yelping for mercy before he and his client let up. As a matter of fact—and this Brodie *does* say—Brodie signed before Cook wanted him to. There was still some small cash—a couple of hundred thousand dollars or thereabouts—lying around loose for Brodie to pick up had he held out a little longer.

"I was getting anxious," Brodie says. "I wanted to play football." When Brodie sits on the bench and another 49er quarterback runs the team, Brodie develops what he calls an "antsy" feeling. He was getting antsy in Honolulu while the contract dickering dragged on, and the season loomed ever closer. So he said Okay over the phone to Lou Spadia, general manager of the 49ers, who was in Chicago for the College All-Star game, and Brodie flew home from Honolulu. He signed his contract and reported to training camp, where his teammates prepared a small welcome. On his first day in uniform, Brodie stood behind center Bruce Bosley in the familiar T-formation quarterback position, looking over an imaginary secondary, as Bosley slipped him the "ball." Except it wasn't a ball. It was a pineapple, and attached to the pineapple was a tag which read: "\$1,000,000 — \$3000." A million dollars, almost, but not quite Brodie's salary for the next four seasons, minus \$3000, the approximate fine for arriving at training two weeks late. Brodie—as befits quarterbacks who arrive late and out of shape—promptly fumbled the pineapple.

"Darned right, I fumbled it," Brodie says earnestly. "It had a sticker and it caught me on the finger." The hands of the world's richest quarterback are more sensitive than yours or mine, or even Johnny Unitas'.

John Brodie reminds you of the colloquy between F. Scott Fitzgerald and Ernest Hemingway. You recall how Fitzgerald said, "The rich are different from us," and Hemingway retorted, "Yes, they have more money."

No. They are different from us. Basically, intrinsically different. They are different *before* they become rich. It is something in the blood; perhaps in the genes.

It is as natural to them as wheezing is to coal miners.

John Brodie was rich before he was making a lot of money, before he signed his current contract. He looks rich. He has the casual, breezy manner of the confident, of the guy who knows he's got it made and always will have it made. The father of three daughters and a son, he has a lovely blonde wife who looks as though she belongs on the society pages.

You have to know about John Brodie's affluence to understand him. He is a man who constantly speaks about values, though he carefully refuses to define his own values, or his own goals. The one truth about values—Brodie has learned—is that they change.

"Sometime ago," he said, "I read of a golfer—I think it was Ken Venturi—who said, 'My goal is to win the National Open, the PGA, The British Open, and the Masters, and then I'll be satisfied.' Ridiculous! If he won those titles, his values would change, and he would not be satisfied until he had fulfilled new goals."

All this—in the wrong hands—leads to the carrot-dangled-before-the-nose kind of existence, the rat-race philosophy that sends men plunging from windows because they have cracked under the strain of always having to achieve new goals. With Brodie it is a necessary and natural part of growth. "When I came up in 1957, my goal was just to make the team. Now my values are different. I have different goals." He has goals; he sets out to achieve something. Perhaps it is a league title. Perhaps it is a page in the official National Football League record manual which today has on page 43 of this year's book a section reading: "JOHNNY UNITAS—Lifetime Passing Record." Whatever the goal, Brodie knows that as soon as he achieves it, he will establish new needs, and he will set out after new objectives. Not grimly. Easily, casually, the way the from-birth rich do things. John Brodie checked into camp at St. Mary's and stepped on the team scale. The needle swung to 217 pounds. Brodie grinned and said, "Watch this." He walked over to the official players' chart, and in the blank reserved for his weight, he wrote, "211." He laughed, delighted with his small deception.

Men like this become leaders. It is logical. Back in 1960, before a 49er game, rivals for the quarterback job, Y.A. Tittle and Brodie, used to warm up on the sidelines, not knowing who was going to start. According to Tittle, in his book, *I Pass!* (with Don Smith), each man would throw soft, easy short passes to his receiver, not daring to launch a long pass that might overshoot its mark or be muffed. The intense, silent competition finally got to Tittle.

"Be brave, John," he yelled over. "Throw that damned ball down the field."

"Not me," Brodie laughed. "I don't want any of these guys dropping one and making me look bad. I aim to start."

He aimed to start. The following August, the 49ers shuffled Tittle off to the Giants, and Brodie had to start. It was more than the case of the brash youngster versus the old warhorse, youth besting age. In 1964, when Brodie had become the veteran 49er quarterback, the San Francisco club made a big event of signing George Mira out of the University of Miami, and let it be known they were paying young Mira \$100,000 on a three-year contract.

So John Brodie, who was earning less than that at the time, promptly went to general manager Lou Spadia and said, "Lou, are you paying the boy that much?" and Spadia had to admit he was, and Brodie said, "Lou, who is your number one quarterback?" and Spadia had to admit Brodie was, and Brodie said, "I expect to be paid more money than Mira," and he was.

Such is the way Brodie's mind works. Once you understand the Mira incident, what happened in June of 1966 should have been predictable. All the clues were there. If football pays an untried youngster like Joe Namath \$400,000 over a three-year pull, logic demands that a better, more experienced quarterback receive more. In June of 1966, at his home in Palo Alto, on the



Brodie has come a long way since his early 49er days when he was competing with Y.A. Tittle, *below*, for the starting job. Last fall he started on opening day against Chicago, *above*, and threw four touchdown passes as San Francisco routed the Bears, 52-24. He went on to his greatest season, leading the NFL quarterbacks in passes thrown, passes completed, passing efficiency and touchdown passes. He is also a scratch golfer, *right*, who tried the pro tour, but he's happiest when involved in football. "I love the game," John says. "I'd like to stay in it after I'm finished playing."



JOHN BRODIE

very day the *Oakland Tribune* screamed out on its first page, "Oilers Offer Brodie \$750,000," John Brodie said, "I didn't set the scales. It is not a need for the dollar. A principle is involved. If you can pay a player who never played, then you must change the scale of what I should be paid." And John Brodie set out to change that scale.

He had flown to Houston, to confer with Don Klosterman, general manager of the Houston Oilers of the American Football League. The Oilers are owned by Bud Adams, one of those legendary Texas figures, so rich they don't know what to do with it all. The New York Giants gave Adams a chance to do something. The Giants signed Pete Gogolak of the AFL. Adams chose to retaliate by bidding \$750,000 for John Brodie, of the NFL, and the football war was on in earnest.

The story is that six NFL quarterbacks besides Brodie were ready to sign with the AFL. There were howls of pain from NFL owners and coaches. Tex Schramm, president and general manager of the Dallas Cowboys, went to Lamar Hunt of the Kansas City Chiefs, urging a merger. Hunt was receptive and carried the message to his fellow AFL owners.

Brodie was on the golf course when he heard about the merger. "Somebody owes me \$750,000," he said, and he went to work.

He talked to his brother Bill, who is an attorney, and then John Elliot Cook was hired. Brodie flew to Honolulu, while the actual infighting was handled by attorney Cook. Sometimes it got funny. The Oilers sent Don Klosterman to Honolulu, and checked him into a hotel under the name of "Clemente." Except nobody had told Brodie about the name, and he was unable to make contact. None of this was very important (it turned out), but it amuses Brodie today: "Imagine anybody trying to remain unnoticed and using the name 'Clemente'!"

The other details, more significant, will not be fully known unless John Brodie puts them down in print some years hence, and even then—as Brodie admits—he will not know all the details. "I do not know how I am being paid," Brodie says today, "and I don't want to know. Just so I am paid." Brodie is being paid.

In a sense, all this is a pity. John Brodie is right; he is still a football player, and it is as such he ought to be assessed. In 1965 he put together a record unmatched in years. He set an NFL mark of 242 completions, five above the former record set by Unitas in 1963. His completion percentage was an astounding 61.9; Unitas was second, nearly four percentage points behind. Brodie pitched for 30 touchdowns; Unitas was next with 23. Brodie gained 3112 yards passing; nobody was within 450 yards. But values being what they are in this inflated affluent world, he is a dollarback before he is a quarterback.

When he was born, on August 14, 1935, of course, he was neither. He was just John Riley Brodie, son of a Bay area insurance broker, the oldest of three children, a brother and a sister to follow. When John Brodie was nine years old, he had a paper route, selling the *Oakland Post-Inquirer*. A chance to attend summer camp for four days came up, and John lined up a substitute for his paper route. But the sub—as unmotivated second-stringers will—burned the papers, rather than distribute them. John's boss took it not kindly. He bawled out young Brodie, and made a small speech to the effect that punks today—this was 1944—were no damned good.

John Brodie's father comforted his son, and told the boy the job was less important than going to camp. He assured young John he'd always have "a free hand" with such things as camp and sports; nothing would be permitted to interfere.

Brodie was a scrawny kid, five-feet, two-inches tall, and 105 pounds, when he was in eighth grade. Then he began to shoot up, if not out. He was six feet tall (he's six-two, today) as a high school sophomore, a string-bean at 135 pounds. He played baseball and basketball, besides football, but—he says—"I was awkward in those

sports." Not too awkward. He made the all-city basketball team, and he would have made all-city in baseball, except he was a third-baseman, and in Oakland those days was another high-school third-baseman, named Frank Robinson.

He played some football, and by his senior year he was up to 150-155 pounds, a quarterback who played a little defense. "I always could throw," Brodie recalls. "It was natural. I did not have to learn it. I found it easy to get the ball to a spot with something on it." The boy's growth was apparent to his coach. He told Brodie: "You'll weigh 190 pounds when you finish college."

Brodie went to Stanford, without benefit of an athletic scholarship, mainly to play baseball and basketball. There was a brief moment when the registrar's office decided Brodie lacked a point or two for entrance, but Brodie's mother took things into her hands, just as his father had years before on the paper route. She went to the school authorities, pointed out that her son had been sports editor of the high-school yearbook, which ought to be worth some credit, and the registrar relented.

Brodie reported for football practice in 1954, and by the end of the first day had moved up from sixth string frosh quarterback to third string. Soon he and another boy were dividing the regular job, and the next summer he received a letter from Chuck Taylor, Stanford varsity coach, telling the boy he would be the Indians' starting quarterback in the fall if he applied himself.

Brodie calls it a turning point in his life. "Football," he says, "suddenly became important to me. It ceased being a drudgery." More important, he had a coach he admired. "Chuck Taylor was an ideal person for me. In skull sessions, he'd turn and say, 'What do you think, John?' and soon I learned to think for myself. He made me develop my football mind."

In his senior year, Brodie was the total-yardage leader and the nation's best quarterback. He played in the East-West Shrine Game, the Hula Bowl and the College All-Star contest, and in the greatest graduating class in college football history. (Brodie's national colleagues included Jon Arnett, Jim Brown, Paul Hornung, Del Shofner, Abe Woodson, Terry Barr, Jack Pardee, Henry Jordan, Alex Karras, Jim Swink, Don Shinnick, Tommy MacDonald, Joe Walton, Lenny Dawson, Clarence Peaks and Ron Kramer.) Brodie was voted the outstanding player of both the East-West and College All-Star games. The 49ers drafted him No. 1, and the contract signing was so swift and uncomplicated, Brodie left his car double-parked outside the 49ers office in San Francisco, agreed to play for \$13,000 plus a small bonus, and was back behind the wheel in ten minutes.

He says, today, that his only goal in his rookie season of 1957 was to make the squad, but he must have thought he was better than that. He became a pop-off. "From the start, I made stupid statements about making good. I was impatient; I was anxious to play. I said things like: 'I should be playing ahead of Tittle. I don't accept that Tittle is a better player.'"

His 49er teammates treated him kindly—the rich are always treated with imported-kid gloves—but Brodie also says, "I wasn't loved. Nobody loves a smart guy." Still, men like Hugh McElhenry, Joe Perry, Gordie Soltau and Tittle accepted that Brodie was young, and undoubtedly talented. "They let me grow up," Brodie says simply. Brodie looked around, impressed but not awed by the pro game. "I was stupid enough to think I knew more than I did."

Mainly he found the pro world a comfortable one. Today, rookies come into camp ready to sock the world in the eye, and slink out a few weeks later, to disappear into more prosaic routines of selling insurance or teaching phys ed at a junior college. Brodie—who speaks a spicy jargon—says today: "First-year men have to be jock-strapped up tight, or they're dead," which translates to: "Rookies have to show spirit, or they don't last through camp." Brodie came in jacked

up tight. "I was treated as a man," he says. He fitted easily into the hardnosed, hard-drinking world of the pros. That was something Brodie had accustomed himself to years before, in the college of soft knocks.

Nor did the physical size of the pros startle him. "I never look at the guys I face," Brodie says. "I never did. I understand the Rams today have some great linebackers. I wouldn't know. Their defensive linemen are as tall as this building; I've never seen past them. I don't throw passes over men's heads. I threw through them."

The year 1957 was a near-great one for the 49ers, and Brodie briefly helped make it so. Y.A. Tittle—starting quarterback, Brodie's opinion to the contrary—pulled a hamstring muscle against the Colts on December 8, 1957, and Brodie, who had played some ten minutes all season, came in to toss a 14-yarder to Hugh McElhenny in the end zone in the last 46 seconds, to beat the Colts, 17-13. The next week, Brodie was bottled by the Packers, and Tittle had to limp back in, his team trailing 20-10 at the half, to win 27-20 and earn a Conference tie with Detroit. Packer coach Lisle Blackbourn said scornfully that the 49ers weren't "going to win any championship game with Brodie."

They didn't win the divisional playoff with Detroit the following week, either, with Y.A. Tittle.

In the late '50s and early '60s, the 49ers sagged from their perennial contender role, and John Brodie became just another quarterback on a losing club. The 49ers began juggling coaches and offensive styles, and Brodie became an unhappy warrior. He speaks candidly of his coaches, Frankie Albert through 1958, Red Hickey through three games of 1963, and Jack Christiansen ever since.

Albert—says Brodie—was an emotional man, a feeling man, the last of the old 49ers, a club once famous for its inattention to routine and discipline. The old 49ers, owned and run by Tony Morabito, played without signed contracts; Morabito would phone each player and tell him what his pay was, and that was that. When Tony died in 1957, his brother Vic took over, but with Vic it was all business, and the fun-and-games atmosphere, the personal closeness began to fade. Albert did not like the new atmosphere, and after a mediocre 6-6 season in 1958, Frankie quit, and Red Hickey took over. Hickey—says Brodie—allowed his quarterbacks little leeway. What was worse, "Red never developed a single offensive philosophy. He kept changing his system."

Late in 1960, Hickey devised the shotgun formation—a short punt formation with the quarterback standing a few yards behind center—and the 49ers won three of their last four games. The shotgun became in for 1961. The shotgun depends on a quarterback who can run as well as he can pass—a Hornung or Frank Gifford or Bill Kilmer back—which is not Brodie.

For a few heady weeks, with Brodie, Bill Kilmer and Bobby Waters alternating at quarterback, the shotgun rattled its foes. Then the defense began to read it, and it fizzled out like a damp firecracker.

In 1962, the 49ers were 6-and-8, with prospects not particularly bright for 1963. They got darker fast. On May 3, 1963, John Brodie was driving home at three in the morning, when he fell asleep. He crashed into an oak tree, fracturing his right arm and slicing his face and skull to red bits. It took 80 stitches to put his head together, and today there is a pale red round scar of faded stitchwork on Brodie's right cheekbone, beneath the eye, looking not unlike the flushed, raddled cheek of a drinking man. It is not; it is the last relic of the accident. The arm was worse. It seemed to heal in the spring and summer of '63, but in an early season game, Brodie refractured it in the same spot, and he was through for the year. So was the club; it finished 2-and-12, and drew just 225,000 for seven home games, the worst box-office record in its history. So too was Red Hickey finished; he stepped down, replaced by Jack Christiansen, former all-league defensive back at Detroit, and a 49er defensive coach since 1959.

Christiansen infused his men with what Brodie calls "an on-field authority." Men who had stopped thinking for themselves, under Hickey, suddenly discovered they were expected to learn the theory in practice, and then put it all to use themselves in the game.

Brodie vastly admires Christiansen. He is a man's man, with a temper to match. "He is brash and blunt," says Brodie.

Under Christiansen Brodie began to flourish, and the quarterback was not particularly surprised by what transpired in 1965. "It was more than a turn of fate," he says. "More than luck. A negative attitude had been allowed to develop over the past years. In a close game, we sensed something would happen to lick us. Now this had changed. We felt we could win the close ones."

It began big right away. On September 19, 1965, against the Bears at Kezar Stadium, the 49ers went wild as Brodie tossed for four touchdowns in a 52-24 walkaway.

Next week, Brodie passed for one touchdown, bootlegged for another, and was 16 for 20, as the 49ers whipped Pittsburgh, 27-17. For a man who is not much of a runner, Brodie enjoys bootlegging. "It's always fun to thumb your nose at somebody," he says. But Brodie is also a psychologist, and when he calls for a bootleg—the quarterback faking a handoff to one side and everyone blocking as if the play were going that way, but the quarterback keeps the ball and runs naked around the opposite end—he does so not merely for the fun of thumbing his nose or even picking up six points. "It is a key play to generate enthusiasm," he says. "Tittle used it well. Tittle had a great ability to pick things up when they were going bad." So, too, has Brodie, and though he says he relies on his arm, his roommate John David Crow says of Brodie: "His real great asset is his leadership . . . He has a fantastic mind . . . the best of any quarterback I've played with."

The 49ers could not keep winning, because their defense—not airtight to begin with—was decimated by key injuries. Then Brodie missed a game, too, when he suffered a mild shoulder separation of his left arm against Baltimore on October 31. "We were on the five-yard line, and I called for a rollout, an option play. I was trying to be a smart guy when Bobby Boyd fooled me; he hit me when my left arm was up, and three or four guys landed on it."

The 49ers sagged, but on the ninth Sunday, they began a winning streak that startled the league. In Detroit, the 49ers rushed off to a 20-0 lead, behind rookie Ken Willard's running and Brodie's passing, and then the team went sour, but this was 1965, not 1962-3-4, and the 49ers held on to win, 27-21. The team came home to face Los Angeles, and at halftime, the Rams led 17-10.

"We were doing nothing right," Brodie recalls. "It was very frustrating."

During intermission, players rushed up to Brodie with advice, and then offensive line coach Bill Johnson came along with his counsel.

Brodie exploded. "Dammit, Bill, I'm getting suggestions from all over. Let me go it my way."

Johnson grinned. "That's fine with me."

And Brodie says, "It made me feel great. I had the authority to do it myself."

Things got worse before they got better. After three quarters it was 24-13, Rams, and the San Francisco fans quit booing and started to leave.

But with eight minutes to play, Brodie decided this one wasn't going to be lost. He said to his mates: "Let's get to work. We'll get the ball twice, and we'll score twice." In seven plays the team drove for a score, capped by an eight-yard toss to Willard. The defense held, and the Rams punted short, and the club ground out more yardage, until Brodie threw a 34-yard bomb to young David Parks. That tied it all, 27-27, and as Brodie says—"we knew we were going to win it." The Rams punted again, and Brodie coolly led the team inside the LA 20, then waited until there were nine seconds left before calmly calling, "Time." He turned

JOHN BRODIE

to Tommy Davis, and he said, "All right, Tommy, kick it through," and Davis kicked it through from the 22, and the 49ers won, 30-27.

The 49ers stormed into Minnesota, where on a windy, frozen field Brodie passed for five touchdowns, tying a club record set by Frankie Albert back in 1949, and when the game was over—49ers: 45-24—Brodie was given the game ball for the first time since 1959.

San Francisco made it four in a row against Detroit, after Brodie had his worst first half all year. "I was throwing like I had an ice pack on my arm," Hugh McElhenny termed it Brodie's worst day in six years. But John snapped out in the final quarter and the club scored 14 points, to win 17-14.

The following week Gale Sayers had his mammoth six-touchdown day, and the Bears won 61-20, which could have taken all the starch out of the 49ers, what with the Green Bay Packers coming up for the season finale, needing a win to clinch the Western title. But San Francisco played ferociously before a national TV audience, and in the game's final 67 seconds Brodie tossed a scoring pass to Vern Burke to tie the Packers, 24-24, and that was 1965 for John Brodie. The club had finished with a 7-6-1 record, the first time since 1962 it was over .500.

Then the Giants grabbed Pete Gogolak, and Bud Adams eyed Brodie's 30 touchdown passes, and John Brodie soon became the world's richest quarterback.

Although football is the most important part of Brodie's life, he has fingers in other pies. Together with another Stanford man, Jim Pollock, he owns a life insurance company in Palo Alto, and together with Y.A. Tittle, Jack Christiansen and Dave Parks, he owns industrial land in the Bay area. He has a nightly sports broadcast over KNBR, the NBC station in San Francisco, which is now advertised on the sports pages as: "Brodie's Inside Story," though what it is is a very brief comment or two by Brodie on the day's doings with the 49ers and in the world of sport.

But mainly, he is a football player. "I love to compete," he says. He accepts the usual battering a quarterback must take. "When the bruises are not part of the whole picture, that's it. Or when I am hurt so I can't operate effectively, that's it. When Jack Christiansen was injured and couldn't perform at his level, he said, 'Hell, I quit.' I hope I know enough to do the same."

It's not likely he'll have to be told. Brodie looks out for Number 1. A magazine writer came up to him after the 1965 season and told Brodie that his career completion record was the highest in pro football history.

"You'd think the local press would mention it," Brodie grumbled in June of 1966.

Perhaps the reason the local press didn't mention it is that it isn't true. An error in 49er records for 1960 had given Brodie 41 more completed passes than he actually had, and his lifetime passing efficiency mark of 55 percent is a hair below Bart Starr's, Sammy Baugh's and Otto Graham's.

Still, it is high enough, and Brodie is correct when he complains about the press notice he gets in San Francisco. Reporters in the Bay area claim he is pretty much of a loner, relatively inaccessible, a guy who clams up in an interview, none of which appears to be true. Brodie is indifferent to the charge; he is frankly disdainful of the quality of football reporting in San Francisco, and after nine years he says, "I stay away from the press."

Nor has his near-million-dollar contract endeared him to the press, and if you choose to write in the word "envy," feel free. There is no doubt that Brodie's contract is idiotic, when it is compared with John Unitas', for one. But that, too, is not Brodie's fault. Pro football has gone money crazy. When the NFL and AFL winners meet in a world title match in January of 1967, the network will pay the leagues over 2.5 million dollars, and in turn will sell commercials to sponsors for \$125,000 a minute. In two minutes, the network will receive what John Brodie earns in a full year of football, and suddenly his salary does not seem so strange.

The salary and its attendant publicity have distorted other aspects of John Brodie's life. He used to have his phone number listed in the Palo Alto directory (under his wife's name), but now he has an unlisted number. Whatever he does is limelighted out of proportion to its merit. When he enters a local golf tourney, his name becomes a headline. Brodie did not play in the first two 49er preseason games this year; when it was announced he would start against the Steelers the third week, the news was again duly headlined. Writers ask him whether—as befits the world's richest quarterback—he intends to move to a more sumptuous house, or expects to trade in his blue Toronado for, say, a Mercedes-Benz 300SE, and its appropriate \$11,000 tag. (No, he doesn't intend to move. He'll keep the Toronado. "It's in the shop," he says. "Now I can afford to have it repaired.")

Yet these distortions do not appear to affect him. For all his breezy manner, he remains an essentially serious man. While his roommate John David Crow read at camp a paperback novel about the Green Berets, Brodie pored over a book titled *Psycho-Cybernetics*. He and Crow sometimes go into earnest discussion, led by Brodie, on what single characteristic marks the great athletes of all sports. ("We've decided it is Dedication," Brodie says solemnly. "Dedication to the task at hand.")

Similarly, if you ask Brodie what psychological tool he considers most vital to superior quarterbacking, he instantly says, "Concentration. The ability to utilize on Sunday all that's been discussed the last five days."

Concentration—the ability to focus on what's important and what's not—is terribly important to Brodie. He hates to clutter his mind with trivia. He tends to forget not only his bad days of the past, but his good ones as well. He also hates to have something nagging at his mind, impinging on the task at hand. "If there is something on my mind, I do everything to eliminate it. Which is why I did not report to training camp on time. My contract had not been settled, and it would have been on my mind when I should have been concentrating on practicing."

He is a one-thing-at-a-time man. Once he violated this canon, and he paid. He entered the pro golf tour in 1959 (he is a scratch golfer), playing in 32 tourneys, rooming mostly with the late Tony Lema. It was a fast, hectic, champagne-filled life, and expensive. Brodie earned less than \$2000 and spent more than \$6000, which violates more than canons; it violates Brodie's sense of logic. So he quit.

He is a football player by profession, not a golfer, and not a millionaire. He is happiest when he plays the game, and next happiest when he talks about it. From nine-plus years of experience, he says, "The game is much more technical today than when I broke in, but it is still a game, with more thought. You prepare more intensely. There used to be one defense; now there are countless variations. Still, with a good basic simple offense—such as Christiansen has installed—there is nothing you cannot do. People say—'But the defense knows what you're going to do.' Hell, we know what they're going to do."

As for the future, Brodie says, "I love the game. I'd like to stay in it after I've finished playing."

"As a pro coach?"

"I would entertain offers."

The last time John Brodie entertained offers, the football world shook and reeled, and emptied its coffers into his expectant hands. He may have fumbled that pineapple in training camp, but he didn't fumble the money that grew the pineapple. That is the way with the rich, and that is the way it is today, with John Riley Brodie, who was born in 1935, in the black maw of the nation's worst depression, but who was too young ever to know about it or any depression. That is how it goes with John Riley Brodie who suddenly finds he is besieged for autographs by clamoring kids, and who occasionally is asked whether he is the quarterback.

He is.





"How would you like to be d-d-d-dribbled by Wilt Chamberlain and
n-n-nine other guys for one solid hour? F-F-F-F-Forget it!
It's n-n-no life for an ordinary r-r-rubber basketball, but us Spaldings
c-c-can take it. You can b-b-bounce me in your backyard,
schoolyard or asphalt d-d-driveway. I'll still be in g-g-great shape!"

Spalding gives you the professional edge.



TEENAGE Athlete Of The Month

A MASTER RIFLEMAN AT 15

ONE of the best shots in the United States is a slim, 15-year-old youngster from Orlando, Florida, named Steve Wilkes. In a nationwide competition with about 4500 other sharpshooters 19 years old and younger, Steve scored 393 points out of a possible 400. That phenomenal performance made Steve this year's National Junior Indoor Rifle Champion.

Steve started shooting at age seven and entered his first tournament at eight. Three years later he won the National Championship in the 14-and-under age group, and won it again when he was 13.

In 1963 the Florida State Rifle Team—made up of the top ten shots in the state—ranked first in the nation. Steve was on it. He was on it again in 1964, when it ranked second. The National Rifle Association of America classifies young Wilkes as a Master Rifleman—the Association's highest rating.

Steve has received most of his marksmanship training from his father, Tom. An ex-Marine and long-time Special Agent for the FBI, Tom was the instructor for the Junior Rifle Club of Orlando when Steve started shooting.

Steve's first rifle was a four-pound Mossberg, all he could handle at seven. He now uses a Winchester Model 52C mounted on a special Roy Dunlap stock. A beautiful shooting instrument that is almost as delicate as a concert violin and a lot harder to handle, it weighs just under 16 pounds and costs about \$400 with sights and other accessories.

To help him handle the heavy gun in the four shooting positions, he uses special hand and shoulder braces in addition to a sling. He always wears a padded shooting jacket, sun-shade, eye-patch and over-size ski boots. On his left arm he wears a heavy elbow pad, and no matter how hot the weather is he puts on two sweat shirts to muffle his heart-beat so that it won't disturb his aim.

On the rifle range, Steve prepares for each of his practice sessions as if he were getting ready for the national championship. He tries not to let anything disturb his concentration. But last January, when he shot his record 393, he felt the pressure.

"When I knew I had a chance for that score," Steve says, "I was so nervous I could hardly hold the rifle, and my stomach was jumping around like crazy. Those last two shots were the toughest. But I made bullseyes on them. I had to."

That's what makes Steve win—he has to. During the busy school year he practices at least two hours a day—either on the range or on a "dry run" with a miniature target—in his living room.

Eventually Steve wants to be a doctor. He excels in science courses, although he's making mostly A's in everything at Edgewater High School. When he graduated from junior high last year, he was president of the student council and vice-president of his National Junior Honor Society chapter.

Steve's ideal as a sharpshooter is Capt. Lones Wigger of the U.S. Army Advanced Marksmanship Unit, who is one of the top men on the American Olympic Rifle team. Some day Steve hopes to be a member of that elite group. One of his biggest thrills came when he was invited at the age of 12 to try out for the 1964 Olympic team. He didn't make it, but if he keeps shooting the way he's doing now he looks like a good bet for 1968.

ED HIRSHBERG

Why do so many single men use Old Spice?



...why else?

Girls! They love being close to that bold, masculine aroma. If you like that sort of thing, try it. Old Spice After Shave.

THE PRAYING COLONELS

(Continued from page 45)

he was seeking: "We want nice boys who are willing to take an anvil in each hand and fight a shark at the bottom of the ocean or ride a porcupine without a saddle. If you find a likely prospect, put a rope around his neck and lead him in."

Not that Centre had much to offer in the way of fringe benefits. The players were given only free room and board and tuition, and many had to work to get by. One big lineman worked on a nearby farm and would walk to class in the mornings after milking 17 Jerseys.

By fall, 1917, Myers was so busy leading in his "nice" boys that he turned over the coaching job to Uncle Charlie Moran, a bowlegged, burly National League baseball umpire who lived in nearby Horse Cave, Kentucky. Uncle Charlie considered baseball almost a religious rite; let a ballplayer raise his voice in protest and Uncle Charlie would pounce on him with the weight of a thousand Bibles. Yet, curiously, his personality was much like that arch-antagonist of umpires, John Joseph McGraw, cursing and spitting and chewing out players in four-lettered rages.

To the Centre players, though, Uncle Charlie was a comic but well-meaning father. "He was a big, ham-handed Irishman," recalls halfback Terry Snowday, "with a heart as big as he was." On nights before games, visiting writers often found Moran washing out the team's one set of uniforms or attaching new cleats to the players' shoes.

If baseball was a religion to Moran, football was a kind of show business. In his pockets he carried sketches of oddball plays. One favorite called for the tailback, in a short-yardage situation, to leap onto the back of the center and catapult himself across the line of scrimmage.

"Those plays kept us laughing during practice," says center Ed Kubale. "But in the games Bo used our ham-and-eggs plays, instead of Uncle Charlie's fancy stuff."

Once, though, a Moran stunt paid off. In a close game he sent in a 140-pound back named Murphy, who trotted onto the field in a track suit. On the next play Murphy sped straight downfield to snare a long touchdown pass from McMillin.

Of such floss, Uncle Charlie well knew, is the stuff that newspaper feature stories are made. Little Centre needed such features to reach Chief Myers' goal: national recognition. Thus both Moran and Myers made sure newspapermen heard about an incident that occurred before Centre's 1917 game against Kentucky. According to an account later given by McMillin, Moran suddenly stopped in the middle of a dressing room pep talk and said:

"Boys, I suppose I've been what some folks would call a rough cuss, but I've played the game of life straight. You know that. I don't go in for religion and I reckon most of you don't, either. But I believe in God, and I'm sure He looks after folks who are doing their best."

There was a long pause.

"Boys," said Moran finally, looking at the floor, "won't one of you say a word of prayer?"

For several seconds there was a tense silence. Then a big lineman, Bob Mathias, jumped up and shouted, "Damn it, let me pray!"

When Mathias finished, said McMillin, "I looked around the room. I think every man on the team was crying."

Centre won the game, 3-0, on a field goal by McMillin. Moran spread the praying story among newspapermen, who labeled the Kentuckians the Praying Colonels. The name stuck.

"Actually," says 1921 captain Norris Armstrong, "we prayed before all our games, but no more than any other team." Yet one man who must have prayed fervently during that 1917 Kentucky game was Chief Myers. He had bet \$300 on Centre—all the money in the school's athletic treasury. "That," he said later, "was the Centre spirit."

With freshman McMillin as captain and quarterback, Centre went unbeaten in 1917. There was no college football in 1918 because of the war. The 1919 team also was unbeaten, running up scores like 69-0 against such teams as Transylvania but also defeating powerful West Virginia, 14-6. (McMillin won another bet by scoring both touchdowns to West Virginia's one.)

That triumph brought an invitation to play Harvard in 1920. The victory also induced Walter Camp to shock followers of exalted eastern football by naming three Centre players to his All-America. The first-team center was Red Weaver, who dropkicked a record 99 straight points-after-touch-

down over a two-year period. The first-team quarterback (he would be second team in '20 and '21) was McMillin. A third-team end was James "Red" Roberts, a 6-foot-5, easy-going Kentucky boy who by 1921 would be on Camp's first-team All-America.

By the early fall of 1920, Myers and Moran had their team. The ends were Roberts and Bill James, the rangy Texan. The tackles were Minos Gordy, a 180-pound Kentuckian, and 160-pound Ben Cregor. The guards were George (Buck) Jones, a laughing 200-pounder, and 184-pound Bill Shadoan. The center was Weaver. McMillin was the quarterback and Norris Armstrong and Terry Snowday, both 180 pounds, were the halfbacks. The fullback was Long Tom Bartlett, only 158 pounds but who could run, pass and kick.

It was a light team even for those days, averaging 183 in the line and 168 in the backfield. But it was fast and shifty. "In the north we had never seen so many lickety-fast players," recalls New York writer Dan Daniel. "You wondered where the hell all those pass receivers came from."

Centre began its 1920 season with routs of Morris Harvey, Howard and Transylvania: 66-0, 120-0, 55-0.

Some 400 Kentuckians went north with the team for the Harvard game. Waiting for them were newspaper headlines proclaiming Centre "The Mystery Team of the South." By Friday night Boston hotels were jammed; the atmosphere, wrote one reporter, was "like the night before the Yale game."

Just before the game, Uncle Charlie read the players a telegram from Kentucky Governor Edwin Morrow: "The men in Kentucky are pulling for you, the women are praying for you, the heart of every girl is with you. For God's sake, make good. . . ."

Whether it was that telegram or the biggest crowd any of them had ever seen—42,000—the Centre players nervously took the field. In the first few minutes, Harvard captain Arnold Horween crashed over for a touchdown and Harvard converted to lead 7-0.

After Centre returned the kickoff to the 25, McMillin swept around end for 20 yards. Six plays later Bo plunged over for the touchdown and Weaver converted to tie the score.

Harvard smashed back, tearing huge holes in the Centre line which it outweighed by ten pounds a man. Early in the second period Harvard scored again to lead 14-7.

Centre took the kickoff to its own 35. On third down McMillin faded back to the 20 as if to quick kick. Then, with sweeping grace, he threw a spiral to sub halfback Charlie Whitnell in the clear on the 50. Whitnell went all the way. The half ended with the score Harvard 14, Centre 14.

During intermission the crowd buzzed over flasks of gin about the way Centre could score so quickly against a defense considered the best in the nation. But the second half began with a McMillin punt going askew on the Centre 30. The big Harvard backs lumbered through widening gaps in the Centre line for another quick touchdown.

Behind by seven and knowing that his shattered line would yield almost every time Harvard had the ball, Bo began passing. But one pass was intercepted and Harvard got a field

goal. Again he passed and again he was intercepted. Once more the Harvard backs shot through the disintegrating Centre line, stopped after 15- or 20-yard gains only by a grimy, bleeding, but seemingly inexhaustible linebacker, Bo McMillin. Midway through the fourth period, Harvard scored again to make the score 31-14.

Centre took the kickoff to its own 17, and now the crowd began to drift toward the exits. But then it stopped as a roar hailed a McMillin 20-yard run around right end. Bo had momentarily revived a glassy-eyed team which had used only five subs, against ten for Harvard. The roaring grew louder as Centre stubbornly marched toward the goal line. From the Harvard 15, McMillin twisted to the four. With two minutes to go, it was first down and goal.

But Centre and McMillin were finished. Harvard repeatedly threw them back; seconds later the game ended.

Harvard's Horween picked up the ball. "Here," he said, handing it to Bo, "you deserve it."

"Thank you, suh," said McMillin, returning the ball. "But next year we'll be back, and we'll win it on our own."

The next week, still sore and disappointed, Centre lost to a so-so Georgetown team, 24-0. But it swept through the rest of the schedule, beating DePauw, 34-0; Kentucky, 49-0; Virginia Tech, 28-0, and TCU, 63-7. Going into the final game, McMillin had needed only a few points for the national scoring title. He could have gotten them easily, but instead he kept an early-season promise he had made to two linemen. Twice with the ball close to the goal line, he let them carry it over for touchdowns.

That winter McMillin and Moran began planning for the 1921 Harvard game. Both believed the Centre line had been torn apart not by superior weight but by superior tactics. To teach the Centre linemen how to box out tackles, make two-on-one blocks and pull mousetraps, Moran hired a line coach—ex-Pittsburgh All-America Tiny Thornhill.

The 1921 Centre team was identical to the 1920 team with one major exception: Red Weaver did not come back to school and was replaced at center by a 175-pound freshman from Arkansas, Ed Kubale. Another freshman addition was Herb (Flash) Covington, a 155-pound scatback. McMillin could have been captain again but insisted someone else be chosen. Norris Armstrong was selected.

During the summer of 1921, Chief Myers' colorful prose kept reminding the players of their No. 1 goal. "What wouldn't you give right now," he wrote in a letter, "to be lined up against Harvard, smashing their big backs to the ground? . . . Wouldn't you like again to hear that stadium yell for Centre like forty thousand wild men? . . . Listen to me, old animal life, I would smoke a cigar under a gasoline shower to see you beat Harvard."

Centre opened the '21 season by beating Clemson and Virginia Tech, both 14-0, St. Xavier, 28-6, and poor old Transylvania, 98-0.

Harvard, meanwhile, had beaten Boston University, 10-0; Middlebury, 16-0; Holy Cross, 3-0; Indiana, 19-0; and Georgia 10-7. The following week against Penn State Harvard was losing 21-14 in the waning minutes, but pulled out a tie on a desperation pass.

It kept the Crimson's five-year undefeated streak intact at 28 games.

Centre was next, but Harvard coach Bob Fisher admitted he was looking ahead to the Princeton game. Injuries had hobbled half the Harvard first string, ruling out scrimmages. "Against Centre," Fisher said, "only two regulars will start; I will hold out as many tender men as I can."

Harvard remembered too well how it had ripped large holes in the Centre line. And it couldn't get excited about a southern team. Harvard was the citadel of American football and had not lost an intersectional game in 44 years.

Centre rolled north without its band of rooters. It also came without a "For God's sake" telegram from Kentucky's governor. "We won't be so nervous this time," promised McMillin before the game, then he promptly looked like a liar by fumbling the opening kickoff. He recovered, but soon kicked a wobbly 30-yard punt to the Harvard 40.

During the rest of the first half, Harvard came far closer to scoring than Centre. Once it got to the Centre 11 on 15 successive line smashes, but the Centre line threw back three Harvard charges to the 25. Two Harvard drop kicks failed and the second period ended in a scoreless tie.

Early in the third quarter Centre crossed into Harvard territory when Bartlett took a punt on his own 40 and returned it 13 yards. A half-dozen tacklers pounced on him and Referee Tiny Maxwell's whistle screeched: Fifteen yards for piling on.

With the ball on the 32, and cries of "Go, Bo, Go" echoing from the stands (even at Harvard, there were those who rooted for the underdog), Centre lined up in an unbalanced line to the right. Tailback McMillin took the snapback and, led by Roberts and Snowday, fled toward the right sideline. The huge Roberts knocked down a Harvard end and McMillin, nearly out of bounds, turned the corner at the 32.

With the Harvard defense flowing toward him, Bo turned and headed the opposite direction, racing almost parallel to the line of scrimmage. Only two Harvard backs, Erwin Gehrke and Jewett Johnson, reversed quickly enough to take up the chase. Running on Bo's right, 15 yards away and slightly ahead of him, they pressed him toward the left sideline as he angled toward the left coffin corner.

It was Bo alone, against Gehrke and Johnson, with 43,000 shouting fans on their feet. Bo passed the 15, then the ten, but he was nearly at the sideline. Suddenly he stopped. The two Harvard backs, charging in for the tackle, hurtled by. One snatched his elbow in a last frantic grab, but McMillin shook him off and ran into the end zone. Bartlett missed the extra point and Centre led, 6-0.

Twice more in the third quarter Centre threatened, once moving to the Harvard 12. But both drives failed, and as the late-October shadows darkened over the stadium, Harvard's "tender" first-stringers rushed from the sideline. The Centre team crouched on the defensive line, its fatigue beginning to show. Centre had used only three subs, some for only a minute or so, while Harvard would end up using 12.

The fresher Harvard team began to move, down to the Centre 37. On

first down, Charlie Buell passed to Winnie Churchill, who was tackled finally by McMillin on the seven. But a Harvard lineman had been offside and the ball was brought back to the 42. After an incompletion, Buell threw again—to Centre's Bartlett.

The Praying Colonels moved the ball carefully from their own 25, knowing less than a minute remained. On third down and a few yards to go, referee Maxwell blew his whistle. Bartlett groaned, thinking it was a penalty against Centre. But Maxwell picked up the ball and handed it to Norris Armstrong. "T-t-t-times up, c-c-captain," said Maxwell, a habitual stutterer, "here's the b-b-b-ball."

For a moment there was shocked silence in the knot of players. Then McMillin began dancing in little circles, shouting, "We won, we've beaten them." Howling spectators ran on the field. They grabbed McMillin and lifted him to their shoulders, and then all the Centre players were on shoulders, bobbing in the dusk.

Immediately the nation's newspapers began bannerizing the story: how this little school with fewer students (225) than Harvard had professors (786) had beaten the Goliath. Back in Danville, the homecoming Centre players were driven up the main street on fire trucks, with horns clanging and trumpets blaring.

Centre went on to beat Kentucky the following week, 55-0. After that it was 21-0 against Auburn in a game in which Red Roberts was unstoppable. Roberts had grown to a massive 235 pounds and led interference like a wild bull. And he was so impressive on defense that Grantland Rice wrote after the Harvard game: "Roberts was the rock on which the Harvard plays split. No interference could get him out of there."

As big as Roberts was, he was the fastest man on the Centre squad for the first 15 yards. Roberts' only problem was that he didn't always feel like going top speed. "He was always kidding around," Norris Armstrong has recalled. "During practice he was a lousy player, and as a result he never reached his full potential. But when a game got close, he began to build up a head of steam."

When the steam was high inside Roberts, he would fling aside his helmet, exposing a shock of flaming red hair. Mostly he alternated between end on defense and fullback on offense, but against Auburn he played every position except center and quarterback, and scored all three touchdowns. Centre closed out its regular season by beating Washington and Lee, 25-0, and Tulane, 21-0. In a post-season game on Christmas Day, in San Diego, it trounced Arizona, 38-0.

In ten games Centre was unbeaten and untied, scoring 320 points to its opponents' 6. Then came two decisions—one by Bo McMillin to marry his high-school sweetheart in Fort Worth on the morning of January 2, 1922, the other by Myers to play Texas A&M in Dallas that same day.

Texas A&M barely had beaten Arizona, 17-13—the team that Centre had walloped 38-0. So the night before the game, Centre forgot about sleep and celebrated Bo's departure from bachelorhood. The next morning, with aching heads, the players witnessed the ceremony in Fort Worth, took Bo from his bride and hurried to Dallas. They arrived at



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the field just in time to be upset by Texas A&M, 22-14.

The defeat—in the last game for Bo, Roberts and most of their teammates—was almost as shocking as Centre's defeat of Harvard. But they had given to Centre a measure of lasting fame, and they took from Centre all it had to offer. Of the 21 lettermen on the '21 team, five of the "country boys" became stockbrokers for Wall Street investment houses in Kentucky, Ohio, Michigan and New York. Shadoan and Armstrong became top executives for Kentucky firms. G. Dewey Kimbel, a substitute on the team and now deceased, became a Presbyterian minister. Bartlett is the president of the Owensboro (Kentucky) National Bank and director of several organizations and companies. George M. Chinn, a sophomore sub on the '21 team, developed into a great guard. He also became a Marine colonel (now retired) and one of the world's leading authorities on automatic weapons. Kubale is a prominent farmer and cattle breeder in Kentucky, and James, who coached for awhile at Trinity University in San Antonio, Texas, is a Texas cattle rancher and "owns half the state," if you are to believe his teammates. Red Weaver is a construction engineer in Kentucky.

Centre's greatest player—McMillin—was elected to the College Football Hall of Fame. Roberts never lived to learn of the honor, for he died in a hotel fire in the early 40s. McMillin, of course, went on to further football fame as a coach. At Indiana from 1934 through 1947, he guided his renowned "po' little boys" of 1945 to an undefeated season and the only

Big Ten championship in the school's history. His success brought him a five-year \$30,000-a-year contract with the Detroit Lions. He stayed three years, joined the Philadelphia Eagles for a brief time in 1951. He passed away early in 1952.

Besides the glory the Praying Colonels brought to Centre and to themselves, they were a point of demarcation for college football. Never again after 1921 would Harvard be a national football power, and the east's domination of the sport would begin to slip. The colorful Praying Colonels, meanwhile, had attracted a new breed into football stadiums. They came from baseball's grandstands, and never had been to college, and their manners shocked the old grads (they had punched old-grad noses at the Harvard-Centre game).

But this was a time for change, with sassy flappers and coon-skinned cake eaters already hollering "Twenty-three skidoo" at pre-war standards of behavior. The Subway Alumni, as the new breed would be called, poured into college football games in growing numbers, setting off the building of super stadiums across the country.

Ironically, the mania the Praying Colonels had set off gradually made the growing sport too expensive for little schools. Soon the college that started it all would be back to the level of Transylvania. But any history of college football must note well the 1921 Centre College team and an October afternoon when its players fulfilled a promise and became "men apart from the rest."

— ■ —

LEO DUROCHER IS 60 YEARS OLD . . .

(Continued from page 40)

is the feeling one gets watching Leo Durocher manage a team for the first time in over ten years. The head is still gloriously bald, the voice is still earth-shaking, the stories are still funny, some of the nastiness is still right there under the surface. And the old gambling instincts are there to make his brand of baseball just a little more interesting than anybody else's. But somehow this is not the Leo Durocher we knew and loved so well.

Out on the field, it's Old-Timer's Night and the photographers ask Durocher to pose with Enos Slaughter and Hank Sauer and Jackie Robinson. "Hey, what's all this?" Durocher says. "You want all the oldest guys in the world? Ha! And I'm the oldest."

Later on he is unguarded and he says: "I've got the body of a 60-year-old man—and the mind of a 28-year-old swinger."

So you know what he is thinking about and it tells it all. The one great shock—and the birthday must have been terrible for him—is that Leo Durocher is 60 years old. He is at an age when men think of retirement, of a front porch, a lawn, golf three times a week. But at age 60, Durocher is making a comeback and it is not easy. He may still get notes from little blondes in the box seats but after the game he goes back to his hotel suite alone, a bunch of new Frank Sinatra records under his arm. He's forced to nurse a cold that's been hanging on longer than any cold he ever had in his life. It had put him into a hospital for three days.

Like he says, he's got a 60-year-

old body and his swinging days are about over. In Chicago, for example, he had somebody living with him: a 12-year-old boy named Steve Lillie. He is the son of John Lillie, president of the Sinatra Insurance Enterprises. John Lillie is a friend. Durocher offered to give the kid a summer treat of baseball. The boy acted as batboy and traveled on the road with the team, too. He didn't seem to cramp Durocher's style at all. What the heck, after baseball games these days Leo Durocher drinks milk.

A funny thing happened to Durocher as his season with the Cubs wore on. "If you lose a game, the next day is a new day," says Ron Santo, the efficient young third baseman. "He'll kid with you and laugh with you. He tells the young guys: 'Hang in there son, hang with them, kid. You'll get them next time.'"

This is the man who used to say he came to kill you and sometimes it didn't matter if you happened to be on his team. When Durocher managed the Dodgers he couldn't wait to push accident-prone Pete Reiser back to work, even against doctor's orders. Once, when Reiser lay writhing on the ground after one of his many bone-wrenching accidents, Durocher stood over him and shouted, "Get up. You're not hurt." (Is that why Reiser is now a Cub coach?)

Durocher got into trouble punching a fan who was on him from the stands, got himself thrown out of baseball for a year for hanging around with types Happy Chandler didn't like. When he was a kid he challenged Babe Ruth to a fist fight. He was a hell raiser, despised by many, but

respected as a battler by all.

This year he had to sit on the bench and watch a ballclub possibly break a record for losing—no Chicago team had ever lost more than 102 games. And he had to spend a lot of time in ballparks looking away from signs brought by smart-aleck fans: Bad Guys Finish Last. It was a humbling experience.

It was largely unexpected, too. In spring training Durocher had been talking about his glory days with the Giants. The subject this time was Ray Noble. "Rah-fay-el No-blay," Leo pronounced carefully. "He was the strongest man I ever saw. He couldn't play ball up an alley, but oh, did he do a good job for me for a while. I sent him up to hit against Johnny Sain in the '51 World Series. I told him: 'It's Johnny Sain. You'll get three curveballs. One, two, three.' He said, 'I be ready.' So what do you think the guy did? He took three curveballs in a row. Bat on his shoulder. Three strikes and he was out. Wouldn't you know it?" He sighed and laughed. "We had fun. I hope we can have some fun here."

Only if you enjoy funerals. The Cubs started losing at a pace only the Mets have known. At first Durocher tried to shore them up. He played the elderly talents, guys who might, who *should*, have won a game once in a while. Nothing worked. Finally, just before the All-Star break, he switched to kids. Adolfo Phillips, 23, in center, Byron Browne, 23, in left, Don Kessinger, 23, at shortstop. The thinking was elementary. Add some good young ballplayers to proven young talent like Ron Santo and Billy Williams and as quick as you could say Branch Rickey you'd have a ballclub.

It was Rickey who said to Durocher that he had an infinite capacity for making a bad situation worse. This looked like another horrible example of this talent. The Cubs lost even faster than before. A mid-season game against the Mets in New York illustrated the frustrating variety of their mistakes. Phillips was out when he forgot to touch first base and later in the game dropped a fly ball. And a rally ended when Glenn Beckert tried to stretch a single. The Cubs lost 2-1.

There was a time when this kind of thing would have had Durocher walking around the clubhouse popping away with a sawed-off shotgun. He'd be sending these guys so far down you'd need 15-cent stamps to reach them. But he took it like a pussycat.

"He's more settled now," says Wes Westrum, the Met manager who caught as a Giant for Durocher. "He used to be walking up and down the bench like, you could say, a caged lion. Now he sits there and observes. He doesn't go out of the dugout near as much as he used to. I think he's kind of playing the role of a teacher."

It's interesting that Durocher, who was often despised by his players when he was a winner, is adored by them as a loser. The older ones hover over him like little mothers. They do everything but cook him chicken soup. "The son of a buck is 60 years old," says Joey Amalfitano, "but he's still got a lot of enthusiasm. I keep telling him, take it easy, watch the old pump." Nice guys may finish last, but they get a lot of affection.

Leader of the I-Love-Leo parade on the Cubs is Ron Santo. Of course



it is not difficult for good baseball players to like Leo. He treats them so well. The beautiful thing he and Willie Mays had together will be the first chapter in *Great Baseball Love Affairs*. It is the player who was somewhat less perfect than Mays or Santo who fell victim to Durocher's caustic wit. Yet Durocher had something to offer Santo and the young man was grateful for it.

"Getting Leo," Santo says, "was like beginning a new era. I feel with Leo here we'll have a chance. We needed a boss and he's it. He came in and said, 'I want air conditioning in the clubhouse.' We'd never had air-conditioning. But we got it. Six tons of it."

Santo is so delighted to have a voice of authority around he acclaims Durocher for the very reason others condemn him as an undiplomatic boor. "Ask him why you ain't playing," Santo said, "and you may not like it, but he'll tell you. 'Because you're lousy.' You always know where you stand with him."

Santo, a bright, articulate young man, laughed at the picture this conjured. Then he said, "Maybe the best thing about him is he's exciting. Everytime you win you feel close to the pennant. He's beautiful."

Even this is a different Durocher. It used to be said that he lost interest in a team when it dropped out of contention. He denies this, pointing to the 1950 and 1955 Giant clubs which seemed out of it early and came with a rush at the end. "I've been with bad clubs before," he says.

The fact is, though, that he had never managed this kind of losing ballclub, a club which called for an altogether different technique than the driving energy Durocher brought to contenders. This team required patience and understanding and Durocher, of all people, seemed to be providing it.

"He made Beckert a hundred percent improved player," says Santo. "He's made Kessinger into a good player. He's made Randy Hundley into the best defensive catcher around. He's really done things for this ballclub."

With the young players Durocher restrained his temper and his language. When things got a bit much he indulged in a clubhouse harangue, but he wouldn't mention any names. And a young player could make the same mistake three times before Durocher seemed to notice. Then Leo did some gentle pointing out. "He tells us a ballclub is like a piece of machinery," Amalfitano said. "One part breaks down and it louses up everything."

"He makes you want to perform for him," Santo says. "You don't want to let him down."

And that may be the final difference. You used to be afraid to let him down.

Through the years Leo Durocher has had a tremendous impact on baseball. The roster of former associates now managing ballclubs is astonishing. It includes Eddie Stanky, Billy Herman, Alvin Dark, Herman Franks, Gene Mauch, Gil Hodges, Bobby Bragan, Bill Rigney and Westrum. Durocher is an original and as such belongs in baseball, as a manager, in the spotlight. The game needs the Durocher acid, if only to etch into the minds of the fans that baseball is a game.

Other people have complained

about the Houston ballpark but it took Leo Durocher to put it into perspective with a single sentence. "They got a \$45,000,000 stadium," Durocher snarled, "and a ten-cent infield."

Nor is there anyone else in baseball who can talk about umpires with the delicious flavor of Durocher. For example, he came away from a series in Houston this season bubbling over some run-ins with umpire Ken Burkhardt, an old antagonist. It started with a foul ball Houston's Jim Gentile pursued into the stands. Burkhardt signalled the catch had been made and then a fan raised the ball in the air.

"Out I come," Durocher said, voice rising, eyes shining with the glory of it all, "and I say if Jim caught it, how come the fan has it? Now Burkhardt says the fan took it out of his glove. That's beautiful, just beautiful. Did you ever see a fan who could pull a ball out of a ballplayer's glove? I called the obscenity every name I could think of and I pushed Frank Secory [another umpire] and not a blasted thing happened. So you know damn well I was right. Then Burkhardt says, hell, he was a lot closer to the play than I was, so how the deuce could I tell if he caught the ball or not? So I told him, 'Because I can see better than you.'"

The next night Burkhardt was behind the plate. Watching a foul ball, he got tangled up and bumped into the hitter. "Now I really give him the business," Durocher said. "I told you you can't see," Durocher yelled. The umpire turned a gorgeous shade of purple. And that set the stage for the final encounter.

With the Cubs ahead, 1-0, two on, Houston's Dave Nicholson hit a long fly ball. "Burkhardt is giving it the home-run call and so is Chris Pelikoudas and Secory," Durocher said with obvious relish. "But that little sonofagun on second [Bob Engel] is out there 60 feet into the outfield signalling fair ball. Well, he's the only umpire that saw it, but it hit a foot and a half below the seats. So now they have a conference, and I know what's going to happen. They're going to call it a home run. And that's what they did."

Here comes Durocher and he says to Burkhardt, in a fairly loud tone, "Didn't you say you were a lot closer to the play last night so you could see it better than me?"

Burkhardt: "Yeah, so?"

Durocher: "So how the deuce can you overrule Engel when he was a lot closer to the play than you?"

In the immortal words of Leo Durocher, Burkhardt was so upset by this brilliant reasoning, he began to "slobber all over himself."

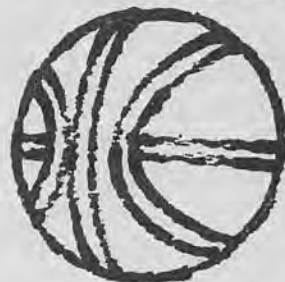
Durocher: "Ah, you dumb cluck. You ump the way you used to pitch."

Burkhardt: "Ah, I pitched the way you hit."

Durocher: "But I didn't get to hit against humpties like you."

Grrrr!

Durocher didn't get himself thrown out of the game that time and, indeed, by the time the season was two-thirds gone he had gotten the thumb only once. Another example of the new Leo Durocher. But to anybody who cares about baseball at all, a new Leo Durocher, even a 60-year-old one, has to be better than none. And if you said this to Leo Durocher he'd probably say, "Ah, waltz it."



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Talk To The STARS

VINCE LOMBARDI: *What is the key to the success of the Green Bay power sweep?*

—John McIntosh, Columbus, Ohio

LOMBARDI: The key to the power sweep's success is not to allow penetration from the end man on the defensive line. The important thing is to make the last man on the defensive line commit himself. When he has done this, then it's up to our offensive man to drive him in the direction of his angle. That is, the direction from which he is coming. What you are trying to do is set up a channel between the end man on the defensive line and the defensive man covering the flanker.

ERNIE BANKS: *Did you like playing short-*

stop better than you like playing first base?
—Gary Smith, Wilmington, Delaware

BANKS: When I was younger, I liked short-stop better. It was my natural position. But now that I've slowed up a step or two, I prefer to play first base.

STAN MUSIAL: *Are players today better than when you broke in?*

—Ed Neary, Bridgeport, Connecticut

MUSIAL: Yes. They are healthier, bigger, stronger, due to better living, better care, and all your miracle drugs. Also, they are more aware of physical fitness and they've had better coaching and better instructional schools.

Inside FACTS *By Allan Roth*

PRIOR TO THIS season, Lionel Taylor of the Denver Broncos had caught 508 passes during the AFL's six-year existence. Oakland's Art Powell, the runner-up in receptions, had 405 . . . Taylor has led the league five times, finished second in 1964 . . . Leaders in NFL in the last six years have been Ray Berry (345) and Bobby Mitchell (338).

Tommy Davis, kicking specialist of the San Francisco 49ers, has led the league in punting average only once (1962) in his seven seasons, but his lifetime average of 45.34 yards per boot is the best in league history (among players with 300 or more punts) . . . He has also been the league's best point-after-touchdown kicker during the 1959-65 period, making 238 of 239 attempts. His only miss came in his 13th game of the 1965 season, at Chicago, after he had kicked a record 234 in a row.

Paul Lowe and Jim Taylor are the only active pros who have had three seasons with rushing averages of five or more yards per carry (in at least 100 rushes) . . . Lowe averaged 6.3 yards per carry for the Los Angeles Chargers in 1960, 5.7 and 5.0 for the San Diego Chargers in 1963 and 1965 . . . Taylor had 5.4, 5.4 and 5.0 averages for Green Bay in 1961, '62 and '63 . . . Jim Brown averaged better than five yards per carry in five different seasons.

In his five NFL seasons, scrambling Fran Tarkenton has gained almost as many yards rushing as has Johnny Unitas in his ten years . . . Tarkenton has carried for 1517 yards, on 231 rushes, an average of 6.6 yards per

attempt. Unitas has 1586 yards on 373 rushes for a 4.3 average.

Four regular NFL placekickers began the present season with lifetime field-goal percentages of over .600. Bruce Gossett of the Los Angeles Rams leads with .660 (33 field goals in 50 attempts) . . . Jim Bakken of St. Louis, the 1965 leader (.677) is next with .620, followed by Fred Cox, Minnesota (.609) and Don Chandler, Green Bay (.606) . . . Lou Groza, with 214 field goals in 359 attempts (both records) is fifth, with .596 . . . Pete Gogolak, now with the NFL Giants, had a .627 mark in his two AFL seasons with Buffalo.

In their 16 NFL seasons, the Cleveland Browns have had only one losing year at home, 1-5 in 1956, and one losing season on the road, 3-4 in 1962 . . . The Browns' overall record in regular-season play has been almost identical at home and on the road, with 72 wins, 27 losses, two ties in home contests, and 70-27-4 in away games . . . In the last ten seasons the Browns have actually done better on the road (43-19-3) than at home (41-22-2).

No NFL passer has been able to lead the league in percentage of completions in successive seasons since Milt Plum, then with Cleveland, tied Billy Wade for the lead in 1959, and then led in 1960-61 . . . Since then the leaders have been Bart Starr (62.5), Y.A. Tittle (60.2), Rudy Bukich (61.9) and John Brodie (61.9) . . . Brodie also led in 1958 (59.9), and he and Plum are the only active passers who have led more than once.

BEHIND THE BOOG POWELL BOOM

(Continued from page 33)

behind everybody else in analyzing the problem. But eventually he came up with a solution.

"He was moving his bat out too fast," Frank said. "He was committing himself, lunging after the ball. I told him what he was doing wrong. He thanked me and said he knew that was the problem. There wasn't much else I could do."

Boog's problem was not striking out. He was hitting the ball well enough but it would get caught. At one point he decided the wood in his bat wasn't strong enough. So he ordered a case of his bats with Frank Robinson's name on it. "He thought I got better wood than him," Frank says. "Sometimes it happens."

Sometimes it doesn't happen.

Now, you might ask, where was the Oriole hitting coach? Gene Woodling was there. He was a fine hitter for 15 years and loves to talk about hitting.

"What is a hitting coach?" Boog Powell ponders. "I don't know. Gene says he doesn't know, either."

"A hitting coach is a lot of bull," Woodling says. "You can't teach a man to hit. He can hit or he can't. You can give him confidence and you can help him with the pitchers. But you can't teach him to hit."

Nobody wanted to teach Boog to hit anyway. "He has such a good swing," Woodling says. "A natural stroke. Like (Johnny) Mize. He can hit to all fields. He can hit the outside pitch. But he just wasn't hitting."

"I was starting to worry," Boog says now. "You're not human if you don't worry a little. But I did have confidence. I knew I would hit. It was only a matter of time."

Finally Woodling made his move. "All right," Gene said to Powell. "No more advice. Don't listen to me. Don't listen to Hank. Don't listen to any other SOB. Don't read the blankety papers, either. Nuts to advice. Just go out there and hit."

He did. One-for-four. One-for-two. Two-for-four. Two-for-five.

"He was doing exactly the same thing as when he was in the slump," Frank Robinson muttered. "I didn't understand it."

"The ball was just falling in," Boog explained.

He went 16-for-39 in ten days.

On June 14, the Orioles scored two runs in the eighth inning to beat the Yankees, 2-1, and move into first place.

By June 19 they were two games ahead. And Boog moved into the Top Ten in the American League with a .293 average.

"I could hear the 'G's' again," he recalls. "They were saying 'Boog' instead of 'Boo.'"

One night in Chicago, Boog hit lefthander Juan Pizarro's pitch over the right-field roof at Comiskey Park, with the wind moving in off Lake Michigan. "Sometimes the wind doesn't make any difference," he noted.

One day against Los Angeles, Boog hit a line drive toward second baseman Bobby Knoop. "The ball was one step to Knoop's right," Frank Robinson says. "Knoop took that one step—and the ball was by him. And he's one of the best fielders in the league."

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A few innings later, Boog hit a line drive toward shortstop Jim Fregosi. Fregosi started to move his glove from waist to knee but the ball got there first, causing considerable pain. "And Fregosi is another good fielder," Frank adds.

People were asking Bauer about the improvement in Powell. "I don't know," Bauer said. "If I did, I'd make a lot more money. I'd hire myself out and cure slumps for everybody."

Then came July 6. Kansas City was at Baltimore for a doubleheader. The Orioles loaded the bases early in the first game. Kansas City pitched tight to Boog, so tight that he decided to move out of the way. The ball hit his bat and skipped into left field for a three-run double. "Lucky," he said. "I was just trying for a sacrifice fly." He hit a run-scoring double later in the game.

Then came the second game. Boog doubled in an early run. In the fifth he had a grand-slam home run. Now he had nine RBI for the day. But he wasn't through yet.

Kansas City led by two runs in the ninth. There was a runner on base with two outs. And Powell hit a homer to tie the score. The Orioles lost in the 11th inning but Boog had 11 RBI in one day, tying the American League record.

"It was the greatest day I've ever seen," Frank Robinson said.

For all his slugging, Powell couldn't get on the All-Star team. Voting had been held three weeks early and the players hadn't noticed Boog yet. But he continued his slugging in the second half of the season and baseball people rushed to praise him.

"I've always liked him," said Yan-

kee manager Ralph Houk. "Sure, Whitey Ford used to make him look bad when he first came up. But he had a good swing. He wasn't just some big guy. He could hit."

"Good wrists," said Yogi Berra, now a Met coach. "He can go to left field pretty good. And don't forget, he's a pretty good fielder at first base."

"You want to know something else about Booger?" Gene Woodling asked. "He's one of the fastest men on the club going to first base. They don't get him in too many double plays."

"He's got a good body," said Harvey Haddix. "He moves well for such a big man. When he gets that big body moving, he can really move. And he's just a boy yet. He could be great in another year or two."

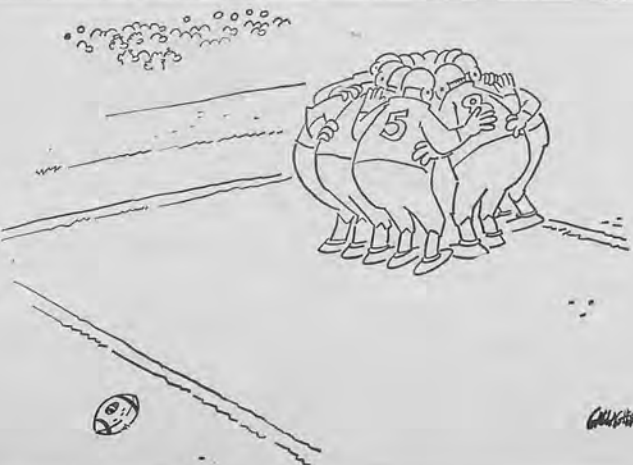
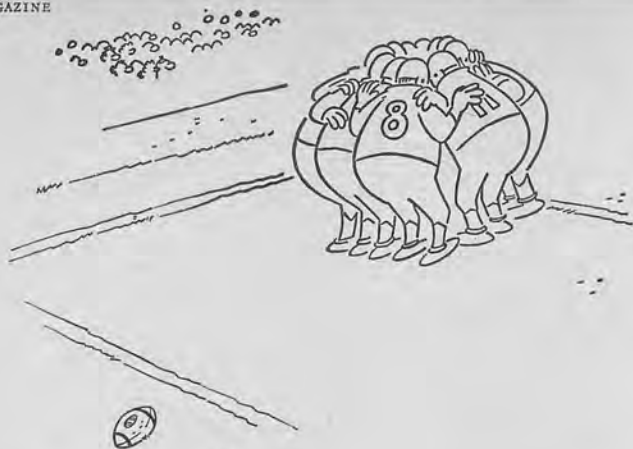
"He could be a .300 hitter with good power," Hank Bauer rasped. "How many homers can he hit? Hell, he's already hit 39 in one season. I don't know. Fifty?"

"I have been watching that big so-and-so since he came into the league," said California manager Bill Rigney. "I've been waiting for him to explode. I'm not surprised at all."

The closest thing to criticism of Powell came from one lefthander who had given up a homer to Powell the night before. "I don't think he's a good hitter," the lefty said. "But he sure as heck is a strong one."

Life became a lot of fun for the Orioles in the season's second half. "If you can't have fun with a 13 1/2-game lead, you'll never have fun," Powell said.

Boog has fun in quiet ways. He is not the noisiest Oriole, by far, but he makes his points. One afternoon he watched Brooks Robinson come off



the field, all sweaty and dirty, after a 4 p.m. workout. Robinson had been making a commercial film long before a night game.

"What's that, Brooks, another \$500 for you?" Powell asked.

"Ah, it's only money," Robinson said.

"Yeah, but you've got all of it," Powell said.

Powell is one of the boys around the batting cage. One night Frank Robinson wouldn't let coach Billy Hunter throw the last pitch to Powell as the ground crew prepared to take the cage away. Powell cursed at Robinson, lumbered within half an inch of him, then heaved his bat toward the dugout. They entered the dugout together and Boog slapped Robinson on the back with a big friendly paw.

"He's a good guy," says his roommate, reliever Eddie Fisher. "We play a lot of cards together. He takes baseball seriously but he doesn't let it get to him. I've never seen him get mad."

Boog is one of baseball's champion sleepers. He had 13 hours one night and was pouring coffee down his gullet at the ballpark. "Would you believe I'm still tired?" he asked.

Sleeping interferes with certain chores, like handling phone messages. Eddie Fisher doesn't need quite as much sleep as Powell and was out having breakfast one morning when the phone rang. "It was some friend of Eddie's," Powell said. "He wanted Eddie to leave him four tickets. I said I'd take care of it. I asked him his name but I fell asleep before I could write it down. Now I'll be darned if I can remember the name. I think my roomie is a little ticked."

Powell's career has been almost devoid of controversy. The most colorful thing he does is hit home runs over buildings. He seems to be a solid citizen, goes to sports events in Baltimore in the off-season, works for a wholesale liquor agency, lives six blocks from Memorial Stadium with his wife and son John Jr.

The closest Powell came to controversy happened on Saturday night, last August 20. Powell hit a homer off Denny McLain his first time up. The second time up, with a two-strike count, Powell was hit on the ring finger by McLain's pitch and suffered a chipped knuckle bone.

"It was the perfect time to throw at me," Powell said later, but that is all the anger he showed. Doctors said he'd miss a few games.

The chipped knuckle was better on Monday, August 22. On a rare night off, Boog and a few other Orioles were having fun at somebody's home. Big Boog decided that pitcher Moe Drabowsky needed a dunk in the pool. Moe didn't agree. Big Boog decided to carry the 190-pound Drabowsky to the pool. In the process, Boog bumped against something hard. Doctors needed two stitches to close the wound over his eye. That would keep him out a few extra days.

Boog once said, "When I was a little kid in Key West, Florida, nobody wanted me to play with their kids. I wasn't wild or mean or anything. I was just so big that somebody got hurt."

When Boog played with Drabowsky, it was Boog himself who got hurt. Opposing pitchers were momentarily relieved; Powell had been hurting them since the middle of May.

WHY GOOD PITCHERS GO BAD

(Continued from page 25)

before the Dodgers were to open the season.

"It always takes me time to get my elbow into shape," Don said in August when he had yet to win ten games and his ERA was close to four runs a game. "Pitching in a league game is no way to do it."

The holdout siege had, indeed, sabotaged him. "That's no excuse, though," he went on. "What happened, happened. But every year in the spring I have to learn to pitch all over again. I have to develop my control and rhythm. I have to learn the points where I should release the ball on my breaking pitches. I didn't have the time to do it properly last spring."

Some pitchers simply throw the ball, but Drysdale throws it precisely, or at least he does when he is winning. "I have to work my elbow and wrist into shape every spring," he explained. "At the start of training camp, I can not snap a curve, I can just throw it. I don't have the feeling of a curve, I don't have the right spin. The sooner I get my elbow and wrist into shape, the harder I can throw the curve. I pitch in and out and my release points are different for different hitters and for the different locations I want the ball to be in. If I'm pitching low and away to a righthanded hitter, I drive just a little bit longer off the mound and hold the ball a little bit longer. If I'm pitching low and away to a lefthanded hitter, I turn the wrist over a little bit and let the ball go a little bit sooner. Without proper spring training, it took me a long time to pinpoint my control."

Emil (Buzzie) Bavasi, the Dodger vice-president, thought it took too long. At mid-season Bavasi snapped, "Drysdale is not getting the ball where he should in critical spots." Drysdale's reply was a six-hit victory in his next start, exactly what Bavasi had hoped for.

But "not getting the ball where he should in critical spots" is precisely what Drysdale said about his control.

Actually, Don had expected to have some pitching problems last spring. On March 19 he glanced at the calendar in his kitchen and told a friend, "I had to be in camp today to be ready for opening day." The Dodger opener was April 12. Drysdale, improperly prepared, started a game April 15. He struggled for six innings, was strafed for eight hits, and struggled for months thereafter.

But how could Koufax, who signed the same day as Drysdale have his usual 20 victories by mid-August? "Sandy and I are different type pitchers," Don explained. "He depends on two pitches—a great fastball and a great curve—but there is quite an extreme between the two. The majority of his strikeouts and out pitches are high fastballs. The hitter has to be looking for the high pitch. When Sandy comes in with a curve, it starts on the same high plane. But when it breaks down sharply, the hitter doesn't have his bat anywhere near it. The hitter seldom gets a good piece of the ball against Sandy."

Against Drysdale, hitters were getting such a good piece of the ball that for most of the season they were averaging more than a hit an inning, an unthinkable statistic for a pitcher of his stature.

"I've had trouble all season getting my rhythm," Drysdale said. "I haven't been in the groove. Rhythm is something every pitcher must have. It starts with the way you stand facing the hitter and it goes until you release the pitch. Rhythm isn't the same thing as form. I never knew anyone who had a real good fastball who had a picture follow-through. Rhythm is feeling comfortable, as a hitter would. Or as a golfer does when he is playing well. But when you don't have rhythm, you can feel you're not throwing the ball right. Then you're like a young Tom Edison out there. You're experimenting. And the mound is no place to develop rhythm. You've got to have it before you go out there."

Sammy Ellis mentions rhythm, too. He had a 22-10 record a year ago for the Cincinnati Reds. But he had to make a strong comeback in August to get his record up to 10-15.

"My problem is rhythm," Ellis said. "No pitcher can stand out there for nine innings and throw only with his arm. He has to hit the spots with his best breaking stuff and his best fast stuff. My fastball is sneaky fast and it sort of explodes when thrown properly and when I have good control. But I'm getting my fastball high too often."

The 25-year-old righthander thought he had discovered a mistake in his motion. "I was opening up my left shoulder too quickly. My upper torso was coming around too quick. My fastball and slider were high and with nothing on them. And when I was opening up like that, the hitter also was getting a quicker look at my ball. Another thing, I have had an inconsistent fastball, therefore there had to be something wrong with my rhythm."

Ellis noticed the shoulder problem in movies his wife had taken of his motion. "She took some a year ago when I was going good," he said, "and I had some more taken this year in Los Angeles. I had to pay for them, too. It doesn't seem like the ballclub wants to take them. In the old movies my left shoulder didn't open up as quick to the hitter. It's all in the rhythm. People don't realize what rhythm means to a pitcher."

Rhythm, the Minnesota Twins believed, meant a little too much to Jim (Mudcat) Grant. Rhythm and blues.

"Joe Haynes (the Twins' vice-president) told me he thought I was concentrating too much on my showbiz bookings," Grant said when he had a 6-12 record in late July. "But I showed him there wasn't any evidence. I've been losing games because I haven't had many runs to work with. Right now they've only gotten me 53 runs in 20 games. That's a 2.6 average. That's not much to work with."

Last season Grant put together a 21-7 record, plus two World Series victories. He also put together an act called "Mudcat and His Kittens."

"I'm a ballplayer," he said when he was having trouble winning, "but the act is my future. If I don't build now, I'm never going to. This is what I'm going to be doing when I get out of baseball. I've got to look at it realistically. If I've got talent I can do it and people have told me I have talent. As for my bad record, I'm not complaining or putting the rap on my

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teammates for not getting me runs. If you're losing, whatever you say, it always seems to come out wrong. If I'm pitching bad, I'm the first to admit it. I don't look in the mirror and see something that's not really there. And I don't make excuses."

In the next few weeks, he didn't need an excuse. He won four of his next five starts, including two shut-outs, and lowered his ERA to 2.92. Grant's major problem apparently had been a lack of hitting support.

Dean Chance also suffered from a shortage of runs but, typically, not a shortage of confidence. "I'm having a lot of bad breaks," said the California Angel righthander in August. The man who won the Cy Young Award in 1964 had an 8-14 record and 3.49 ERA at this point. "I'm not getting many runs," Dean said. "And I've had some errors behind me at the wrong time. But I'm not complaining. It just goes that way once in a while. It happens to every pitcher. It's just happening to me right now."

"My earned-run average is deceptive. Some years ago Dick Donovan led the league with a 2.40 ERA but his record was 10-10. The next year he had a 3.59 ERA but he was 20-10. I'll take the victories every time."

Every pitcher will. But he must get an opportunity to pitch. Jim O'Toole of the Reds was sidetracked. Several years ago O'Toole was one of the dominant lefthanders in the National League. He had a 19-9 record in 1961 and started the opening game of the World Series. He won 16 the next season, 17 in each of the following two seasons. During those years the late Fred Hutchinson managed the Reds. When Dick Sisler took over in 1965, O'Toole's problems began, coincidentally or not, and they continued during Don Heffner's brief tenure this year.

"Hutch was great," O'Toole says, "I never had to ask to pitch. He always said, 'O'Toole, you're my boy.'"

Under Sisler, O'Toole remembers "losing my first four starts. I stopped throwing the ball and started pushing it. Then they threw me to the bullpen about the first of June. After the All-Star Game I pitched pretty well." But not well enough to avoid a 3-10 record. "At training camp last spring I told myself to forget 1965 and I got my rhythm back. But then Heffner didn't let me start a game for 22 days. When the season began, I pitched a two-run game for seven innings in my first start. Then he sort of forgot about me."

In mid-May the Reds were in New York. O'Toole was scheduled to start, but the game was rained out. "I assumed I'd pitch the next day," Jim says, "but when I got to the ballpark I found out Jim [Maloney] was starting. I went to Heffner and said, 'What's the score, I got the best ERA on the club,' and I had then, but he told me anytime it was Maloney's or [Milt] Pappas' turn to start, that he was going to use them."

During the All-Star break, Heffner was fired. Dave Bristol replaced him and O'Toole is happier. "Bristol's more understanding," Jim said in August when he was still looking for his fifth victory. "I think he'll use me more. That's all I need. Sisler thought I lost my confidence, but he pushed me aside completely. When I was in the bullpen he'd get me up to throw if we were losing 5-1. But if we scored three runs, he'd set me down. They

lost confidence in me, I didn't lose confidence in myself."

Until Bristol took over, O'Toole wished he had been traded to the Baltimore Orioles with Frank Robinson. Had he been, he would have come under one of the most respected coaches in the majors, Harry Brecheen.

It's every pitching coach's job to keep his good pitchers from going bad, and Brecheen does just that for the Orioles. "You have to check them all the time for bad habits," says Harry. "Some pitchers have a tendency to try too hard when they're in trouble. Like Steve Barber. He's a low-ball pitcher. But sometimes he overthrows. He tried to throw harder than he really can and he gets the ball up above the belt. And that's when he's hit hard."

Brecheen sits in the Oriole dugout with a mechanical counter in his right hand and clicks off every pitch. "When the starting pitcher gets up around 90 pitches, I watch him pretty close," Brecheen says. "Sometimes his delivery wavers. I have a mental picture of what his delivery should be like. I usually know when he's lost that pop on his fastball."

Some pitchers who abruptly lost that pop for good won't admit it. Bill Monbouquette does. Mombo was a 20-game winner for the Boston Red Sox in 1963. But he skidded to 13-14 and 10-18 the next two seasons and he was traded last winter to the Detroit Tigers. "This year and last year," he said in August when his record was 6-8, "I know I don't throw as hard as I used to. The hitters are looking more for the slider. I don't think my control is as sharp. But it's funny about that 20-game year. I thought I pitched better during '60, '61 and '62. In '60 I once struck out 17 in a game. When I won the 20 in '63, they scored a lot of runs for me. Another thing, I was the best pitcher in Boston and they would go longer with me. Here with the Tigers, we have seven or eight starting pitchers. And it makes it hard to stay in the rotation if you're not winning. Nobody ever asks you how you win 'em as long as you win 'em. But I'm not griping about pitching more. I haven't pitched well and if I was the manager, I would've made the same moves."

Ray Sadecki has had to make a similar adjustment with the San Francisco Giants. In 1964 the chunky lefthander had a 20-11 record when the St. Louis Cardinals surprised themselves by winning the pennant after the Philadelphia Phillies collapsed in the final two weeks. But Sadecki had a 6-15 record in 1965 and last May he was traded to the Giants for first-baseman Orlando Cepeda. The Giants were hoping he would provide the extra pitching they needed to win the pennant. But Sadecki entered the last six weeks of the season with a 4-6 record.

"My stuff is still there," Sadecki said at the time, "but I'm lacking sharp control. I'm throwing too good a strike. Instead of clipping the corners, I'm throwing it down the middle, just where I can get killed. I get strike one and strike two. But then the third is down the middle and I've lost everything I've gained. I've got to pitch often and regular to have sharp control. There's no way you can do it on the side. You have to be out on that mound in a game. It's not easy on a pennant-contender."

It was easy enough in 1964 when Sadecki was a dependable starter for the Cardinals. But when he joined the Giants he pitched poorly for a few weeks and then he wasn't pitching much at all.

"With a pennant-contender like the Giants," Sadecki said without bitterness, "it's not easy to work long. Any time you get in the least bit of trouble, you're gone. The manager goes to the bullpen or he pinch-hits for you. And I don't blame him. As soon as you're in trouble, you're gone. It's got to be that way. Every game is important. But I know there's nothing wrong with me that regular work wouldn't cure. As long as there's nothing wrong with their arm, most pitchers are that way. Look at what Bob Shaw did for the Mets when he got a chance to pitch regularly."

Shaw is a nomad. He has played for the Tigers, White Sox, Athletics, Braves, Giants and now for the Mets. He has won more than 100 major-league games, but he has a rap on him—a bum rap, he says. "One guy in baseball thinks I get bored when I'm with a team for a while and he told a writer who put it in his column and now everybody thinks it's true. But it's not. And I told the writer, too. That was the most ridiculous column I ever read."

Maybe it's ridiculous, but his won-lost records provide circumstantial evidence against him. His best record (18-6) was with the pennant-winning White Sox in 1959. The next year he was 13-13. In 1961 he had a combined 12-14 record with the White Sox and A's. Traded to the Braves, he was 15-9 in 1962, but dropped to 7-11 the next year. As a Giant he was 7-6 in 1964 and 16-9 a year ago. Then after a long holdout, he signed shortly before the '66 season opened. Not really ready to pitch, he promptly had a 1-4 record and was promptly sold to the Mets, where he won eight of his first 15 decisions.

"Contract difficulties have been my only problem. Twice with the White Sox and twice with the Giants."

Another sort of difficulty ended Dick Radatz's reign as baseball's most feared relief pitcher. At 6-5 and 260 pounds, he was "The Monster" who glowered down at batters and then threw his fastball by them. In 1962 he had a 9-6 record, a 2.23 ERA and 144 strikeouts in 125 innings. In 1963 he was 15-6, with a 1.98 ERA and 162 strikeouts in 132 innings. In '64 he was 16-9 with a 2.29 ERA and 181 strikeouts in 157 innings. But a year ago his record was 9-11, his ERA 3.92 and his strikeouts totalled 121 in 124 innings.

When a relief pitcher goes bad, there is always one theory: overwork. Radatz had made 260 appearances over four seasons, an average of 65 games per year. The Red Sox must have thought he'd lost it for good. They dealt him to the Indians in June.

"But it wasn't too much work," Radatz claims. "My trouble started when I tried to develop a new pitch, a sinker-screwball, at training camp in 1965. I wanted a pitch which left-handed batters would hit into the ground. In the process of developing it, I lost the proper motion for my fastball. My motion was always somewhat lower than three-quarters overhand, two thirds I called it. I didn't realize my fastball motion was becoming more sidearm and I was hav-

ing control problems. I've abandoned the sinker-screwball now."

Around the American League the word is that Radatz's fastball is not what it once was. Dick denies this. "My fastball is as good as ever," he says, "but my control hasn't been sharp. Most sore arms result from breaking pitches when you're twisting your elbow. But throwing a fastball doesn't put any strain on your elbow. It simply stretches the muscles in your arm. What I've got to do now is get my control back so I'll be used in games three, four times a week. I need that work."

Radatz won't be 30 until April. He has time for a comeback. Robin Roberts is 40. He doesn't.

Roberts was once a great pitcher. He was a 20-game winner for the Philadelphia Phillies from 1950 through 1955. He won 19 the next year, but he also lost 18. He had a 10-22 record in 1957 and struggled from then on with the Phils. Sold to the Yankees after a 1-10 '61 season, he was released before they gave him a chance to pitch. But he caught on with the Orioles and made a fine comeback, including a 13-7 record on a 2.91 ERA at the age of 37 in 1964. He is proud of winning more than 50 games after almost everybody thought he was finished and he needs only a dozen or so more victories to reach 300. Yet he has gone from Baltimore to Houston and to the Cubs in a year.

"The age factor gets you to pressing," he says, recalling his bad years. "You don't know if that rhythm, that feeling, is going to be there again. Once you're over the hump you're all right. But you have to realize that your fastball no longer is your big pitch. When I had my big years with the Phillies, my main asset was a deceptively live fastball with an easy motion. But when they started to hit my fastball, I misunderstood the change. It's really only a matter of a few slow pitches at the right time. But I thought I had to make a drastic change. In searching for something new, I wasn't throwing naturally."

Roberts remembers two other pitchers who conquered the age factor to win 300 games: Warren Spahn and Early Wynn. "Spahn's asset was that everytime he thought he should try to throw the ball by the hitter, he threw a breaking pitch instead. And Wynn, the older he got, the more he thought about rhythm."

Whitey Ford might have approached 300 wins, too, if he hadn't come down with a blood-circulation block in his left arm. After 232 victories in 14 seasons with the Yankees, Ford suddenly couldn't win this year. He went on the disabled list in June. When he came off it, he started three games. He had trouble every time so he told manager Ralph Houk to put him in the bullpen. "I can't take a lot of tough innings anymore," he said. "If I have to throw, say, 20 pitches in an inning, it affects me the next inning."

Unfortunately, Whitey wasn't much better as a reliever: "My fastball is all right, but my curve's not much."

Ford, one of the famous curveball pitchers, simply has a prematurely antique arm. In August he had a second operation.

The old-fashioned sore arm is the usual career-killer. Ford's teammate Jim Bouton knows about occupational hazards every pitcher fears. Bouton had a 21-7 record for the Yankees in 1963, an 18-13 record in 1964. But

at training camp in 1965 his arm was sore. "It didn't hurt so bad I couldn't throw," Jim recalls. "I couldn't throw respectably, just enough to get blasted." He won only four games and lost 15 in '65. His trouble was diagnosed as a low-grade chronic strain of the brachialis muscle on the inside of the bicep. "When I had to miss a few starts," he says, "my arm gradually deteriorated from lack of use."

As the pain lingered, Bouton had to face the problem of all sore-arm pitchers: the people who thought it was all in his mind. "Some people like to think it's mental," he says, "and maybe some sore arms are, but mine wasn't. I can understand some kid who has never won having a mental block because he's afraid to pitch in the majors, but it's not something you tell somebody like me who has been a big winner."

Last spring the Yankees hoped to send him to a farm team where he could test his arm without pressure. "I know I was on the waiver list, but I was claimed and they kept me around," Jim says. "I don't know who claimed me, but I have an idea. I imagine it was either the Twins or KC. Or both."

Significantly, both Twin coach Johnny Sain and KC coach Cot Deal tutored Bouton with the Yanks.

Sain, especially, knows not to give up on a sore-arm pitcher. He once was one himself. During the closing weeks of the 1948 season he pitched nine complete games in only 29 days for the old Boston Braves. That year their slogan was "Spahn and Sain, and Two Days Of Rain." Spahn won 21 games, Sain won 24 and the Braves won the pennant. But the next spring Sain had a sore arm in training camp.

"I'm sure it was from overwork the previous year," Sain says, "but I didn't give in to it. Once a pitcher says he can't throw, he's gone."

Bouton battled back from his sore arm, trying to rebuild it once the pain was gone. He gave up only five earned runs in his first three starts in August and was hopeful about the future.

Sam McDowell of the Indians learned to struggle with a sore arm this season, too. In May he was the major-league's hot pitcher, after recording 325 strikeouts in '65. Then his arm started bothering him.

"I was scared to death my arm had gone," Sam said in August. "I knew I couldn't pitch in this pain."

He said his sore arm had three stages. One: for about three weeks it hurt only when he pitched. Two: for about four weeks it hurt so much he couldn't pitch at all. When he finally was able to, he still felt pain but he tried to bear it. Three: he suddenly couldn't lift his arm. His soreness was diagnosed as a strain in the junction of the deltoid and tricep muscles. "It was like having a man standing alongside me with a knife," he said, "and just as I pitched, having him jab that knife into my arm."

As he sat by his locker in the Indian clubhouse, he shook his head. "Pitching is against the laws of nature," he said. "I throw my whole body—everything—into extending my arm to throw fast. No man's arm is built to be used that way. It's like asking a 110-pound man to lift 700 pounds. A pitcher hurts his arm every day. He's always breaking blood vessels. It's no wonder almost every pitcher has arm trouble some time in his career."

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THE SPORT QUIZ

GRADE YOURSELF

15-16 EXCELLENT

13-14 VERY GOOD

11-12 FAIR

1 Match the NFL player with his alma mater:
Buddy Dial Yale
Homer Jones Rice
Mike Pyle Texas Southern

9 He holds the major-college record for TDs in one season:
a Howard Twilley
b Red Grange
c Art Luppino

2 Name the two American League pitchers who share the major-league record for the most consecutive seasons striking out 200 or more batters.

10 In 1965 this man won the Cy Young Award:
a Juan Marichal
b Jim Kaat
c Sandy Koufax

3 He hit 36 triples in 1912 to set the major-league record:
a Joe Jackson
b Max Carey
c John Wilson

11 This man is the only National Hockey League goaltender to win the Vezina Trophy five consecutive seasons. Can you identify him?

4 With which sport is each of the following terms associated?
a yellow flag
b corner kick
c catching a crab

12 The "Old Brass Spittoon" goes to the winner of the:
a MSU-Iowa football game
b MSU-Notre Dame game
c MSU-Indiana game

5 Can you name the major-college basketball team which holds the NCAA record for the most wins in a perfect season? How many games did it win?

13 He led the NFL in yards per kickoff return in 1965:
a Mel Renfro
b Clarence Childs
c Tom Watkins

6 He holds the American Bowling Congress record for the highest three-game score in sanctioned individual competition with a 775 series in 1951.

14 Match each school with its basketball coach:
Texas Western Doggie Julian
Michigan Don Haskins
Dartmouth Dave Strack

7 Match each of the following schools with its nickname:
Fordham Eagles
Utah State Rams
North Texas State Aggies

15 All baseball fans are familiar with Mudville's mighty Casey. But can you name the man who wrote the poem *Casey At the Bat*?

8 Through 1965, he held the AFL TD reception record:
a Art Powell
b Lance Alworth
c Don Maynard

16 Can you name the American Football League quarterback who won a championship game from the team that once waived him for \$100?

FOR ANSWERS TURN TO PAGE 90

DONNY ANDERSON, JIM GRABOWSKI

(Continued from page 29)

holstery thoughtfully. "I'm gonna get a Continental next year," he said. "That's where you get the real soft seats."

Grabowski laughed. "Well, you can afford it, not us paupers."

"You believe what you read, don't you?" Donny retorted.

"No," said Grabowski. "I just know what you told me and if I had your money, I'd throw mine away."

Anderson had been the focus of a year-long bidding contest between the Packers and the Houston Oilers of the AFL. Both drafted him in 1964, the Packers breaking precedent by taking Anderson in the first round even though he had another year of college eligibility remaining. (The Oilers also took him in the first round in which they could under AFL rules.) "I didn't dream of goin' in the first round. I didn't think someone would wait that long for a player," Donny says seriously. "That was the greatest honor I ever received."

One gets a glimpse of the less publicized side of Anderson's personality when it is remembered that Donny risked a lifetime of financial security by playing the final season at Texas Tech. He was a marked man in 1965 and an injury could have cost him the fabulous bonus. But Anderson refused to discuss terms with the pros in 1964. He felt he owed something to the school for bearing with him through an undistinguished academic career.

If his scholastic accomplishments left something to be desired, his performance on the field did not. Last season Anderson led the Red Raiders to the Gator Bowl and was named Southwest Conference Back-of-the-Year for the second straight time. All told, his three-year college totals were: 2280 yards rushing, 1327 yards receiving and 28 touchdowns. Following the Gator Bowl, the muscular, 210-pounder signed his three-year bonus contract with the Packers.

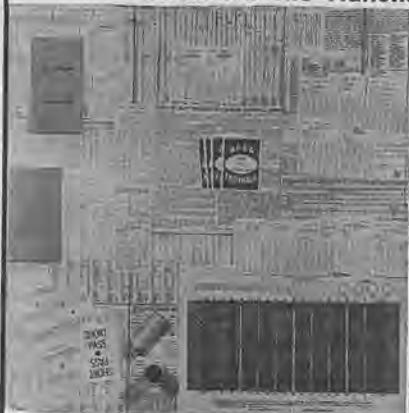
Bud Adams, the free-spending Oil-er owner, more than matched the Green Bay offer and appealed to Anderson's desire to remain in his native Texas. But Donny's pride nudged him toward the traditional NFL favorites. "I visited the Packers and I saw the way they are—dedicated pros. There was a feeling in that Green Bay locker room that you just couldn't find at Houston. The Packers are winners, they're the best—and that's the kind of team I want to be part of."

Grabowski was faced with a similar decision. The Miami Dolphins were anxious to make him the hub of their new AFL franchise. A starting job was guaranteed. But he too could not ignore the challenge of playing for Green Bay.

At Illinois, the 220-pound work-horse had broken 11 records set by the immortal Red Grange (which prompted Anderson to quip: "How can I run as fast as you, Grabowski, when you're wearin' Red Grange's shoes?"). He was voted the Most Valuable Player in the Rose Bowl as a sophomore, set a Big Ten record by gaining 237 yards from scrimmage in a single game, and rushed for 2878 yards in three seasons. A powerful runner with speed, Grabowski was considered an ideal pro prospect.

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At the signing ceremony, Lombardi said, "It is possible for him to break into the starting lineup as a rookie—especially at his position. Running backs don't take as long to adjust as other positions."

Although they knew better than to say so in public, both Anderson and Grabowski dreamed of stepping directly into starting positions. At the same time, they were preparing themselves for the possibility that they would spend the season on the bench. "I don't look forward to being a substitute," Grabowski said during lunch, "but we're rookies and we have a great deal to learn. Hornung and Taylor are two of the greatest players ever and it's an honor just to be considered as their eventual replacements. Still, we want to play as much as possible."

All-Stars head coach John Sauer is convinced that both will become excellent pros. Sauer also discounts the charges that Anderson has a poor attitude toward practicing and is more interested in women than football. "He's a fine boy," the coach maintains. "He believes in doing everything 100 percent. In a game he gives his all, and it's the same when he's out with the boys—and that's fine."

Unlike Hornung, who admits that he paid scant regard to curfew while at the All-Star camp in 1957, Anderson was in every night by 11 o'clock.

Jim and Donny were both genuinely preoccupied with thoughts of what lay ahead in Green Bay. Although they had been cordially received by the handful of veterans who attended a three-day pre-rookie camp in

June, this did not dispel the apprehension they tried gamely to hide.

"There may be a few who resent us because of the bonuses, but I doubt most of the players will feel that way," Grabowski said. Anderson, munching on a hamburger, nodded in agreement. "They realize that we were just the fortunate ones who came along at the opportune moment. The Packers are pros and I think that if they see us putting out and trying to help them continue as winners, they'll accept us. I'm sure there will be some kidding, but we've even had that here."

At St. Norbert, in the Green Bay suburb of De Pere, the veterans were anxious to dispel any notion of potential dissension. "There's no resentment," said defensive captain Willie Davis. "The bonuses may have been irritating in principle, but we don't resent the individuals for getting the best deal possible . . . though we may envy them because we came along a few years too soon."

"They're an excellent addition to the ballclub," added reserve quarterback Zeke Bratkowski, the Packers' elder statesman. "It's going to be a long season and it takes 40 players to get through it. We're going to need them. The bonuses aren't under our control."

Max McGee, Hornung's roommate and fellow epicure, offered a refreshing departure from the waterfall of clichés the Packers poured over anyone asking about the rookies. "If he plays gin rummy, I wish they'd given Anderson even more," McGee said. "And even if he won't play cards with me, I'm sure Donny will get along

fine. He likes to have a little fun—but so do some of the rest of us."

No concern was voiced by the man whose spot Anderson would attempt to take. "We're happy to have them," said Hornung, sitting on his bed in Sensenbrenner Hall, the Packers' dormitory. "Anytime you can get two such outstanding rookies, you have to bid for them. I'm sure they'll help the club and I'm glad to see them make some money—I've made mine."

But Hornung, three times an All-Pro, had no intention of stepping aside. "Jim Taylor, Bart Starr and I have been in the same backfield for seven years," he said confidently. "We know what the other man is thinking and that's been part of our success. It will take the kids awhile to learn the ropes. I don't figure to play too many more years—I'm taking them one at a time now—but I expect to play a lot this season."

A glimpse of Hornung and Taylor in the early days of practice was enough to indicate that they were taking the challenge of the bonus babies very seriously. They had arrived in St. Norbert in the best condition of their careers, and were running with zest from the opening day of practice. "Don't let them tell you any different," remarked another Packer veteran. "Those guys are thinking about Anderson and Grabowski. And that type of competition is going to help the club."

A week before they played the All-Stars, the Packers staged their annual intra-squad game. Lombardi was elated at the performance of Hornung and Taylor. "They're not bothered by their injuries at all," he said. "They

looked the best I've seen them in two years."

Although it was assumed that Anderson posed a more immediate threat to Hornung than Grabowski did to Taylor, the veteran fullback seemed more affected by the advent of the rookies. After the Packers humiliated the All-Stars 38-0, Taylor snapped: "Now we get away from the kids and take a look at the men. I don't think they [the All-Stars] really came to play. They just came to count their money."

For Taylor, it wasn't the money that counted. It was pride. "He just doesn't like the idea of someone taking his position away," said a teammate, "and he doesn't intend to give it up." Taylor ran so hard during the first scrimmage of the summer that he knocked safety Willie Wood unconscious and sent linebacker Bill Curry to the ground for several minutes after they had tried, unsuccessfully, to bring him down in the open field.

There was a more direct resentment among a minority of the Packers. A few wondered whether the enormous bonuses had caused the management to be more frugal when negotiating with the veterans. Others weren't too sure they liked some of the flip comments Anderson had been making. "He'd better do all his talking while he's down there," said one veteran. "Sometimes I think he forgets that he hasn't played a down for the Packers yet."

Such sentiments were by no means widespread and the few who harbored them knew better than to reveal them in public. Vince Lombardi

runs the Packers with a loud scowl. He has molded a unified and disciplined team, much too dedicated to victory to let personal differences deter them from success.

Anderson and Grabowski entered the All-Star game with mixed feelings. "It will be an opportunity to show the Packers what we can do," Donny said before the game. "But if we don't do well they may say 'forget about goin' to St. Norbert—you've been traded.'"

"It would be good to be up there learning," Grabowski added. "We'll be way behind when we get to Green Bay. I'm also kind of tired of All-Star games. This is the fourth I've played in. But I grew up in Chicago and ever since I was a kid, I've dreamed of playing in this game. It will be a thrill."

It wasn't a thrill. It was a painful, disappointing evening. Before 72,000 fans and a national television audience, the Packers tore the Stars apart.

Any illusion that Anderson could keep the All-Stars in contention vanished quickly. The first time Donny ran with the ball Nitschke hit him with a driving tackle, twisting Anderson's foot and stretching the ligaments in his instep. "The Golden Palomino," as he was called in Texas, stayed in for one more play. He took a handoff and darted toward an open hole. Suddenly his foot gave way and he was lying on his face. Anderson spent the remainder of the game on the sidelines. He had gained four yards in two carries.

Grabowski, who received the biggest cheer of the night from his hometown fans, was relatively impressive. He hit the Packer line for several respectable gains and bowled over two defenders while lugging a screen pass 14 yards. Jim Taylor ran for 75 yards and two touchdowns and afterward Grabowski said he was impressed. "There's a difference between my running style and Taylor's. He's tougher. Much tougher. I guess he really showed me something tonight."

Nearby, Anderson grimaced as he squeezed his foot into a shiny black loafer. The injury was not serious (he would be running hard in ten days) but the pain was very real. "I just don't want to be out too long," he said, shaking his head. "I didn't want to get off to a start like this."

Had the Packers said anything to Donny when they hit him? "Certainly," Grabowski interjected. "They said, 'How do you do?'"

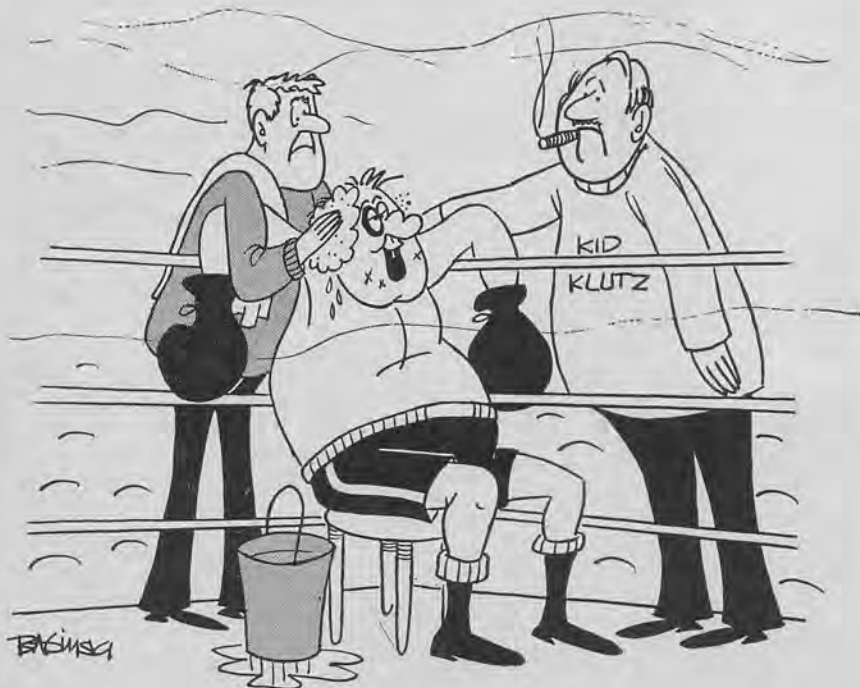
"No," Donny said in a half whisper. "They said, 'Take care of yourself.'"

Late that night the two friends attended a buffet Lombardi gave for the team. Somewhat to their surprise, they were greeted warmly by the veterans. "Of course," says Grabowski, "I got off to a flying start. I walked up to Zeke Bratkowski and called him 'Max' (Bratkowski and McGee are near look-alikes). Then I called Jerry Kramer 'Ron!' They were real good about it, though. They said it happens all the time."

The following evening, a Saturday, Jim and Donny moved into room 216 in Sensenbrenner Hall. They joined several other rookies for a night on the town—an early movie and a good night's sleep.

Sunday, while the other Packers rested, the newcomers went to work—learning new plays and old songs. They spent the entire day with Lom-

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"A spirit of peace and good-will seems to be creeping over me."

bardi and offensive coach Red Cochran going over the Packer attack. Then, before dinner, music became the chief concern in room 216. Anderson, an unlaced sneaker covering his bandaged foot, sat at a desk poring through a publication entitled *Country and Western Hits*. Grabowski lay on his bed and frowned at the ceiling.

Gale Gillingham alone appeared relaxed. The Packers' third first-round selection (Anderson was a future and rights to Grabowski were acquired in a trade), Gillingham had spent the past two weeks at St. Norbert after breaking his hand at the All-Star camp. "I'm glad you guys are here," said the tall, baby-faced guard. "Now I won't be the only one who has to get up there when they start shouting. Let's have some Number Ones!"

"Are you sure we have to sing tonight?" Grabowski asked as he began thumbing through a song book with the look of a man searching for something he knows isn't there.

"It's Sunday, so you probably won't," Gillingham said. "But you'd better be ready just in case. You can't very well tell them you don't know any songs."

"But I don't know any songs!" Grabowski said helplessly.

"I think I'll do *You Can't Roller Skate In A Buffalo Herd*," said Anderson looking up from the magazine.

"Don't worry," came a voice from the hall. "Just tell them you're THE Donny Anderson and you won't have to sing at all."

Donny ignored the wisecrack and looked hopefully at Gillingham: "Maybe they'll sing along with *Buffalo Herd*?"

"Not the first few times they won't," Gillingham answered with authority. "They'll just leave you up there all by yourself."

Despite their concern, dinner was uneventful and the next morning even the song books were set aside as Anderson and Grabowski prepared for their first practice with the pros.

The Packers work out in Green Bay, across the street from Lambeau Field. Although the skies were darkening rapidly, the bleachers were full when the players, without pads and wearing faded jerseys, began emerging from the locker room.

Bart Starr, the veteran quarterback and team leader, fell in step with Grabowski as the rookie, his features taut, walked toward the field. "One thing you ought to know," he cautioned. "Unless you run everything out real hard for a full 30 or 40 yards, you'll hear from the Old Man."

For Anderson and Grabowski, the practice was a puzzling haze of hurried movement. Jogging three times around the field, isometric and isotonic exercises on an assortment of weird-looking machines, a rapid set of calisthenics with the rest of the squad, and then, as a drizzle became a downpour, 40 minutes of running through the offensive plays.

Donny, who limped noticeably, ran at halfback and flanker, but was not forced to overwork his injured foot. Grabowski was behind Taylor at fullback. Once, with the rain pouring down, he slowed up after running 20 yards past the line of scrimmage. "Run that out, Grabowski," Lombardi shouted. "We run hard here!"

"The next time, I really dug for about 40 yards," Grabowski said

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Great Moments in Sport by Howard Cosell

ABC-Radio-TV Sports Commentator

REVENGE FOR THE FIGHTING IRISH

ALL WEEK LONG on the Notre Dame campus, the tension had been building. Each afternoon, 400 or 500 students would gather to watch the Fighting Irish practice. Rain or shine, it made no difference—the fans appeared. The Oklahoma game was on their mind.

The players had been thinking about Oklahoma, too. The previous season the Sooners had trounced them, 40-0. Many of them—players like Nick Pietrosante, Dick Lynch and Bob Williams—had marked Saturday, November 16, 1957, on their calendars as a good day to settle the score with Bud Wilkinson's team.

But few football men gave Notre Dame a chance. Oklahoma had compiled a winning streak of 47 games and, although the Sooners were not big (guard Bill Krisher was heaviest at 221 pounds), they were quick and hard and could execute to perfection.

Terry Brennan, the Notre Dame coach, knew it would take an exceptional performance to upset Oklahoma. Before the game in Norman, Oklahoma, he told his quarterback, Bob Williams, not to be afraid to gamble, that it would take the unexpected to beat the Sooners.

Williams had little chance to wheel-and-deal in the first quarter, as the Irish attack made little impression on Oklahoma's defense. In the second quarter, however, Notre Dame started moving. The Fighting Irish drove to Oklahoma's 16 where, on a fourth-down play, they lined up for a field goal. That was when Williams sprang the unexpected, passing from that formation to the Oklahoma six. The deception was wasted, though. Two plays later, OU's David Baker intercepted a pass. At halftime, the score was 0-0.

In the locker room, Brennan told his team to forget the interception and bear down for the next 30 minutes. The Irish evidently were listening.

They moved the ball well in the third quarter—did everything, in fact, except score. Each time the Irish got close to the goal line, Oklahoma's defense stiffened. But midway through the final quarter, Notre Dame started at its own 20 and began to drive again. Keeping the ball on the ground, Williams alternated handing off to Lynch, Pietrosante and Frank Reynolds. Twelve straight times, Irish backs cracked through the Oklahoma line, taking the ball to the Oklahoma 28.

Then, to keep the Sooner defense honest, Williams hit end Dick Royce with a ten-yard pass for a first down at the 18. That loosened the Oklahoma line enough to resume the ground assault. But it almost ended disastrously for the Irish. After Pietrosante had made seven yards, Williams fumbled the snap from center. The roar from the Oklahoma crowd quickly faded, as Williams came out of the pileup with the ball, happily accepting the four-yard loss.

He sent Lynch off tackle for seven yards and a first down at the eight. Pietrosante drove for four yards, Lynch was stopped for no gain, Williams made a yard on a keeper. The Oklahoma defense was digging in. It was fourth down on the three, with four minutes left to play.

Oklahoma bunched tight to the middle, expecting Williams to call on his bread-and-butter fullback, Pietrosante. Instead, Williams faked Pietrosante into the line and pitched out to Lynch. Dick flared wide, looking for daylight around right end. Oklahoma's Carl Dodd moved up to take a shot at him, but Pietrosante cut him down with a block that cleared the way for the touchdown. Monty Stickles kicked the point after touchdown to make it 7-0, and the tension that had been building for a whole week in South Bend finally was unleashed in Norman. The Irish players went wild.

Notre Dame, holding Oklahoma for the final minutes of the game, had stopped the Sooners' win streak at 47 and avenged the humiliating 1956 defeat. They had been up against a better team, but had outthustled it. As coach Brennan said after the game: "All in all, we just played like hell for 60 minutes, even if we did play over our heads."

That night, the Irish faithful—this time 4000 of them—greeted the players, as the buses from the airport rolled onto the darkened campus. A big sign, illuminated by torches, told the story: "Sixty minutes of fight tops Sooners' might."

later. "But on my way back to the huddle, Willie Davis called out: 'Next time run hard.' I hope he was kidding."

The veterans, as they would do increasingly in later workouts, took time to help the new arrivals. Hornung and Starr showed Anderson the Packers' procedure for taking a handoff, and Taylor had words of advice for Grabowski on picking the proper hole.

"We were awfully confused," Grabowski admitted. "There was new terminology, new plays and just the general way they run things here. One time, on a handoff, I almost knocked Bratkowski over." (At least he didn't say, "Excuse me, Max.") It was good that everyone was so helpful and patient.

"Now I know four plays," added Donny. "And I ran all of them wrong."

Donny had been quiet and polite around the veterans (and would continue to be), but when the press descended on the million-dollar room that afternoon, the flippant Anderson re-emerged.

"You'll probably hate me after you're married," he chided Grabowski. "Kathy don't like me and she don't even want you roomin' with me before you get married. She thinks I'm a bad influence."

"Maybe she's right," Grabowski said, smiling.

"Now," drawled Donny, straight-faced as ever. "It's just that I'm different than you. You just want one woman, and I want one in every town."

When they were alone, the singing problem again became paramount. Tonight was the night, and Grabowski was getting desperate. Suddenly he leaped up. "I've got it!" he cried. "'Doe, a deer, a female deer. . . I'll be the next Julie Andrews.'"

Not quite, but Grabowski and Anderson emerged from their ordeal in good shape. In the weeks that followed, as the rookies became more relaxed and comfortable, they began to display the talent and potential that had made them such prized prospects. The Packer gamble looked more and more like a very good bet.

The veterans were quick to see that Anderson and Grabowski could play an important role in the Packers' quest for another title and they quietly let the rookies know that they belonged.

After one singing performance, Grabowski and Anderson were sitting on the steps of the dorm when Henry Jordan approached. "How did you boys enjoy it tonight?" asked the balding, All-Pro tackle.

"It was all right," Donny answered, "but I wouldn't want to do it for the rest of my life."

"We aren't crazy about listening," Jordan said with a smile, "but it helps bring everyone closer together. When I was breaking in at Cleveland the veterans didn't even talk to the rookies."

Grabowski nodded. "Henry, when I came up here I was pretty worried. I'd heard that some clubs are very tough on rookies. But everyone here has been really good to us."

Jordan paused for a moment. His face became serious. "We're going for the title," he explained. "This club is going for the big one, and anybody who can make a contribution to the team is welcome on the Packers."

"CAPTAIN WHO?"

(Continued from page 58)
gonna strangle me. You really want to strangle me?"

"Yeh."

"To death?"

"To death."

"Why?"

"I don't like you, you yellow-haired rat."

Estimating the conviction in Sam's voice, the Hawk speculated that the next sound he would hear would be Sam's shoulder crashing down the door. Turning to roommate Lothridge, he inquired if there were a blunt instrument handy. None could be found.

Sam's fist pounded on the door again. But instead of breaking in, he declared, "You gotta come out to breakfast, Hawkins. I'll wait." Sam thereupon sat on the floor of the corridor, and there he remained when assistant coach John Sandusky happened upon him enroute to conducting bedcheck. Unable to persuade Sam to give up his watch on Hawkins, Sandusky fetched head coach Shula, who firmly warned Sam that unless he went to his room he would be fined. Shula's threat produced the desired result, and later Shula pacified Sam by convincing him that the Hawk always had been a little touched in the head, more to be pitied than despised. Sam, who after all had a good heart, warmly befriended him.

Although Hawkins enters upon such pranks as the Sam Rough hoax with limitless delight, nobody in Baltimore regarded him as a court jester to be retained only for the light moments he provided. Primarily he played flanker or split end, and he might well have made a modest name for himself playing in another city, but in Baltimore the wide pass-catching assignments were handled by Raymond Berry and Jimmy Orr, who as the saying goes need no introduction. Compared to most pass receivers the Hawk showed no blazing speed; neither did Berry nor Orr, for that matter, but they had knacks that the Hawk simply did not possess—for example, Orr's ability to snatch a pass without breaking stride while the defensive man covering him loses two steps reaching for the ball. Still, Hawkins had astonishingly sure hands—in his seven seasons with the Colts he caught 56 passes, not a great total, but in all the regular-season games that he played he dropped not a single one—and could be counted upon to execute his assignments correctly. His intelligence was esteemed. He became quarterback John Unitas' confidant, and in no game did Unitas ever reject a pattern the Hawk suggested. Shula gave him carte blanche to insert himself into the game anytime he suspected that Berry or Orr needed a few moments' rest. Moreover, Shula appreciated the fact that his ever-ready scrub made slashing tackles on kickoffs and punts deep in enemy territory to deprive the opposition of field position. The Hawk did such a good job leading the so-called suicide squad that Shula named him captain of the unit. The first time Hawkins went out with the Colt offensive and defensive captains, the referee introduced them to the opposition captain at midfield. "This is Captain Unitas," said the ref, "this is Captain Marchetti and this is Captain Hawkins." At the final name the opposing player blurted "Captain Who?"

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The Hawk had a new nickname. But despite the fact that Orr had dubbed him Oddjob, the odd jobs performed by Hawkins were significant.

He has played the game (or was most often the case, watched it) with fierce interest. Football is his business—a fun business, as he sees it, but his profession nevertheless. He will not sell mutual funds, open a restaurant, or undertake management training, despite the fact that he has the sociability and alertness of mind to do any of the three. In the off-season he lives with his wife Elizabeth, a one-time cheerleader at South Carolina, and their two children in a cottage by the lake, nine miles outside Manning, South Carolina. He fishes, hunts birds, golfs and indulges a taste for books that ranges from Cervantes to Ayn Rand to Damon Runyon. "In Manning," says the Hawk, "I can start the week with \$10 in my pocket and have \$6 left at the end of the week. That's if I don't lose my 50 cent nasau on the golf course." The future does not trouble him.

"It scares my wife to death," he concedes. "She says, 'What are you going to do when you're through in football?' I guess I'm just a ne'er-do-well loafer, but I figure that when the time comes, if I put as much into another job as I do into football, I can't help but make my way." Indeed, the Hawk puts so much into football that Colt defeats plunge him into moods of depression so dark as to convince him that he is a neurotic. Two years ago, after the Colts had lost the NFL championship game to the Cleveland Browns, whom Hawkins considered vastly inferior to his own team, he went home to South

Carolina and did not emerge from the cottage for a month. His wife, troubled by the hold that football had on him, once begged him to quit the game, proposing in all seriousness: "If you'll quit I'll get a job and support you, and you can go fishing the rest of your life." The Hawk declined the offer, although not without giving it due consideration.

To Alex Hawkins, football is more than a livelihood. "I've never respected any football player who said he plays the game for money," he declares. "It's a fun sport. It's satisfaction in itself. Sure it's hazardous, but not as much as carrying glycerine." This is not to say that the Hawk, even when he was at the bottom of the totem pole as the Colts' seventh receiver, would sign for a penny less than the figure he believed he was worth. General manager Don Kellert, whom he regards as the sharpest, shrewdest, yet most honest and fair man he's known in football, accepted the Hawk at his word—namely, that he would not haggle over salary for a moment . . . that he would state the figure he expected and either get it or pack up. The Falcons this year could not quite grasp Hawkins' sincerity in this matter and quickly found a holdout on their hands. "Somethin' for somethin', nothin' for nothin'" —that is the Hawk's motto.

Actually, had the Falcons immediately capitulated to his demands, they could have done so with the confidence that they would get back an appreciable piece of their money in fines. Given a choice between a night on the town and a stiff fine, the Hawk is prepared to look upon the fine as tax added to his nightclub check. As

early as his rookie year with the Colts, 1959, he established his attitude toward curfews, especially curfews imposed in San Francisco.

The Colts were quartered there in the Clift Hotel, resting up to meet the 49ers. Knowing a victory would give them the Western Conference title, Weeb Ewbank, then the Colts' head coach, was determined to field an alert team. The Hawk's heart sank when Ewbank announced that the players would eat a late dinner at the hotel, proceed to their rooms by 10 p.m., and have their lights out by 11. Louie Prima and Keely Smith were playing a nearby club, and the Hawk longed to make the scene.

Early in the day he cased the Clift for an escape route and found one. Workmen had been renovating the hotel's exterior, and right outside the Hawk's ninth-floor window hung a scaffolding that descended to a point from which he probably could drop safely to the ground. The drop appeared to be a soft one, for the workmen had piled sand below the scaffolding. Another bonus, the Hawk discovered, was a back staircase that ran down to the fifth floor, saving him four floors on the scaffolding. After bedcheck, the Hawk set out.

Slowly he worked his way down the wall of the Clift. Halfway to the ground, however, he realized he had overlooked two considerations.

"The first was that I forgot there'd be people down there," the Hawk recalls. "Well, there was a crowd of about 50. They started cheering me on." Alas, the escape would not be stealthy, and to make matters worse, the Hawk also noted a second miscalculation.

"Any damn fool ought to know they cover sand at night with boards," he grumbled, upset with himself.

He dropped hard on the boards, picked himself up, and raced through the crowd, arriving at the Louie Prima scene about the time that Ewbank's suspicious assistants were conducting a second bedcheck for insurance. "Hal Lewis was my roommate," says the Hawk. "I'm sure you know of people who love bad news. Well, Lewis was one of these kind that go to funerals when they don't even know anyone involved. He waited up till 3 a.m. just to tell me I'd been caught."

Ewbank, enraged, fined the Hawk \$500. After the Colts defeated the 49ers, Ewbank mellowed and though he did not rescind the fine he approached the Hawk with a smile and said, "Have you learned a lesson?"

"I really haven't, Weeb," replied the Hawk, "because I already knew that if you dance you gotta pay the fiddler."

After this incident Hawkins was known for a time, naturally enough, as "The Hawk of the Clift." Today he reminisces with nostalgia on the infractions he committed once he had made known his style in the city by the Bay. "I established the \$500 Club with that escape," he says. "Several people joined it later for similar offenses, but none quite so daring."

"Now Alan Ameche was the big man that year," the Hawk continues. "He always led in fines—he just couldn't be on time for anything. But after he retired I led every year, although not by so wide a margin as he. On the Colts we put all our fines into a crippled child's home, and when I came to Atlanta there was a rumor afloat that they had to close the home."

In South Charleston, West Virginia, where the Hawk, the son of a construction worker, grew up amid the smoke and rotten-egg odor of giant chemical mills, he had the combination of off-the-field cheerfulness and on-the-field toughness that he possesses today. West Virginians take football and basketball only slightly less seriously than their property lines. As a quarterback and halfback and a basketball backcourt star at South Charleston High, the Hawk became a well-known athlete.

The late Pappy Lewis, then head football coach at West Virginia University, had declared the gullies and hamlets and cities of West Virginia to be his dominion, warning that no outsider had dare try to recruit any boy he wanted. Once, when a Maryland coach persisted in wooing a boy, Pappy told him: "We'll settle this now. You and me will fight for the rights to him." Alex was another whom he did not intend to lose.

The Hawk was in training for a state all-star game at Charleston, en-

THE SPORT QUIZ

ANSWERS
from page 84

1 Dial—Rice; Jones—Texas Southern; Pyle—Yale. 2 Walter Johnson and Rube Waddell. 3 c. 4 a auto-racing; b soccer; c crew. 5 North Carolina won 32 consecutive games in the 1956-57 season. 6 Lee Jouglaard. 7 Fordham—Rams; Utah State—Aggies; North Texas State—Eagles. 8 a. 9 c. 10 c. 11 Jacques Plante. 12 c. 13 c. 14 Texas Western—Haskins; Michigan—Strack; Dartmouth—Julian. 15 Ernest Thayer. 16 Jack Kemp.

camped at the Daniel Boone Hotel. Pappy's assistants, meanwhile, stood guard on the hotel, prepared to beat up any recruiter who showed himself. But Ernie Lawhorn, South Carolina's backfield coach, managed under an assumed name to rent a room directly beneath the Hawk's. Lawhorn phoned the Hawk, inviting him to his room, and then persuaded him to visit the South Carolina campus, arranging that he and the Hawk would get out of Charleston surreptitiously on separate planes. After an enjoyable sojourn on the campus, the Hawk signed a grant-in-aid. "When I got home," he recalls, "the people I grew up with booed me."

At South Carolina the quality of versatility that Hawkins was to demonstrate in pro ball was more in evidence in the classrooms than in the stadium. He majored first in business administration, then in English, then in psychology and finally in business administration again. "Anything that fascinated me, why, I had to go at it awhile," the Hawk explains. "When I got out of school I went into real estate but finished the year in golf. I went mad over golf. Played 36 holes a day." In the meantime, his performances as a halfback had inter-

ested Green Bay scouts in Hawkins as a defensive prospect. And lo and behold, the Packers made him their No. 2 draft choice—which would have been splendid except for the fact that Vince Lombardi promptly replaced Lisle Blackbourn as Packer coach. Lombardi told the Hawk:

"You'll play offense, at halfback, and you'll either make it as an offensive player or you'll be released."

Suddenly, for the first and only time in his life, the Hawk found himself pressing. Lombardi's fierce regimen was something he'd never experienced.

"It was like living under a broken limb, not knowing when it's gonna fall," says the Hawk. "I fumbled, I dropped passes, I couldn't remember the plays, I jumped offside. There wasn't one evil I missed. Lombardi was screaming in my face, and that was working on my mind something terrible. One day it was 92 degrees, a dynamite situation. I couldn't do anything right, and he was cussin' me. I told him that I hadn't come all the way from South Carolina with the purpose in mind to foul up his organization, and that I didn't want to hear any more cussin'. Otherwise, I told him, cut me. So he did, which was only fair. He's a strong fellow but a fair man and a great coach, and he says himself that he'll tell players things he won't even remember saying. But that hollerin' and cussin' were something I'd never been through before and won't be through again."

The Hawk quickly points out that Lombardi considerably arranged a job for him in the Canadian League, but as matters developed, Don Kellett invited him to join the champion Colts. Still an offensive halfback, the Hawk quickly revealed a talent well suited to the pass-happy Colt offense—his blocking on pass protection was practically impregnable. He actually started a few games in his first two seasons, thrust into the lineup by a halfback shortage complicated by a rash of injuries. In one game the Hawk himself aggravated a previous ankle injury and hobbled off the field, saying to Weeb Ewbank: "I hurt my ankle again."

"You can't," snapped Ewbank.

"What do you mean? I did."

"Well, take something for it. You're the only halfback we got." With that Ewbank turned and walked away.

"That," says the Hawk today, "is what you call job security." He knew, however, that it was just a matter of time before his usefulness at halfback would end, for he simply did not possess the speed to break away for long runs. As a matter of fact, Ewbank already had experimented with him at defensive back in practice. Says the Hawk: "The coaches figured, 'If he starts coming, we'll leave him there.' I never started coming. I figured I had the receiver covered if I got close to him after he caught the ball. This lasted about three weeks and then I said to Weeb: 'Don't you think we've carried this gag far enough?' In time the Hawk drifted to end, but his job was really that of emergency substitute at whatever position fell under crisis."

Paradoxically, Hawkins owes his survival in pro football to the fact that NFL clubs then worked under a 36-player limit rather than the 40-player limit introduced in 1964. With fewer men available, coaches reasoned that a man suited for many positions—or at least one who would

not thoroughly louse up many positions—was a valuable property in the event injuries decimated the squad. Besides, Ewbank squeezed the Hawk's versatility for all it would yield. For example, he assigned him to pass out itineraries on trips. In game situations where the clock was running out and an injury was needed for a timeout, the Hawk was sped into the game to simulate agony.

Even as the Ewbank regime gave way to the Shula regime in 1963, the Hawk remained typed as Oddjob. The coaches, he says, would tell him: "Well, Jimmy Orr can't run today, so you go to the right side, Hawkins." Or they would say, "Berry hurt his leg. Go to the left side." Or else: "Everybody's healthy. Get the hell out of the way."

Although the Hawk held Shula in great esteem, he resented a handicap that his role as Jack-of-all-trades imposed upon him. He did not delude himself into thinking he could outplay Berry or Orr, but he felt entitled to at least a second-string job immediately behind one or the other. Yet because he was capable of filling as many as five positions in practice, the second-string call on Sunday often went to another man simply because he had concentrated on one position all week. Thus the Hawk's most prominent moment of personal glory resulted, as it were, from an appearance as a substitute for a substitute.

Against the Minnesota Vikings two years ago, Berry was injured. Willie Richardson took his place, but John Unitas hotly rebuked Richardson when he failed to remain alert on a pass pattern. Shula, moving swiftly to right the ship, dispatched the Hawk to replace Richardson. After a few plays Unitas said to the Hawk: "What do you got?" The Hawk answered that he believed he could shake free with a move to the outside.

Unitas overthrew him, but a bit later the Hawk again suggested the outside move. "Let's go for the flag this time," he told Unitas, 27 yards from the Viking end zone with time running out. Hawkins made a diving catch that won the game, 17-14. "Why, the Hawk does that stuff all the time in practice," said teammate Lenny Moore. "Things like that are no strain for the Hawk. He's some kind of man."

Before last season began the Hawk asked Shula to trade him to a club where he might realize his ambition to play first-string, but Shula, knowing his handyman's worth, proposed a compromise. Stick around one more season, he suggested, and the Colts would promise to put him in the expansion pool that would send him to Atlanta in '66. Against much advice from friends, the Hawk agreed that Atlanta would be a good move. They warned him that first of all, he would be leaving a club that had a shot at championship money. Secondly, he would be trying to prove himself with a club quarterbacked by rookies or castoffs. The quarterbacks would need time to learn to pass; even if they learned quickly, their teammates from the expansion pool would not be able to stand off a strong pass rush. Supposing even that the blockers stood off the rush, the quarterbacks would need months to coordinate with their receivers. A bad deal for the Hawk, he was warned.

"And what happens if you don't play regularly?" he was asked. That was the question that haunted.

"Well, that's the gamble I'm tak-

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ing," Hawkins answered.

He knew, even as he reported to Atlanta, that he was not going to burn up the league. "Hell, if I was, I would have burned it up in Green Bay or Baltimore," he said. It would be nice, though, to be a regular at 29. "I'm here to see if I'm good enough. If I'm not, nobody will have to tell me."

In any event, the Hawk was not about to apologize for the seven years he drew paychecks in Baltimore. "When we won a game I felt like I helped—it didn't matter how insignificant my job was. It's like being a carpenter. What the hell could be more insignificant than a carpenter's job? But unless they've changed things, the amount of pride he takes in his work is the measure you judge him by. I just wanted to be respected by the players—to be a guy you're not ashamed to lose with."

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WHEN THE PLAYERS RAN THE TEAM

By AL HIRSHBERG

IN 1931 BOSTON UNIVERSITY was an enormous, amorphous college with no campus, no dormitories, no pride, little money and one of the worst football teams in the universe. This bothered practically none of the 10,000 undergraduates who attended classes in ancient buildings scattered all over town. Most of them were unaware that their gridiron heroes had lost eight out of nine games, that the coach had resigned and that the new coach for 1932 would be Myles J. Lane, a BU law school student fresh out of Dartmouth, where he had starred on the football team.

The students were even less interested in the appointment that winter of Dr. Frederick Rand Rogers as dean of physical education, student health and athletics. Dr. Rogers, former state supervisor of physical education in New York, soon dented the student lethargy, though. In fact, he had many people wondering about him after an early speech:

"Coaches who constantly turn out winning football teams are enemies of society," declared Dr. Rogers. "The ideal situation occurs when the boys win and lose about equally. The ideal game is a tie. Coaches should be prohibited from haranguing players between the halves. Is it fair to the boys for a grown man to run their game? This makes it a contest of coach versus coach, with the players being used as pawns for their (sic) own gains and enjoyment."

Not long after that, the dean announced at a press conference: "Boston University is about to pioneer a change that will lead the nation away from the evils of modern football. We are going to give the game back to the boys. They, not the coach, will make the decisions. The captain will be in charge. He will decide whom to start, when and how to make substitutions. The quarterback will handle the strategy."

"Where will the coach be all this time?" he was asked.

"Watching the game from the grandstand, just like everyone else," Dr. Rogers replied.

Meanwhile, Myles Lane was saying things like: "I'm sure everything will work out."

However, it was apparent that Dean Rogers was determined to put his player-control plan into effect. Lane tried to fight a delaying action. All he wanted was a couple of years. By then he would be out of law school and somebody else would be the coach.

He got two weeks. The dean, who had tried unsuccessfully to get BU's opponents to adopt player control, finally agreed to let Lane run the team from the bench in the season's first two games. After that, Lane would sit in the stands.

BU opened with a 13-6 victory over New Hampshire, then beat Rhode Island, 7-0. It had been nearly 15 years since the Terriers had last won their first two games. The players who would bear the burden of team control, captain Jack McCarthy and quarterback Gus LeGuern, begged Lane not to desert them.

But Dean Rogers said, "Beginning right now we are giving the game back to the boys."

The boys didn't want it, but they took it. While

they worried on the field and Lane fumed in the stands, they got murdered by Providence, 25-6, and by Geneva, 39-6.

Dean Rogers was the happiest man in town. "Two wins, two losses, an ideal situation."

The next two games exceeded his wildest dreams of perfection. One was a scoreless tie with Vermont, the other a 9-9 tie with Tufts. The Terriers lost the finale to Boston College, 21-6.

"Practically an ideal season," the dean chortled. "Two wins, two ties and three losses."

"A nightmare," moaned Lane.

Obviously, the coach wasn't with the program. It appeared certain Dean Rogers would choose a new coach for 1933.

But in May the dean made a strange announcement: "The recent rumors concerning Mr. Lane's return to Boston University as head football coach seem to require some statement of clarification of a confusing situation. Mr. Lane has been offered a salary approximately 23 percent less than he received last year. This reduction, which the faculty council on athletics and student health has found necessary to retain football, Mr. Lane has repeatedly refused to accept. Therefore, it will be necessary in the very near future to secure another head coach of football."

Easier said than done. Nobody wanted the job.

In desperation, Dean Rogers wished it on Dr. John M. Harmon, who wanted neither to run nor to serve. As director of athletics and coach of both basketball and baseball, he already had his hands full. But Dean Rogers was his boss.

The 1933 season began on a doubtful note. Alfonso Aliberti, the new football captain, was a second-year law school student who was concerned about his legal responsibilities. During the last week of pre-season practice he asked Harmon: "Where are you sitting Saturday?"

"In the stands," replied the reluctant coach.

"If you don't sit on the bench you'll have to find yourself another captain," Aliberti said. "I'm not taking the responsibility for substitutions. What if a guy gets hurt and doesn't tell me? He might get killed on the next play. And who'll be blamed? Me! I might even be sued. No, thank you."

Harmon took the problem to the dean. After a talk with Aliberti, Dr. Rogers agreed to let the coach sit on the bench, but only to watch for injuries, in which case he could send in a substitute. Otherwise, he was to speak not.

This satisfied Aliberti's legal instincts, but player control still left him cold, particularly after the opening defeat by Middlebury, 7-0. When this was followed by a 35-6 loss to New Hampshire, Aliberti walked up to Harmon and said, "I quit. I can't live with player control one day longer."

"Don't quit yet," Harmon said. "Give me time to talk to Dean Rogers."

The coach called the dean and the dean hurried to the practice field. By the time he got there, the whole team had threatened to quit unless player control was dropped.

Reluctantly, the dean backed down, the coach resumed his customary duties and the student body went back to sleep.

PITTSBURGH'S CENTERFIELDER

(Continued from page 54)

Caribbean. The 1966 season was his greatest yet. Apart from hitting for his usual high average, he produced the long ball consistently and drove in runs at a pace he had never maintained before. Among his teammates, it was popular thinking to associate Clemente's big year with the big year Alou and Mota were having. "Clemente is a guy who thrives on competition, and those two guys are making him go," pitcher Tommie Sisk observed to a writer one day.

Sisk may have been right. Pride in performance, concern with personal glory, is a driving force with Latin-Americans. To Alou and Mota, however, the thought that they were making anyone go, particularly each other, was unacceptable. "No, no," said Alou, rejecting the idea that he and Mota were rivals. Mota talked vaguely about doing one's best day in and day out and giving 100 percent at all times. "Anyway," he added, "I'm glad to have Matty with the club because Matty is like a brother to me."

Harry Walker, chafing through the summer at newspaper headlines about mutinies and incipient mutinies among the Pirates, welcomed such words as proof of his contention that all was well. Of Alou and Mota, he said, "They both want to play and you know it, but they do play a lot and when the time comes to deliver you can count on them."

In the vocabulary of a different game, Alou and Mota were coachable. And it was just this, according to Walker, that recommended Alou in the first place. "We wanted a left-handed leadoff man who could play center field," Walker said, "but most of all we wanted Alou for his attitude. We heard he was easy to work with, and, believe me, that's a big thing."

Walker tested Alou's attitude on the first day in camp. With the Giants in 1965, Alou was a pull hitter—a .231 pull hitter—and Walker at once handed him a heavier bat. "Choke up a little; close your stance," Walker said. "I want you to hit to left field." Alou grinned and replied, "All right. I try."

"Then we got lucky," Walker recalls. "He got a few hits to left field. That was a big help—it gave him confidence. If you're doing something new, you have to believe in it."

Alou changed his whole style of batting. As a pull hitter, he held the bat low, letting it fall below his shoulder. After Walker's remodeling, he held the bat vertically and high, cocking his right knee. "That way, I swing down," Alou said. "He want me to hit the ball into the ground." On and off the field, with and without a bat, Alou spent the summer practicing his swing the way golfers do.

He had help from Clemente as well as from Walker. "When I see you play for the Giants," Clemente informed him in Florida, "you hit everything to right field—you hit everything to me. You were getting in front of the ball too much."

"Why didn't you tell me that before?" Alou wanted to know.

"You didn't ask me," answered Clemente.

As the season went along, Alou would still hit to right field—when it seemed like a good idea. But more

often he hit to left and to center and sometimes he would bunt for a hit. Alou's skill as a bunter, which drew the third-baseman in, made him all the more effective at hitting to left field, for the third-baseman would be in an awkward position to stop a sharply hit ball on the ground.

By the middle of June, Alou was hitting .330—roughly 100 points higher than his 1965 average. "The only thing now," said Clemente, "you have to watch him. He'll start hitting to right and forget he can hit to left."

So Clemente and others watched. "On this club," said Alou, "everybody help everybody. Jerry Lynch come to me many times and say, 'Mateo, you know you are doing wrong.' Mateo himself watched Pagan, who had a tendency to lunge at the ball. Pagan took his advice to use a heavier bat—one of the 36-ounce models Alou had started using—and to wait for the pitch. The two changes improved Pagan's hitting."

When Alou and Pagan were with the Giants, it was every man for himself. The hitters all had the same problem—the wind. "In that ballpark over there," said Alou, "if you hit the ball in the air to left field, the ball doesn't go nowhere. It stay up because of the wind, so all the lefthanded hitters in San Francisco try to be pull hitters."

In certain respects, Alou shared Tony Bennett's sentiments toward San Francisco. "I like the people in the Giants," he said. "They all a bunch of good guys and the owner of the Giants is a good guy. They always treated me good. The only guy we had some trouble with was Alvin Dark." And Herman Franks had become the Giants' manager in the wake of the unpopular racial remarks that presumably cost Dark his job. Yet Alou says he was glad to be traded. "Because last year the Giants gave me a chance and I didn't hit too good," he explained. "I was feeling bad. I didn't have no more chances coming."

The Giants had used him in 117 games. Always Alou has been a part-time player in the majors. With the Giants, his future in center field, which is Willie Mays' position, was limited. Therefore, he preferred to play left. "I didn't like to play right," he said. "All the wind go over there, you get all that dirt in your eyes." Once when the Giants had three Alou brothers—Matty, Jay, and Felipe—they played the outfield together for an inning. It was just a box-office stunt. But in 1965, while the Giants were short of pitchers during Marichal's suspension for hitting Los Angeles catcher John Roseboro with a bat, they found an additional way for Matty to make himself useful. He pitched an inning in relief—against the Pirates. When the subject came up in the Pirates' dugout last summer, Mota said, "Tell them what I did to you," and Matty told them: "Broken-bat single."

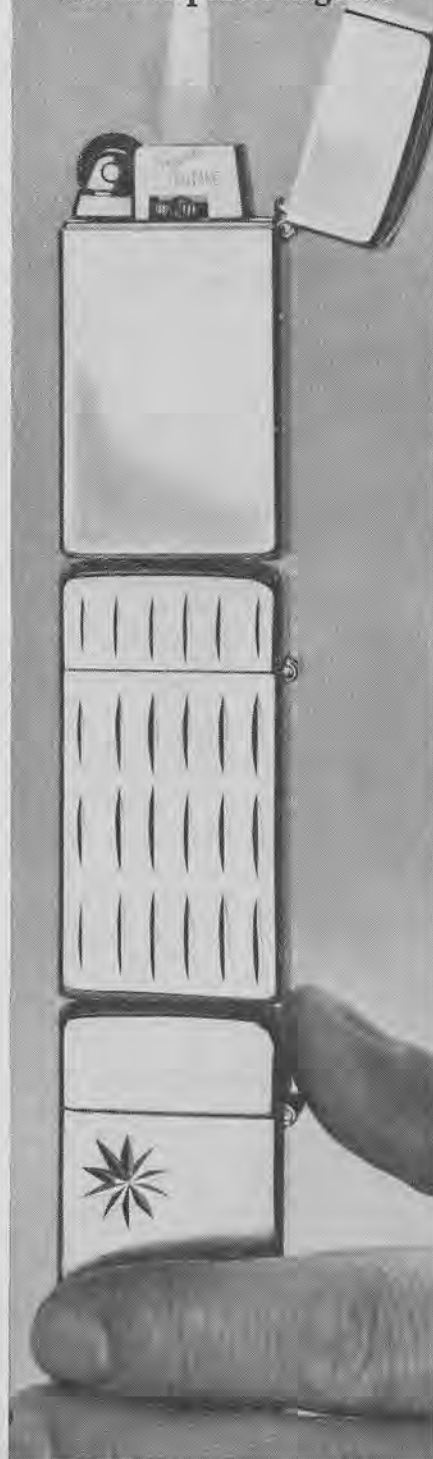
Mota's career has paralleled Alou's, but inexactly. After one year in Class D at Michigan City, the friends parted company. "Manny hit .314, I hit .247," says Alou. "He went to Class B, I went to Class C." Alou, though, got to the majors first, in 1961. An injured knee had retarded Mota, and so had the Giants' front office, by deciding he should be a second-base-

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man. "I don't like to play second base, but I have to do it," he said. "They tell me I have better chance to make the major league if I play second base. They say I am not too big and I don't hit the long ball and things like that."

The Giants brought him up in 1962—as an outfielder, after all, and a sore-armed outfielder, at that. His arm trouble, Mota says, resulted from changing the way he threw in order to play second base. At the end of the season, the Giants traded him to Houston for utility infielder Joe Amalfitano and a pitcher, Dick LeMay. Houston kept Mota from the start of spring training until a week before opening day and then made the deal with the Pirates. "My feelings were not hurt because I still had a sore arm," Mota says.

It was Salty Parker, a former Giant coach the Pirates had hired as a managerial consultant, who touted Mota to Joe Brown. Hardly anyone else in Pittsburgh knew such a player existed. "When I saw that name, Manny Mota," one of the ushers at Forbes Field later said, "I thought we were getting a Japanese wrestler." Ted Williams, the last of the .400 hitters, was unaware of Mota until early this season. "I saw him on television and predicted he'd be the rookie-of-the-year," Williams admitted. "Then I found out he's no rookie."

When Danny Murtaugh managed the Pirates, he platooned Mota with Bill Virdon, but not as a regular thing. Virdon, in effect, was the first-string centerfielder. During most of the 1965 season, however, Walker used Mota against lefthanded pitchers, and at the end of the year Virdon retired. Gene Mauch, the Philadelphia manager, was one guy who realized that Mota had been around all the time. "I've always been a Manny Mota fan," Mauch said last summer. "I think he's a great ball-

player. I've tried to get him for my own club more than once."

For two or three years now, Mauch has been careful to speak about Mota in unmistakably glowing terms. This policy dates back to a Pirate-Philly game in which Mota went up to pinch-hit with the tying run on third and two out. Observing that Richie Allen, the Phils' third-baseman, was playing him deep, Mota bunted. The runner on third scored and Mota was safe at first. Afterward, Mauch's comment was: "That's what keeps Mota in that big-league uniform." He meant it as a compliment, as a tribute to Mota's resourcefulness. Mota himself took it as a slur on his ability. Deeply insulted, he proceeded from then on to rip Mauch's pitchers at every opportunity. Against the Phils in '65 Mota hit close to .500.

Now, having heard Mauch's explanation, he dismisses the whole incident. "Was misunderstanding by me," Mota confesses. "Mauch didn't say what I think. I get mad, but after while I realize was mistake. I think Mauch is very good manager, the way he make changes and everything. If I had to vote for a manager, I would vote for Mauch." Meanwhile, Mota has continued to play like a Hall-of-Famer against the Phils.

He expresses his emotion in actions, not words. When the Dominican revolution was at its height last year, Mota's wife and three children and his mother were in Santo Domingo and their house was near the enclave held by the rebels. For almost a month, Mota did not hear from them. He said very little about it, but his mind was a long way from baseball. Walker used him only for pinch-hitting and in nine straight times at bat, Mota could not do a thing. Finally he heard from his wife. The whole family was safe. Pinch-hitting that day against the Cubs he drove in the winning run with a single.

Mota displays no interest in the political aspects of the revolution. "I wasn't rooting for either side," he has said. Alou and his family also were neutral. The three brothers who play baseball have a fourth brother and one sister and Matty himself is married and the father of two children. In the winter time all the Alous return to Santo Domingo where Matty's parents now live. Mota's father died when Manny was seven and the priests at the Catholic school he attended were his first tutors in baseball. Alou started life on a small farm near the seaport of Haina. His father raised sugar cane and did carpenter work and had a blacksmith shop. Matty got up at 5 in the morning and worked until 6:30 making horseshoes. Then he would go to school. In the afternoon he played ball, but for an hour and a half there were cattle and goats to be pastured. "Was hard the life was hard," Matty says. "We had a lot of customers but nobody had money to pay and my father he's a good man. He knew the people didn't have no money."

Matty Alou is a good man, too, and so is his friend Manny Mota. In Pittsburgh they are not just appreciated—they are liked and respected. Felipe Alou wrote in a first-person story for *SPORT* some time ago that Latin-American baseball players feel like outsiders here. "We play ball in this country, we spend the greater part of the year in this country, our names are in the American papers and we are known to many Americans but though we are in this country we are not part of this country" he went on. "We are strangers." Largely what Felipe said is true. But Matty Alou and Manny Mota made themselves at home in the Pirates' outfield this year and there is no immediate danger that any *gringo* will foreclose the mortgage.

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CAMUS IN SHOULDER PADS

(Continued from page 43)
defensive formations . . . tape recordings of my voice over the slides . . . overhead projectors . . . anything to hold the kids' attention.

"I'd teach them all the basics of pro football formations. Like, what's a flankerback? What's the difference between an opposite and divide formation? Then I would ask questions. The kids had four different options, four different buttons to push at their desks. The answers were fed into the computer. The kids really enjoyed it."

It wasn't Saimes' first experience working with youngsters. He postponed receiving his bachelor's degree in the spring term of his senior college year to tour Europe as a chaperone for a group of newsboys. When the tour was over he stayed to tramp around the continent on his own to tape-record interviews with underprivileged youngsters. He planned to use the sociological experiment for a course.

"I made friends with a guy from Zurich who acted as my interpreter with these kids," George says. "It didn't work out like I wanted, because I didn't meet enough kids from the lower social structure."

Saimes' social conscience led him to another unusual experience in New

Orleans in January, 1965. That was the time the AFL's Negro players rebelled after several racial incidents in New Orleans and caused the league All-Star game to be switched to Houston.

"Saimes was the only white player who took a definite stand in favor of us," said Cookie Gilchrist, one of the Negro rebels. "I'll always respect him for that."

"I supported them because they did what I thought was right," says Saimes, "even if their reasons for doing it weren't, in my opinion, the right reasons."

"Here was a chance for top athletes to show that they could be a bloc and demonstrate that they represent the rest of the Negroes in the country . . . the underprivileged. I mean, if a bunch of janitors got together, what does that mean? They can be replaced."

"These Negro players had power, in a sense. They were a significant part of their ballclubs. Why should they take second seat?"

"See, this whole thing got away from the people who organized the All-Star game in New Orleans. There was trouble with the taxis and in certain places in the French Quarter. The organizers tried to make it up to the Negroes. They brought in a

lawyer who tried to blame everything on second- and third-class citizens of New Orleans, which was ridiculous. The Negroes didn't allow themselves to be sold down the river. They stuck to their decision, which was the important thing."

Typically, Saimes had listened to the white players' side of the story, too, before deciding to support the Negroes.

"My philosophy is a philosophy of limits, of avoiding extremes," he says. "I think I got this from Camus analyzing the *Golden Mein*."

Saimes' philosophy of limits is a high one when he discusses his Buffalo contract with management. "If there is a harder negotiator," says Harvey Johnson, the Bills' director of player personnel, "I'd like to know who he is. Saimes is hell."

George is even prepared to give The American Dream its chance. "I worked in a management training program in a large auto agency during the off-season," he revealed, "and I think I might like my own dealership."

There's another financial matter which interests him. "I've heard," George says, "that the winner of the NFL-AFL World Series game could make as much as \$15,000 per man."

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HOW GAYLORD LEARNED TO PITCH

(Continued from page 63)

Dark acted instantly. He called Gaylord aside and said, "Stop breaking bats."

With Big Brother watching him from the league office, Perry became a model of deportment. It was a very dull life and Perry returned to baseball anonymity until this season. The year before he had won eight games and lost 12 and now, suddenly, here he was the winner of the All-Star game and challenging Sandy Koufax and Juan Marichal for the major-league lead in victories. Why? How?

The truth is it took the 6-4, 205-pound righthander nine years to become an overnight sensation and there is no one explanation for his success. There are many. It all depends on who is doing the explaining.

"He always was a very determined kid," says Wes Westrum, manager of the New York Mets and former Giant coach.

"He found control," says Giant catcher Tom Haller.

"Hard work," explains former teammate Bob Shaw. "That's what did it."

Another former teammate, Dick Schofield, says, "He stopped fighting himself on the mound."

"Confidence and maturity," insists Giant manager Herman Franks.

"He went through the normal learning process of a pitcher," says Giant vice-president Chub Feeney. "He learned how to pitch."

All of these, says Gaylord Perry, and something more. "Larry Jansen [pitching coach] taught me a hard slider. That's the main thing."

Gaylord began to put it all together this past spring. Just before leaving for the Giants' training camp in Phoenix, he considered himself. He was 27 years old. In four major-league seasons he had only 24 victories and a salary not much above the minimum. In the off-season he worked as an insurance salesman for the Security Life and Trust Co., and he liked the job so much he had decided to make it his life's work after baseball. But he was not yet ready to turn in his toeplate for an attache case. His lovely wife Blanche was expecting their third child in March and the cost of pabulum being what it is, Gaylord Perry was determined to do something big in 1966. He left the family home for the first time and made every idle moment count at camp.

"I never worked so hard in my life," he says. "I knew if I worked that much harder somebody would notice it. I was out at the park every morning at 8:30, two hours before I was due. By the time the others arrived, I had put in an hour and a half of running and calisthenics and had put on a new uniform and was waiting to go all over again."

Perry made three important changes in the spring. First, he abandoned his three-quarter motion and began throwing straight overhand. "It gives you more power," he says.

Second, he decided to take five minutes of pepper before pitching, an unusual practice. "I always had trouble in the first three innings," he said, "so I asked myself what I could do to avoid it. I felt I wasn't loose enough early in the game and that's when I hit on the idea of playing some pepper. I discussed it with Jan-

sen and he said it wouldn't do me any harm. People think I'm crazy. They see me playing pepper and they say 'Are you pitching today?' It helps loosen my legs, and a pitcher's legs are just as important as his arm."

The third, and most important, change was the hard slider. "My fastball rides in on a righthanded hitter," Gaylord says. "The hitters knew this and they would wait for it and whack it pretty good. Larry said I needed another pitch and we worked on the hard slider, which gives the appearance of the fastball, but breaks sharply away from a righthanded hitter."

Armed with this new weapon, Perry became the best pitcher in the Giant camp. Marichal and Shaw were late reporting and, in their absence, Perry moved up in the starting rotation. He won five spring games, losing none and was rewarded with a promise. He would start the Giants' second game of the season. But baseball promises, like records, are made to be broken and when Bob Bolin got the assignment, Perry was told he would work the fourth game. Another broken promise and Herman Franks had a discouraged young pitcher on his hands.

"What did I go to spring training for?" Perry kept asking himself. "What did I waste so much time for?"

His questions found a sympathetic ear, Larry Jansen's. "Larry is a very honest guy," Gaylord says. "He tried to cheer me up by explaining sometimes these things happen. He told me to stay ready and my chance would come."

Perry stayed ready by making batting practice his own personal war. "I pitched batting practice like it was a game. The extra men didn't like it, I knew, but I couldn't be concerned with them. I had myself to think about. I couldn't let all that hard work go to waste."

The Giants were playing their seventh game of the season in Chicago and Gaylord still had not thrown a ball in competition. Then, in one of those typical Giant-Cub slugfests, Franks went through four pitchers before finally calling on Perry in what can only be described as desperation. Gaylord pitched two and two-thirds innings and was the winning pitcher. Four days later he got his first start in Houston. He won the game, 2-1, on a four-hitter, and on a radio show back to San Francisco, Perry said, "I guess that will show Herman and the Giants I can be a starting pitcher."

The remark was picked up by a San Francisco reporter and distorted to make it appear Franks and Perry were feuding. Both men deny the charge. "Hell, I'd like to have three more guys say things like that and mean it like he did," Franks insists. "I don't say he loved me, but we never stopped talking. You know me, I can never stay mad at anybody for more than 12 hours."

In truth, it was Gaylord's pitching in Houston, not his talking, that convinced Franks he should be in the starting rotation. Of course, everyone knew all along that Perry would someday be a great pitcher. Witness the almost identical quotes from Feeney, Franks, Westrum, Haller and Schofield. "He always had good stuff," they all agree.

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This is not exactly hindsight. The Giants thought he had good enough stuff in 1958 to give him a \$90,000 bonus—the biggest the Giants had paid till then.

Gaylord Jackson Perry was born in the farming town of Williamston, North Carolina, population 8000. His father, James Evan Perry Sr., was a tenant farmer and young Gaylord and his older brother Jim, now a pitcher with the Minnesota Twins, helped their father grow corn, tobacco and peanuts.

The boys loved baseball at an early age and Jim Sr. shared their enthusiasm. The three of them played together on a semi-pro team made up of three families. There were the three Perrys, four or five Hardisons and four or five Griffins.

At Farm Life High School and later at Williamston High, Jim was the star pitcher and Gaylord, two years his junior, played third base. When Jim rested, he played third base and Gaylord pitched. Jim graduated and signed with the Cleveland Indians' organization for very little.

Gaylord became Williamston's star pitcher and, as a junior, won 14 games and lost one. He pitched five no-hitters and did not allow an earned run as his team finished second in the state playoffs. There was no state championship in Gaylord's senior year, but he had an 8-2 record and pitched three no-hitters. By this time major-league scouts were after two high-school pitchers in North Carolina—Gaylord Perry and a boy named Tony Cloninger.

After graduation Gaylord decided he would pitch two more games for a semi-pro team so that scouts could make their final appraisal and offers. A family friend, George Griffin, took it upon himself to telephone every scout in the area, informing them when and where Gaylord would be pitching. In his final game, with a dozen scouts in the stands, Perry walked the first three men he faced, then struck out 17 consecutive batters and the auction was on in earnest.

Most of the teams dropped out early in the bidding, the Indians among them. "I thought they would come up with a good offer," Gaylord says, "because they had Jim. But they didn't. Jim never tried to influence me. He told me to be honest with each club and to sign with the one that offered the most money, but if the Indians had come close to the others, I probably would have signed with them just to be with Jim."

Finally, four clubs were left—Baltimore, Philadelphia, Milwaukee and San Francisco. The Orioles had given a big bonus to Dave Nicholson, so when the bidding reached \$60,000, they dropped out. The Phillies wanted Perry to go to Philadelphia to work out. And then there were two.

"We liked both Cloninger and Perry," the Giants' Feeney recalls. "We were willing to go very high for either of them. Our scouts felt Perry was closer to making the big leagues and that Cloninger, perhaps, threw a little harder. We preferred Perry, but since his semi-pro team was sponsored by the Braves, we figured they would get him and we'd get Cloninger." Milwaukee, however, gave Cloninger \$100,000, so the Giants went for Perry.

On the theory that the best way to a scout's checkbook is through his stomach, any scout who watched

Gaylord pitch was a welcome dinner guest at the Perry home. The San Francisco representative was the late Tim Murchison, a man with an appetite to match his dimensions (6-2, 240 pounds). It has been suggested that his favorable reports were influenced as much by Mother Perry's barbecued chicken and blueberry pie as they were by Gaylord Perry's fastball. When Jim Sr. took one look at Murchison shoveling down the groceries, he told his son: "You'd better hurry up and sign before these scouts eat us out of house and home." Some say Murchison recommended the Giants make a package deal for mother and son, but Gaylord alone reported to St. Cloud in the Northern League in June, 1958.

Nineteen victories in a season-and-a-half was a good start, and when Gaylord topped off his minor-league career with a 16-10 record at Tacoma in 1961, he was promoted to the varsity. But Perry required two more hitches at Tacoma before landing in San Francisco to stay.

When Perry followed a 1-6 rookie season with a 12-11 record in 1964, the Giants felt a lot better about their investment, particularly since Cloninger had won 9 games that season. The Giants counted on Gaylord to be their No. 2 pitcher in 1965, but he slumped to 8-12, mostly because he had acquired two bad habits.

One was a penchant for the home-run ball: 21 of them in 196 innings. The other was a temper, to which Gaylord now admits. He argued with umpires, fumed when he made a bad pitch and bristled at an error behind him.

"I never realized I did it that much or just how bad it looked," Gaylord says, "until I watched other pitchers doing it. Herman talked to me about it. He said to let Haller do the arguing. He said when it happens, I should forget it and not let it affect me for the rest of the game. It took me a long time to realize mistakes are going to happen. I'm going to make them and the other guys are going to make them and when they do, I have to say to myself, 'You've just got to forget it.'"

Perry pitched and let Haller holler and things began working just fine. He did not allow a home run for the first 96 innings and he won 12 of his first 13 games. On May 24 he jammed his ankle sliding into second base and was on the disabled list for 20 days. That idleness, plus his late start, cost Perry six starts and the possibility of being a 20-game winner before August. By that time he had won 16 games—one less than Marichal and Koufax—and by mid-August he became the first major league pitcher to win 20 games in 1966.

Perry was pitching regularly and that made him happy and he was winning and that made Franks and the Giant front office happy and they gave tangible proof of their happiness. On Sunday, June 26, Gaylord was pitching in 100-degree Cincinnati heat. The Giants raced to a big, early lead and Franks took Willie Mays out of the game in the fifth inning and two innings later gave Jim Ray Hart the rest of the day off.

"But you," Franks said, turning to Perry, "you're not going in. You're going nine."

"Oh, yeah?" Perry replied. "Then I'm going to the front office to ask for more money. Will you be behind me?"

"I'll open the door for you," Franks said.

True to his promise, Herman talked to the boss, who gave Gaylord a new contract.

Feeney verifies the incident reluctantly, fearful, no doubt, that it could start a parade of Giants heading toward the front office. "Hell," Feeney says, "he's 11-1; you've got to show some recognition."

When things were going poorly for Gaylord, he constantly telephoned his older brother. The phone calls, Gaylord admits, have been less frequent this year. "Now," says a San Francisco writer, "Jim has to pay for the calls."

Jim once was quoted, inaccurately he says, as saying "Gay got the money and I got the talent." Now, writers who approach Jim are greeted with: "What do you want to know about my brother?" It is not out of bitterness. "He'd do the same for me," Jim says. "I'm very happy for him."

One of the things Jim remembers best about his kid brother is that he sucked his thumb until he was nine. "He'd come in after working all day on the farm," Jim remembers, "and his whole hand would be black, but his thumb would still be white."

It has been said, in more polite circles, that Gaylord's childhood habit has carried into adulthood and that, on the mound, he leads a hand-to-mouth existence. The fact that he spent hours talking to Bob Shaw in 1965 does not minimize the suspicion that he throws a spitter.

Perry's reply to the charge is typical of pitchers. His face slides into a half smile, half look of innocence. "Let them think I throw a spitter," he says, "it gives them another pitch to worry about." Perry adds to the suspicion by his stubborn refusal to deny he throws a wet one. "If I deny it, that's one less pitch the batter is looking for."

Nevertheless, on July 22, Perry struck out 15 Phillies and Richie Allen said he did it with "the best spitter I ever saw." Allen struck out four times. The 15 strikeouts were the most by any Giant pitcher in 64 years. When you ask Perry if he knows who holds the club record, he says "Maathewwwwson," rolling the name around with the proper reverence, awe and pride for coming so close to the great Christy Mathewson, who fanned 16 in 1902.

Gaylord Perry is well-suited to his new hero role. He is a pleasant, kind, soft-spoken young man with a good sense of humor.

Further, he enjoys his sudden success and not only because of his new contract. What pleases him most, he says, is "the satisfaction of getting the Giants to know I'm one of the top pitchers in the National League." He is flattered, too, to be recognized by kids, to be acknowledged by the National League president and to have his picture in newspapers, magazines and on television. He has become quite a celebrity, big enough to do one of those greasy-kid-stuff commercials.

Perry broke into a wide grin when this was suggested. He reached up and pulled off his black Giant cap, revealing an interesting sight. His brown hair is fighting a tug-o-war with his scalp and the scalp is winning.

"Would you believe a razor-blade commercial?" he said.

WHAT JIMMY BROWN WANTS OUT OF LIFE

(Continued from page 22)
charge of training the "dirty dozen" for a suicide mission behind enemy lines, feels that Jimmy is going to be "a wild actor—he's not afraid of himself. Jim could turn into a very popular actor, especially among Negroes. This guy really relates to the average Negro. He's believable to them, maybe more than guys like Poitier."

Richard Jaeckel, who portrays an MP sergeant helping to tame and train the murderous dozen, admittedly enjoyed being associated with Brown. "I'm a sports buff and a big football fan," said Jaeckel, "so it's been great working with Jimmy. He's one helluva man. Aldrich is good for him, too. Aldrich puts a man at ease and that's just what a guy like Brown needs."

"You know," said Jaeckel, "he's a man who wants to be first, to be the best in everything that he does and I think he's going to do all right here, too."

One of the film's press aides was asked if Brown, who generally comports himself with quiet confidence, ever had outwardly revealed tension during the early days of his apprenticeship.

"I honestly don't think I've ever seen Jimmy anxious or tense—if you can see such things," he said, thoughtfully. "But I do remember one day when Jimmy was shooting a scene where he was the pivotal guy. His stand-in (also a Negro) happened to be watching the scene right in Jimmy's line of vision. Jimmy started to perform, then he looked straight at his stand-in."

"Get lost, baby," he said. I have the feeling he was a bit upset by the guy's presence. But that's the only time I've seen him react that way."

Brown's attitude toward his fellow actors, many of whom fall into the "old pro" category, is that he has to watch, listen and learn. "I'm the rookie here," he said, "just like being a first-year man in training camp. In the beginning I felt outclassed by these guys. A couple of 'em are Oscar-winners. But Aldrich has given me increased confidence and I've survived the first cut."

Obviously Jim Brown is serious about his acting, but some people believe he hopes eventually to go into politics.

In fact people are beginning to believe all kinds of things about Brown. There are those of course who would rather assess Jimmy Brown on a level that has nothing to do with his abilities as a football player or his incubating skills as an actor. They would rather judge him by the tone of his voice, his attitude on racial issues, the degree of his militance and the public relations image that he chooses—or doesn't choose—to create for himself.

The silly season is on when athletes like Brown have to be judged in such a basically irrelevant manner. Why should Mickey Mantle be rated on how he reads his lines on Mickey Mantle day? Why should Bill Russell be computed on the basis of the last book he wrote?

Some insist however that Brown himself has made these issues relevant. That is because of his candor in discussing the Negro struggle and his own role in it. And now that he has made what seems to be a deliberate choice, to cast his future with activi-

ties that have to do with increasing the racial pride of his fellow Negroes, people are judging him beyond the level of Jimmy Brown, pro football superstar.

It's a role he does not shun but he says the talk of a political career is nonsense. "I'm not interested in politics," he said. "That's not my way of getting things done." However, included among the members of NNIEU is 39-year-old Carl B. Stokes, one of two Negro members of the Ohio legislature. Stokes came within 2458 votes of defeating Ralph Locher for mayor of Cleveland last year. Stokes is the legal counsel and secretary of NNIEU and a man in close touch with Brown. Stokes, quite popular in Negro circles (in the four-man mayoralty election he polled 36 percent of the votes, approximately Cleveland's Negro-to-white voter ratio), has helped Brown open NNIEU offices in Cleveland and Los Angeles, with other offices currently planned for New York, Buffalo and Washington, D.C. Membership in NNIEU is open to whites as well as Negroes, at two dollars and five dollars a person (Brown has already invested a reported \$30,000 in the operation), but Jimmy stresses that NNIEU's policy-makers will be Negroes. "We're just trying to show that Negroes can run their own affairs," he said.

Brown is angry because Negroes have not had the same opportunity as whites to run their own affairs in this country; also that they have not utilized their resources to become a solid force in the American economy. When this writer visited him on the set of *The Dirty Dozen*, Brown at times seemed almost bitter toward whites, some of whom he openly referred to as "Mr. Charlie" (the Negro put-down for Caucasians).

During a lunch break, Brown began talking about Cassius Clay. Jim said he couldn't understand why some people insisted on calling the heavyweight champion by his original name when Clay had made it clear he wanted to be called Muhammad Ali.

Brown looked at writer-comedian Woody Allen, who was eating at the next table, and said, "Woody, what's your real name?"

Grinning, Woody said, "Woodrow Wilson—or was it Wilson Woody?"

"He took another name, didn't he?" said Brown. "And nobody keeps calling him by his real name, whatever it is."

"Well," said one of the film's press agents, "I don't know, Jimmy, I just have a tough time calling Clay Muhammad Ali."

"Why should you?" Jimmy said challengingly. "The man says he's Muhammad Ali, you should call him what he wants—Muhammad Ali. What's the big deal?"

It was hard to fault Jim Brown's reasoning, yet one got the impression that he felt anyone who called Muhammad Ali by the name Cassius Clay was baiting the champion. This obviously is not the case with many sportswriters who had simply known Clay so long they couldn't get used to the switch to Ali. If Woody Allen, now that he is well known by that name, were abruptly to change his name to Wilson Woodrow, it would not be readily accepted either.

Then Jimmy Brown grew philosophical.

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THE SPORT BOOKSHELF



FOOTSTEPS OF A GIANT

By Emlen Tunnell
with William Gleason

Doubleday \$4.95

WITNESS FOR THE DEFENSE

By Dick Lynch
with Jack Zanger

Parallax and Trident \$3.95

The New York Giants may not win the Eastern Conference title this year, but they win the literacy test hands down. Two books dealing with Giants are out this fall, both worthy of your attention. Emlen Tunnell, a poor kid from Garrett Hill, Pennsylvania, rose out of his environment, thanks to football, to become the Giants' first Negro player and, now, the Giants' first Negro coach. Tunnell tells his life story with warmth and good humor. Dick Lynch's *Witness For The Defense*, written with Jack Zanger, is a log kept by the veteran cornerback, almost a day-by-day record of the 1965 season. You get a good feeling of the game through Dick's eyes as he records the thoughts, concerns and everyday problems of the pro football player.



THE SPECIALIST IN PRO FOOTBALL

From SPORT Magazine
Edited by Al Silverman

Random House \$4.95

In the fall of 1962, SPORT began a series designed to explain each position in pro football through a man who excelled at that position. Thus we did John Unitas, the quarterback; Jim Taylor, the fullback; Joe Schmidt, the middle linebacker, etc. Now all 17 Specialist stories from SPORT are brought together in a volume that we hope will help promote your understanding and appreciation of pro football.

"What's truth?" he said, directing his remark to the three men at his table. One of the men had at one time written something that antagonized Brown.

Before anyone could reply, Jimmy said, "All white men are devils. Now that's truth."

"You really believe that?" someone said.

"I'm not saying I do," said Brown, hedging. "But I think it's pretty close to the truth. That's what Muhammad Ali says and maybe he isn't far from wrong."

Someone at the table used the word "militant" in a sentence. Jimmy quickly said, "What's militant, man?"

"Well, do you think Lyndon Johnson is militant? Was John Kennedy militant?" asked a writer at the table.

"Johnson? No, he's not militant enough," said Brown. "Kennedy. Yes, he was militant. He called out the troops, didn't he?"

The luncheon over, Brown rose and threw a last question at his table companions.

"What do you think of Malcolm?" he asked. "You think he was as good a man as Kennedy? Or Johnson?"

The press agent started to answer, but Brown said, quietly: "Well, I didn't know Malcolm. But from what I've read about him, he was an interesting man." Brown walked away, an expression of contempt on his face.

That afternoon, Jimmy returned to the mechanics of his new profession. Bob Aldrich was putting his actors through a rather trying scene in which the "dozen" were eating together before embarking on their mission to annihilate a group of German generals.

When the long day of takes, re-takes, off-scene poker games, coffee breaks and sometimes grinding monotony had come to an end at five o'clock, Brown admitted he was tired. "I'm going back to my apartment and get some sleep for a couple hours," he said. "When I'm exhausted I can go to sleep right away—no trouble."

Brown got into his clothes. A black lumber jacket, tight-fitting corduroy trousers, suede shoes. They dress that way around London these days. Especially the actors.

A little red-haired Englishman with a bristling mustache was waiting to chauffeur Jimmy and several other actors back to London. Jimmy got back into the car, leaned his head on the seat and closed his eyes. This was a new kind of fatigue. But it was fatigue, even if nobody had been bouncing off his chest or diving at his legs.

The chauffeur lit a cigarette. As he did, he coughed several times, then said, "I don't know why I smoke these damn things."

Jimmy's eyes opened and a smile creased his face. He seemed sympathetic to the little driver. "You don't have to smoke 'em, man," Brown said. "Just stop. It takes some will power. But you can stop it."

Jim Brown's own will power, fierce independence and determination have carried him to great heights already. His goals now appear to be stature as an actor and leadership in the growth of the National Negro Industrial and Economic Union. Based on past performance, Jim Brown should succeed . . . unless he's thwarted by his own apparent bitterness.

— ■ —

COOL QUARTERBACK WITH A HOT FUTURE

(Continued from page 35)

ists and face up to all pressures.

"I remember after the Miami game last year [which Florida lost, 16-13]," Spurrier says. "Some sportswriter came up to me and asked me if this was my worst game. I didn't have a good game but, I mean, what am I supposed to say? I lose both ways. If I say 'yes' it makes everybody look bad. If I say 'no' everybody thinks I'm cocky."

He's not, but he is confident. He has been ever since his sophomore season when, against Mississippi State, he beat the clock with classic execution of the pros' two-minute passing drill.

Florida trailed, 13-3, late in the fourth quarter, when Spurrier made his second varsity appearance. He promptly took the Gators 60 yards for a touchdown. Then he staged a 47-yard drive in the last 26 seconds, with three sideline passes to Casey setting up the game-tying field goal.

Drama follows Spurrier and he seems to thrive on the challenge. "We know what to expect from Spurrier when we play Florida," Georgia coach Vince Dooley says. "But he still beats us."

Spurrier took the Gators 78 yards on two passes in the final four minutes as Florida defeated Georgia, 14-10 last year. "There's only 'X' number of ways you can defense Spurrier," Dooley says. "And you've got to make sure each 'X' is covered."

Florida coach Ray Graves outtalked

several dozen universities for Spurrier, a football, baseball and basketball star in high school. Graves' brother Edwin, a postmaster, first spotted the boy in Spurrier's hometown of Johnson City, Tennessee. Steve narrowed his choice of schools to Tennessee, Alabama and Florida. Graves was fortunate in recruiting against the single wing at Tennessee and Joe Namath and Steve Sloan at Alabama. "Steve knew he could come to Florida and make it as a sophomore if he was good enough," Graves says. Spurrier did just that and was named the Southeastern Conference's Sophomore-of-the-Year.

Last year, Spurrier set three SEC passing records and finished 64 yards behind Frank Sinkwich's 23-year-old total of 2187 yards.

Coaches vary in their appraisals of Spurrier but they all come out as superlatives.

Said Johnny Vaught, who has had his share of great quarterbacks at Mississippi: "I've been around a long time and I'll tell you they don't build better ballplayers than Spurrier."

Joe Thomas likens Spurrier to Fran Tarkenton of the Minnesota Vikings, a team Thomas helped mold. "Spurrier improvises well," Thomas says. "He waits for the last second before releasing and forces the defensive backs to commit themselves. And he never wilts under pressure."

A typical situation was last year's Florida-Florida State game in Gainesville. Nothing is more important in

North Florida than this rivalry.

The Gators were losing, 17-16, when Spurrier took charge at his own 29-yard line with two minutes left to play.

"I'll never forget Steve on that drive," says Red Anderson. "I was so nervous I couldn't hear myself think. But with all that noise, Steve just kept watching the clock and the out-of-bounds markers to see how much yardage he needed. He was playing his own game."

This is the way Spurrier called the drive: a ten-yard sideline pass to Casey; an 18-yard delay pass to Harper; a quarterback keeper for five yards ("I had to keep them honest at least once," he said later.); a 13-yard pass to Casey; a 25-yard pass to Casey for the winning score. The drive took 54 seconds.

"I haven't seen Spurrier throw the long pass," says Don Klosterman, a former pro quarterback and now Houston Oiler executive, "but he's extremely accurate between 27 and 35 yards—the distance most pro quarterbacks need to be good."

Spurrier has a cute way of "discussing" his pro career. When you ask him whether he will make it big, Spurrier will answer with a question: "What do YOU think?" The same is true for the money aspect. "How much do you think I'm worth?" he will say kiddingly.

Steve Spurrier may not be pro football's first million-dollar baby. But pro scouts will never mistake him for Bill Carr.

— ■ —



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GALLAGHER

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SPORT TALK

(Continued from page 7)

this had to be approved by unanimous consent. It wasn't an unusual procedure and the South Carolina-Tennessee game, in fact, is being counted as a Southeastern Conference game for Tennessee this year. But life is different in the ACC and after seven of the eight schools voted "Yes," Clemson voted "No." Many people felt that Duke and North Carolina were merely innocent bystanders caught in the traditional rivalry between South Carolina and Clemson.

The day after the decision was announced, we called Howard to get his explanations. We introduced ourselves and he said, "Who?" We introduced ourselves again. "What's your first name?" he said. We repeated it. "What's your last name?" We repeated it. "How do you spell it?" We spelled it. He spelled it, and then said, "Oh, yeah, how you gettin' along, buddy?" The amenities over, the following interview ensued:

SPORT: How's practice coming along?

HOWARD: Real good, buddy. We just have practice once a day and frankly, buddy, it's the greatest invention since the sewing machine. Ah sweah, it's the salvation of football.

SPORT: Who are you picking to win the conference title?

HOWARD: Wail, Ah'm always optimistic so Ah pick Clemson, ha, ha. But some otha people think North Carolina or North Carolina State have the best chance. But Ah think any of the teams can win, Ah really do.

SPORT: But we thought South Carolina, Duke and North Carolina weren't even eligible for the title?

HOWARD: Wail, they haven't got enough games scheduled, but that's a very controversial question, buddy, that Ah'd rather not get into.

SPORT: How did those teams come up short on the schedule?

HOWARD: Wail, Ah think some of them make out their money schedules fuhst, you know—try and get the games that'll pay 'em moah. Then you moah or less scramble for a schedule.

SPORT: What kind of reaction have you had so far?

HOWARD: Wail, so fah Ah haven't received but one lettah. A fellow wrote me an ugly lettah. He said he used to be a supportah of mine but now mah name was mud. Frankly, our athletic council votes on these mat-tahs. Ah'm not a membah, Ah'm just one of the hired hands.

SPORT: Did they consult with you on the decision?

HOWARD: Ah didn't know it was goin' to come up at this meetin'. It just so happened that it was the first meetin' Ah evah failed to attend. For God's sake don't bring me into this thing *much*. Ah've worked for this institution for 36 years and Ah'm always goin' to be loyal.

SPORT: Do you think people will feel ol' Frank Howard was out to get Dietzel?

HOWARD: Ah hope not, but yeah, they might think so, they might think anything. But hey, you know he ain't got but fo' games scheduled. Ah've got a game with him. It's gonna be a helluva game. Ah know he's gonna get aftah me and Ah'm gonna get aftah him. But you know he don't talk in terms of Clemson's Tigers, he talks in terms of LSU Tigers.

SPORT: You don't appear to be the

best of friends with Dietzel.

HOWARD: Dietzel and Ah have never had but one run-in. Ah've always thought that a boy signin' a grant-in-aid ought to go to that school. But when he was at West Point he took a boy Ah had signed and Ah got aftah him a bit then. No, Paul and Ah get along fine, really. There's very few people that Ah like that Ah don't get aftah.

SPORT: How about some of the un-



JOAN FOOTE, Oregon State

complimentary things you said about Dietzel when he took the South Carolina job?

HOWARD: Well, look, buddy, let me tell you this. We're situated thuty miles out in the country, no newspapers nowheah around and if Ah didn't make some statements no one would ever heah about us. Now, all these other schools are situated at a big city and have a big newspaper and we get more publicity than any of 'em. And most of it's because of things Ah've said, ha, ha. And that's the actual truth. You have to keep football in front of the public. When you sit around and say 'no comment,'

that's a real fine story, ain't it?

SPORT: How are you getting along without your friend Tommy Nugent?

HOWARD: Well, you know, that's a funny thing. Gee, I had a lettah from him yesterday. When he left Maryland I wrote him a lettah and told him how sorry Ah was to see him go and Ah actually was. And he wrote me back and said Ah was the only coach in the country that wrote him a lettah.

SPORT: And you're the only coach in the country to have some pretty good fights with him, too.

HOWARD: Wail, maybe that's true, but you know a lot of times people think I'm a big, rough, tough ignorant fella, but I really ain't.

CAMPUS QUEEN CANDIDATE NO. 2

Oregon State University, a constant supplier of Campus Queen candidates, has done it again. Its representative this year, in our 16th annual contest, is Joan Foote.

A 5-6, 120-pound junior from Portland, Miss Foote is as busy as an Oregon State Beaver should be. She is on the rally squad and participates in synchronized swimming. She also has compiled a 3.3 average (out of a perfect 4.0) in her education-school studies.

Next month we will present our third Campus Queen candidate and at year's end you may vote for your favorite.

FAN CLUB NOTES

Ronald Harris, 556 Chestnut Ln., East Meadow, N. Y. 11554: **Rico Petrocelli**. Bob Gelband, 63-25 Saunders St., Rego Park, N. Y. 11374: **Jim Ray Hart**. Albert Childress & Mickey Hilling, 1895 DeLowe Dr. S. W., Atlanta, Ga. 30311: **Jim Lefebvre**. Irma Garner, Salmon Ave., Long Beach, Calif. 21843: **Jimmy Piersall**. Sue Stickney & Nan Tegtmeier, 4416 Ridge Rd., Cleveland, O. 44109: **Duke Sims**. Rich Mayook, 3742 McKoon Ave., Niagara Falls, N. Y.: **Bobby Richardson**. Albert Jackson, 470 Hickory Ln., Berwyn, Pa. 19312: **Cookie Rojas**.

NEXT GROUP

Dallas-based photographer Jim Laughead has been to a lot of football training camps over the years, but he hasn't seen any run quite like Vince Lombardi's. Laughead remembers once watching the Packers run a two-on-one drill inside two blocking dummies. "Jim Taylor was the ballcarrier, Ray Nitschke was the tackler," says Laughead, "and they had some big rookie, a 265-pounder, blocking on Nitschke. There was very little running room, of course, so the blocker just had to screen Nitschke while Taylor slid by."

"Lombardi stopped the drill. He said, 'Mr. Nitschke, I have read that you are the best linebacker in the NFL, and after watching you just then, I find that difficult to believe. Do it again.'"

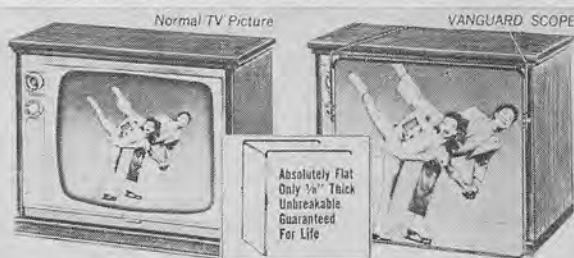
"This time Nitschke grabbed the rookie by the shoulder pads, literally lifted him up and threw him into Taylor. It took them two minutes to wake up the rookie. All Lombardi said was 'Next group.'"

See you next month.

—FRED KATZ

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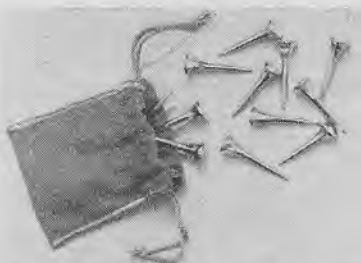
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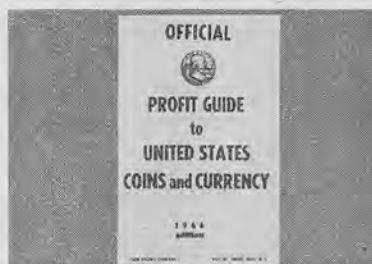
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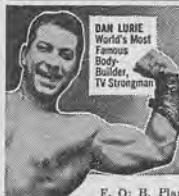
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TIME OUT

WITH THE EDITORS

WHY ISN'T TENNIS BIGGER HERE?

It all began innocently enough. A line in the local newspaper said that an adult education course for beginner tennis players would be held at our high school. It was a slow period in our social life so we borrowed a racquet and spent an hour a week for the next ten weeks hitting a tennis ball against the gymnasium wall. *Trying* to hit a tennis ball, that is. Our instructor would come around, explain the forehand, watch us mangle it, explain it kindly again, and then leave us to our butchery. The same thing happened with the backhand and, of course, with the serve. "Now," our instructor leered, "you are ready to go out into the world and seek your fortune."

So we went, and if we didn't find a fortune, we did find what novelists who write for the ladies would call a "magnificent obsession." We were hooked for life.

Which brings us to the basic question of the day: Why is it that more Americans aren't hooked on tennis? Why has tennis in this country grown only modestly in our expanding age of leisure, while other sports—notably golf, sailing, skiing—have had participation explosions?

In the first place tennis is an outdoor game and that means it can be suitably played all year round only in certain of our states. Indoor courts are being built at an increasing rate today, but not enough to accommodate even the small body of tennis nuts in this country.

Another problem is that we simply don't have enough good teachers. Kids in school play the "easy" sports—softball, baseball, basketball, football, etc. But how many schools offer kids instruction in tennis? Indeed, how many schools have their own courts? We think many girls and boys would take to the game eagerly if they had the opportunity, first to learn tennis, then to play it.

There is one other way to bring kids into tennis, and that is to feed their interest in the game as a spectator sport. Tennis as a spectator sport today lags far behind other athletic competitions, and it shouldn't. It is an exciting sport to watch, with action at every moment, and when two super performers play each other it often reaches an art form.

There are two things holding back tennis as a spectator sport. One is Australian domination; the other a lack of open competition.

In the last 15 years, Australia has been the dominant world power in tennis. The Aussies have produced champion after champion—Frank Sedgman, Lew Hoad, Ken Rosewall, Rod Laver, Roy Emerson. These are great players, superstars all, but they're not ours, and our youngsters cannot readily identify with them and try to emulate them.

Open tennis—pros vs. amateurs—is a must, as we have said before on this page. Right now professional tennis is the best in the world but pro tournaments just don't draw in this country. Amateur tennis dominates, and these tournaments seldom reach past the mediocre. Pro tennis would flourish with open competition. All of tennis would flourish. It is imperative, we think, for the ruling body of world amateur tennis to sanction open tournaments. This could be the salvation of the game as a spectator event.

But to return to our original point. We believe the U.S. can develop future superstars if more youngsters get into tennis. We think more youngsters should. Tennis is a sport for all ages. It can be played when you are eight and when you are 80. Tennis is a great conditioner. We are very conscious of physical fitness in this country and yet we neglect, in our schools and recreational programs, a sport that is a prime contributor to fitness.

The schools, the cities, the recreational agencies—all should be getting behind tennis. It is a sport worthy of municipal effort, worthy of money from private enterprise, worthy of governmental support. Build indoor facilities, expand outdoor facilities, set loose a flood of competent teachers. Make tennis a major sport in this country.

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Some skeptics weren't sure about putting a herringbone pattern with a wide-spaced white stripe. But then they saw it. Wild! It's a 100%

cotton shirt. Tapered fit. "Sanforized." With that flap pocket as standard equipment. Why not put yourself behind it? Arrow Cum Laude. \$6.00.

→ARROW→



Mercury unleashes **Cougar**...untamed elegance!



Untamed elegance! That's Cougar—an entirely new kind of road animal from Mercury. With a European flair to its styling. With standard features found until now only in expensive cars. Examples: concealed headlamps, *standard!* Sequential rear turn signals, *standard!* A 289 cu. in. V-8, *standard!* Bucket seats, *standard!* Walnut-grained steering wheel, *standard!* Stick shift, full-width rear seat, *standard!* The newest safety features, including dual braking system, all *standard!* Above all, Cougar is a lithe, contemporary car, with the kind of excitement that runs through the entire '67 Mercury line. The price? People at previews have overguessed it by \$1,000! We believe Cougar is the best equipped luxury sports car you can buy for the money. See your Mercury dealer. See if you don't agree.



Mercury

Cougar excitement runs through the whole Mercury line!



LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION